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Collier's

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November 12, 1949

BEGINNING—

Valley of the Tyrant

A HARD-FISTED NOVEL OF THE NEW WEST

NOV. 12, 1949

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Studebaker Champion sedan

Here it is, America! The "next look" in cars!

ALL OVER THE nation, all eyes are on this truly inspired new 1950 Studebaker.

From that gleaming aerocurve front end to those vigorously flight-streamed rear fenders, it's a car positively dynamic with distinction.

New in drive appeal, new in eye appeal, this "next look" styling is Studebaker's alone.

There's new length to this 1950 Studebaker—but it's trim and sleek, solid and sound, with Studebaker designing that curbs operating costs.

A breath-taking new 1950 Studebaker Champion in the low-price field and a value-packed new 1950 Commander are both available in thrilling sedans, coupes and convertibles—and there's a special new 1950 Land Cruiser sedan.

Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom. See why Studebaker's really rolling! Studebaker leads again with the "next look" in cars!

New 1950 Studebaker

Styled ahead for years to come!

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost

America likes Studebaker's "next look" interiors — Champion regal deluxe 4-door sedan shown here is richly fitted and appointed. It's decorator styled—has foam rubber seat cushioning—luxurious upholstery.

America likes Studebaker gas economy — Higher compression Studebaker Champion and Commander engines of increased horsepower use gasoline very sparingly. Automatic overdrive is available at extra cost.

America likes Studebaker's new driving thrill — Every 1950 Studebaker handles with light-touch ease—rides so smoothly it almost completely abolishes travel fatigue. A new kind of coil spring front suspension.

America likes Studebaker craftsmanship — Men of conscience and competence, many of them father-and-son teams, build surviving soundness into every 1950 Studebaker.

©1949, The Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

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NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS! The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—

Listerine Antiseptic-Quick!

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders". . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Fewer Colds in Tests

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over a 12 year period revealed this astonishing truth: That those tests subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, it reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any mass invasion of the membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Reductions up to 96.7%

Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, *don't you think it's sensible* to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

Let's be frank . . . Is your breath on the agreeable side? Don't run risks.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. It sweetens the breath instantly.

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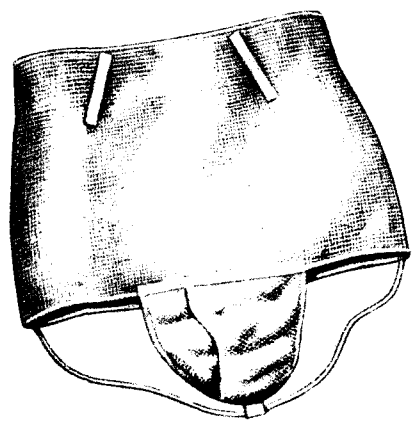
"I've worn Bracer for years"

says

William T. Penrod, Miami

"I stand straighter, feel better, thanks to 'Bracer'* SUPPORTER BELT!"



That's right, Mr. Penrod! Men in all walks of life report that "BRACER" Supporter Belt helps them look trimmer, feel better, helps relieve fatigue.

No other similar garment offers all the features of "BRACER": full *2-way stretch* all-elastic seamless belt gently but firmly pulls your stomach in, helps you stand straighter, your clothes fit better; special design of waistband assures snug fit, minimum roll; soft, roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting* to any position; exclusive *tubular* elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll.

Ask at your department, men's wear, drug or surgical store for the supporter belt *first in popularity*—"BRACER" $3.50

"BRACER*" Royal ... wider, cooler, more porous waistband with more support ... $5.00

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November 12, 1949

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The Cover

The quiet waters of Spirit Lake reflect an autumn cloak of snow covering the majestic summit of Mount St. Helens (alt. 9,671 ft.) in the state of Washington. Ray Atkeson of Portland, Ore., was the color cameraman.

Week's Mail

The German Attitude

EDITOR: I read The Germans Wait Only for a Leader (Oct. 1st) and I agree with the author in every detail.

I returned from Germany last October and in the 2½ years I was there I heard and saw many of the things he said. The Germans don't want a democracy; they are only waiting for a leader.

They still say Hitler is the greatest leader Germany ever had, and as soon as we get another leader we shall again be a great nation. Many times I've heard that if the Americans would only start a war the Germans would be right there with them.

C. SEAMAN, Palm City, Cal.

. . . With reference to The Germans Wait Only for a Leader, may I express my personal horror at the serious consequences that will develop if our present policy in Germany is allowed to continue.

On the heels of our great victories, it is only fitting that the advantages of democracy be fully displayed before such a people as the Germans have been. Isn't there any way in which we can force the occupation authorities to bring to the forefront the lesser and guiltless technicians who must have the skill and "know-how" they seem to think only the former "masters" and Nazis possess?

When we reinstate former Nazis, and seemingly look the other way, we can believe only that we intend to give Germany the industrial war potential that will ally her with us in future conflicts. (This she will do now anyway because of the position of occupying powers.) We are running the risk of creating just the situation that prevailed after the first World War.

We publicly announce that we are not striving to replace an archaic and outlawed system but merely glaze the surface into a semblance of democracy. The "path of least resistance" seems to be the guiding principle. The attitude of the Germans given in the article is exactly in line with this thinking. ERNEST B. GIBBONS, JR., Camp Campbell, Ky.

Origin of Arah

EDITOR: In your Sept. 10th issue there appeared an article by Collie Small (The Forty-Niners Listen in the Hills) on uranium prospectors—Mr. Arah Shumway, in particular.

I would appreciate hearing from some source the origin of the name "Arah." That also happens to be my name, although I am definitely female. All I know of my own name is that it was passed on to me from my grandmother, who bore it also.

ARAH W. FIELDS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Arah is from the Hebrew word meaning traveler, or guest.

Selection, Not Discrimination

EDITOR: It is impossible for me to read the following paragraph in Holmes Alexander's article, Troubles of College Deans (Oct. 1st), without being disgusted:

"The honor system works a good deal better, but it depends for its validity on a small, selective student body. However, state antidiscrimination laws are playing hob with selective enrollments, and most colleges are overcrowded. Even denominational colleges, with all the advantages of

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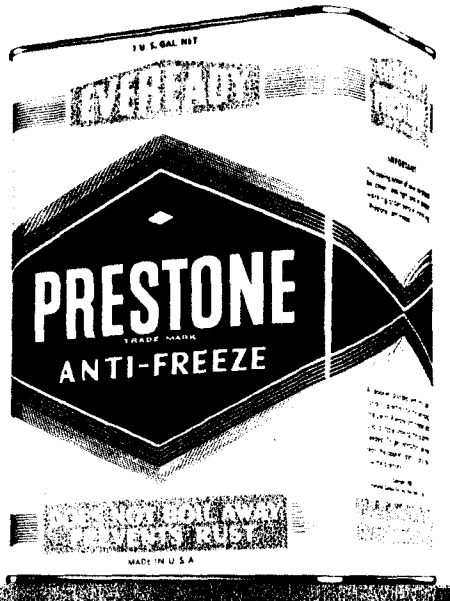

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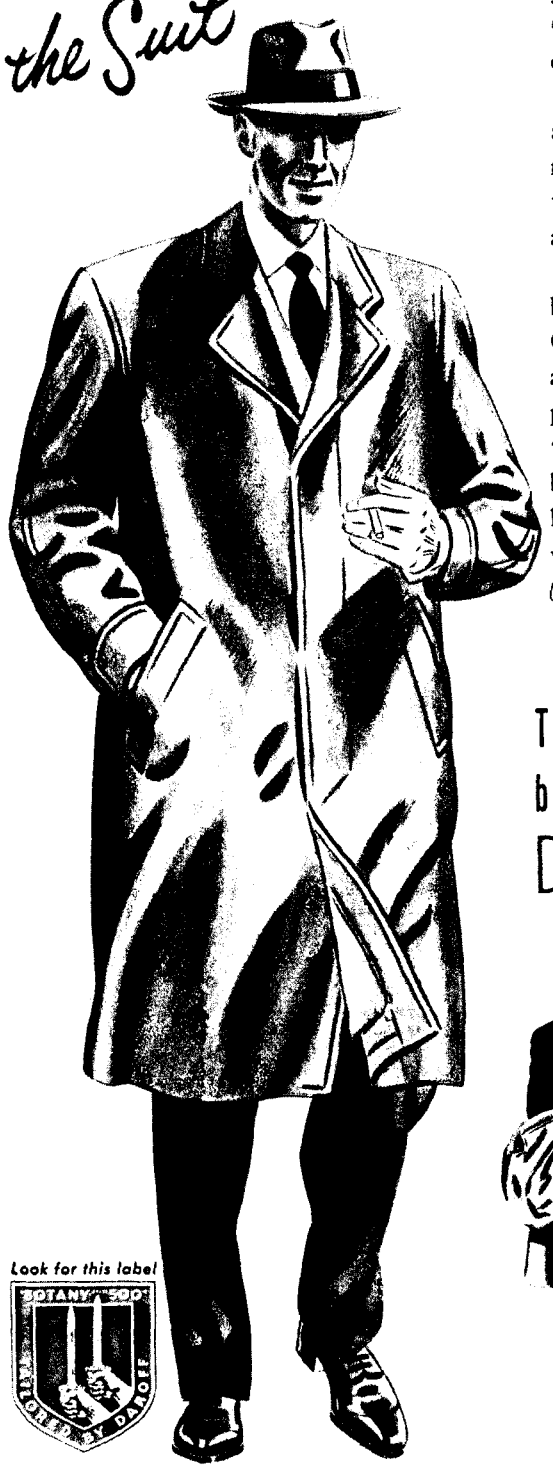
the famous "Warmer" topcoat that changes with the weather

the Fabric is the soul of the Suit



Here's the fabric that's the soul of the coat, tailored elegantly by Daroff in genuine "Botany" Brand Gabardine...and cleverly equipped with a zipped-in "Warmer"...that whisks in and out, as the temperature falls and rises.

"Botany" Brand 500 suits and topcoats, all two-ply 100% virgin worsted, tailored by Daroff...are only $60. Good stores everywhere are featuring a variety of patterns and colors in "Botany" Brand 500, tailored by Daroff. If you can't locate a dealer, write us and we will direct you.

(Topcoat with warmer, $15 extra.)

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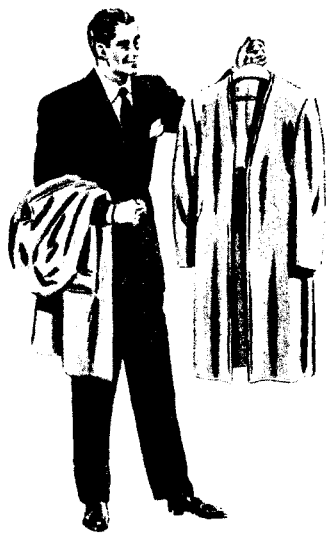

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religious training, haven't a good record."

State antidiscrimination laws have not insisted that colleges and universities stop using the system of selective admissions, by which the best-qualified applicants are admitted, but they have on the other hand tried to make sure that no candidate will be barred because of his race or religion or lack of religion. ROBERT A. EISENSTEIN, New York University, New York, N. Y.

How Far Is West?

EDITOR: Just a line to ask about the change in our geography.

Does the West begin at the Hudson River now, instead of the Mississippi, as it has in the past, and according to Webster still does?

In Francis Wallace's 10th Football Preview (Sept. 24th) there is shown a little red map, marked "Middle West." Chiefly Ohio and Michigan are shown. A list of locations is printed below. All are Eastern towns. All are east of the Mississippi.

So we are asking when the change was made, and "who dun it" and why?

We don't understand why our fine Middle Eastern States are ignored. And we think the little red map looks silly.

JOHN DAUGH, Mansfield, Ohio

We don't know "who dun it," but it wasn't Mr. Wallace. The Middle West, in spite of Webster, is a relative term. For example, Ohio State, Michigan and other teams in Mr. Wallace's Middle Western grouping are members of the Western (not even Middle Western) Conference. And so far as major-league baseball is concerned, the West begins at Pittsburgh.

. . . We trust that Francis Wallace's prognostications (Sept. 24th) are more accurate than his history. Many people in the "desert" think that "Whizzer" White played at Colorado U.

JERRY BROWN, Cheyenne, Wyo.

That he did. Tempe's Wilford White has obviously acquired the nickname of his illustrious predecessor.

A Trifle Late

EDITOR: I enjoyed the editorial Those Wonderful Wives (Oct. 1st) which praised the idea of conferring honorary PH. T. degrees on wives of graduating veterans. Your readers should be interested to learn that the University of Colorado actually presented such degrees June 9, 1949.

In a dignified yet humorous graduation exercise 634 wives of graduating veterans received diplomas which read:

University of Colorado
has this day issued to
—Mrs. Colorado Veteran—
this
Honorary Degree of P.H.T.
certifying

that she is a graduate from the trial and tribulation of Putting Her Husband Through the University of Colorado and is entitled to all the Rights and Privileges thereunto appertaining.

It was signed by the *wife* of the governor of Colorado, the *wife* of the president of the university, etc.

MRS. ROBERT E. HOGUE, Denver, Colo.

. . . It might interest you to know that this practice originated this year on the campus of the University of Vermont. A rather elaborate "graduation" ceremony was held on June 1, 1949, to honor these wives who were then granted the PH. T. (Pushed Husband Through) degree.

As a further adornment those with one child were graduated *cum laude,* those with two children *magna cum laude* and those with three *summa cum laude.*

A special prize was awarded to the wife who had contributed the most to the university in the shortest time. This prize went to a young wife who had given birth to twins the day before the graduation ceremony. DOUGLAS S. ERVIN, Essex Junction, Vt.

. . . Your editorial is a few months late. At the June, 1949, commencement the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering honored approximately 400 G.I. wives by presenting to each one a diploma in recognition of her assistance in "Putting Husband Through."

IDA M. HENDRICKSON, Harrisburg, Pa.

. . . Here is a real-life picture for your editorial. It was taken last June when I graduated from the University of Redlands. My husband graduated the February before.

Jack, Thomas (aged thirteen months in picture) and I lived in a housing unit on the campus of the university. Vets Village it was called.

We are still at it. Jack has just started his three-year course at the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo.

BARBARA WILSON, Marin City, Cal.

Not Healers

EDITOR: First, let me say, I am not a Christian Scientist, although I have studied the faith and have great respect for and belief in its teachings.

In your article Gentleman of the Press (Oct. 1st), according to my understanding of Christian Science, the statement "Christian Science practitioners are persons who are supposed to be able to interpret the Scriptures knowingly enough to be empowered to heal the afflicted who enlist their aid" is a misrepresentation.

Christian Science practitioners are persons who are able to interpret the Scriptures and enable the afflicted who enlist their aid to use intelligently the teachings in the Scriptures and thereby experience healing.

I believe all newspapers could well use more optimistic principles of journalism. The array of crime, destruction, disaster and death headlines that scream out from every front page today is disheartening.

There is an old journalism maxim: "There are not waves of crime, only waves of news." Let's start a new news wave.

LAURA DUVALL, Atlanta, Ind.

Explaining an Unwelcome Comma

In the editorial Let's All Be Blue (Oct. 22d), the second sentence of the last paragraph should have read, "We have the feeling that even if everybody was blue, ignorant and bigoted John Does would still find an excuse for elbowing other John Does off the sidewalk." As the sentence was printed, a vagrant and unfortunate comma after "bigoted" distorted the point that we tried to make.

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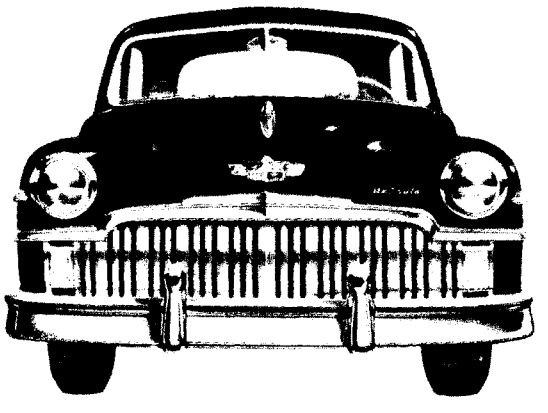
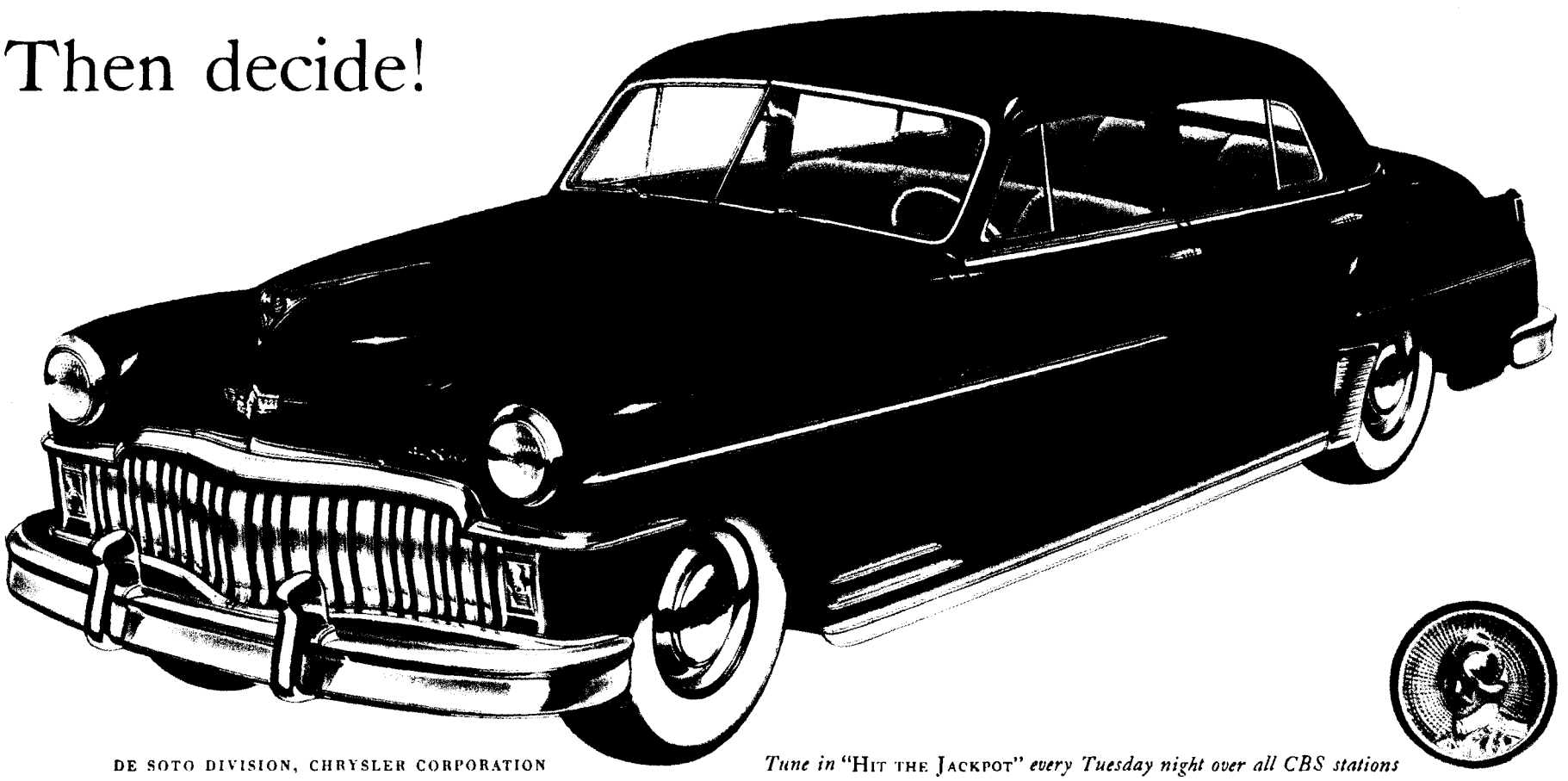


is "the car designed with YOU in mind." That means it was built to give you more headroom, more legroom and more visibility. It means that it *lets you drive without shifting.* Compare it, not merely with any other car at the same price, but with any other car at *any* price.

Then decide!



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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Russia's giant, eight-engined Maxim Gorky crashed the year it was completed

Early in 1935, Russia completed the construction of the largest land airplane that had ever been built. Named the Maxim Gorky, the mammoth machine had eight engines, a wingspread of 200 feet, and was the pride of the Soviet Union. In May of that year it was taken on a flight over Moscow to be photographed accompanied by two small single-seaters for size contrast. Although the pilots of the little planes had been given strict orders not to try any of their usual aerobatics, one began stunting and hit the Maxim Gorky, causing it to crash. All forty-eight persons aboard were killed as well as the smaller plane's smart-aleck pilot and three persons on the ground who were struck by falling wreckage. At the time, the disaster was the worst in airplane history.

* * * * * * * * *

As late as the 18th century in several European countries, a person suspected of murder still had to undergo a trial known as "the ordeal of the bier" in which he was made to walk up to the bier and touch the corpse of the victim. If the accused were guilty, it was believed, the body would bleed, tremble or indicate the fact in some other way. Oddly, some defendants were convicted because witnesses claimed the dead man had twitched. At one such trial held in America in 1663, the members of a Virginia household, in which a Negro servant had died mysteriously, were required to place a hand on his body. But as Uncle Joe "gave no sign," they were acquitted.

* * * * * * * * *

On the morning of May 8, 1927, Nungesser and Coli, French aviators, hopped off from Paris on a transatlantic flight to New York—and mysteriously disappeared. But the Paris newspaper editors were so sure of the success of the flight that, upon the receipt of a cablegram which merely stated a plane had been seen over Maine, they hysterically issued extras announcing the airmen had arrived in New York. One editor even concocted and published a long detailed account of the reception given the fliers. After celebrating for hours, thousands went to the newspaper offices for later information and learned that no further word had come in and that the aviators, therefore, were believed to be lost. Instead of confessing, the editors claimed that all the commotion had been caused by "the false report" from America.

* * * * * * * * *

Because France forbids the killing of monkeys in its colonies, the farmers of Algeria and Tunisia employ an ingenious method to clear their land when it has been invaded by a troop of these marauders. After capturing one monkey in a baited trap, the farmer sews him in a tight, red-flannel suit covered with bells, and then turns him loose. Obeying instinct, he races back to his friends and they, terror-stricken by his outlandish appearance and jingling bells, dash for the nearest woods as though jet-propelled.

* * * * * * * * *

On the night of May 8, 1909, in Darjeeling, India, the Prince of Bhowal, who had been on vacation there and had died suddenly (according to his wife and her brother), was about to be cremated when a heavy thunderstorm broke and caused the burning to be postponed temporarily. Actually having been only drugged, the prince was revived by the rain and at dawn was rescued by wandering holy men. As he had lost his memory, they took care of him until 1921, when he remembered his past and went home. Through four unique marks on his body he proved his identity to everyone except his wife and her brother. Because they had cremated another body in his place, they called him an impostor and refused to return his palace, his 100-square-mile estate and his annual income of $250,000. Whereupon the prince sued and the pair fought him so bitterly that he did not win his case for twenty-five years, or until July 30, 1946. And four days later, he died.

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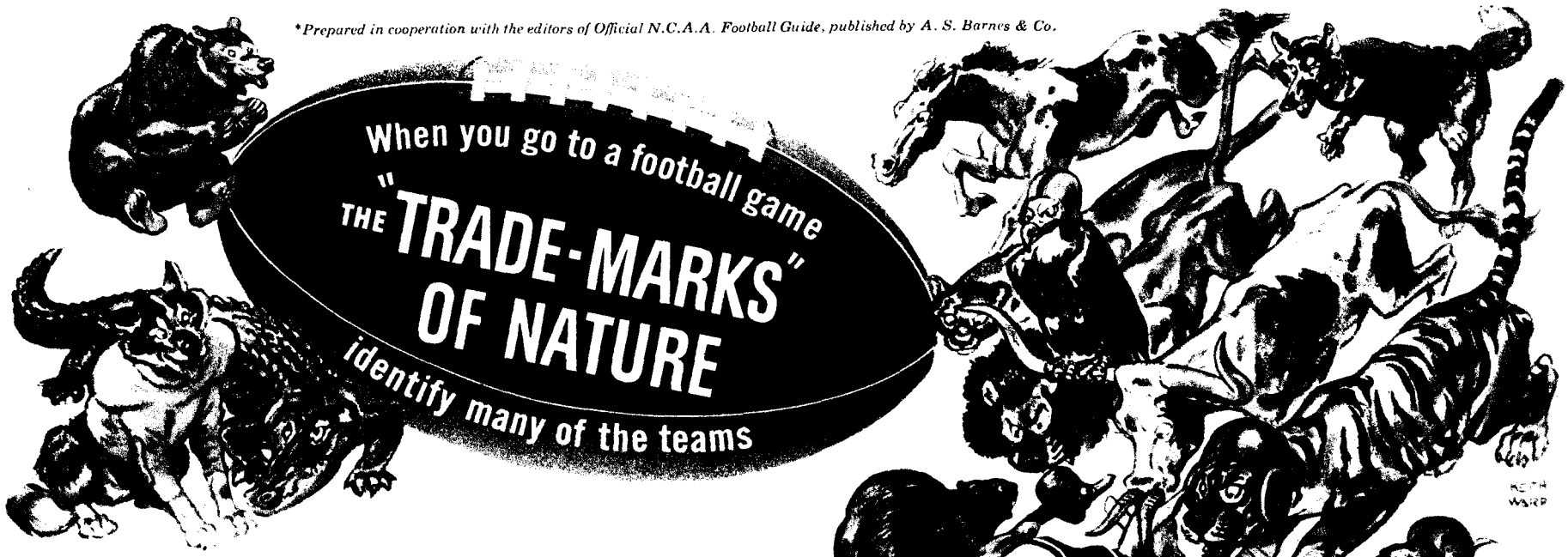

How many of these animal trade-marks* do you know?

ARIZONA	Wildcats
ARKANSAS	Razorbacks
ARMY	Mule
AUBURN	Tigers
BATES	Bobcats
BAYLOR	Bears
BOSTON COLLEGE	Eagles
BOSTON UNIV.	Terriers
BOWDOIN	Polar Bears
[illegible]	Falcons
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bears
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bulls
[illegible]	Golden Bears
[illegible]	Beavers
[illegible]	Mustangs
[illegible]	Beavers
THE CITADEL	Bulldogs
CLEMSON	Tigers
COLBY	White Mules
COLORADO	Buffaloes
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bears
[illegible]	Terriers
[illegible]	Blue Hens
[illegible]	Tigers
[illegible]	Bulldogs
FLORIDA	Gators
FORDHAM	Rams
GEORGIA	Bulldogs
GEORGIA TECH	Yellow Jackets
KANSAS STATE	Wildcats
KANSAS	Jayhawkers
KENTUCKY	Wildcats
[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bulldogs
[illegible]	Tigers
[illegible]	Bobcats
[illegible]	Ducks
[illegible]	Beavers
NAVY	Goat
NEVADA	Wolfpack
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NORTH DAKOTA STATE	Bisons
NORTHWESTERN	Wildcats
OHIO U.	Bobcats
OREGON	Ducks
OREGON STATE	Beavers
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PITTSBURGH	Panthers
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[illegible]	[illegible]
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Collier's
NOVEMBER 12, 1949

The sound of the rock echoed down the canyon, and Marland was startled into caution as he swung his gaze up belatedly. There at the edge of the trees he saw Janet, watching

The old West clashed with the new when two strong-willed men fought over the construction of a dam and the love of a headstrong girl, in the brawling, lawless

Valley of the TYRANT

By DICK PEARCE

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

AS SOON as John Marland left the westbound streamliner at Sacramento, it pulled out for its short dash to San Francisco and was gone before he had traversed the station subway.

He went out onto the broad drive in front of the station and at once felt the dry windless warmth of the Sacramento Valley. By midmorning it would be hot; by noon it would be sweltering. He had memories of this and took great pleasure in them.

It was characteristic of Marland that he was unwilling to let the moment of pleasure escape. He dropped his bag and bared his head to the sun, the gesture revealing a quick gracefulness in motion.

A man of certain physical contradictions, this John Marland. His hair was black and cropped quite close; the skin of his face was smooth and finely textured; his eyes beneath the shelving of unexpectedly heavy eyebrows were a dark, somber blue. There was a hint of the predatory animal in the slight hook of his nose; it was counterbalanced fully by his eyes, which told of an introspective intellect.

Taking his bag he walked to the right along the drive. He did not know by sight this man waiting somewhere here for him. Half-consciously he was looking for a large car with a firebird seal on its doors—the insigne of San Francisco. He was not expecting it, therefore, when a voice called to him from a nondescript coupé, "Here, John Marland."

The man in the coupé did not move from his place behind the wheel. Marland saw a cloud of pipe smoke and a gray temple. Then a hand was thrust through the win-

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dow and the man said rapidly, "I'm Heath. Shove your bag in the back and we'll be on our way."

The urgency in the other's tone moved Marland to comply with unthinking quickness. At the back of the car he stopped short, for it came to him that the tone was faintly conspiratorial. Marland looked about him. Two taxis were pulling away, with passengers from the train. A porter stood at the curb, flipping a coin that twinkled in the sun. The morning was untroubled; there was no reason for this.

Marland deliberately slowed himself, placing his bag alongside a scuffed valise already there and hearing the engine start as he did so. Then he opened the door and stood there, letting time pass, forcing the other to speak.

"Get in, Marland. Get in."

No, he had not been mistaken about the tone. It was there, a sense of hurry, of secretiveness. He dropped to the seat.

HEATH gave him a swift scrutiny and said, "I should have wired you not to shave. You look too damned clean."

"If I had received such a wire," said Marland, "I wouldn't have believed it."

He met a pair of direct, uncompromising eyes set in a face that was wry and wise with its sixty years. Then the other smiled.

"Neither would I in your place," he said. "That's why I didn't send it."

Marland nodded, unwilling to meet conciliation. Heath picked up a street with highway markers and presently they were out of Sacramento, bearing southeast toward the haze of the Sierra. The driver found his road pace and settled back.

"I don't like masquerades any more than you do," he said. "That was necessary, back there. You must not be seen with me."

Marland remained still; the silence ran on. Heath's glance left the road to read the hostility in Marland's eyes, and his lips curled upward around his pipe as if in understanding.

"I've got a nasty mess on my hands, Marland. You're going to clean it up. Your usefulness would be destroyed before you started, if we were seen together today."

Marland's question came quickly. "This is an engineer's job?"

"Not—in the beginning, no."

Marland slumped in his place and stared out at the flat countryside. It was an act of withdrawal, and it set him apart not only from the man beside him, but all men. It was a black mood, but it had no anger or truculence in it.

The thought fixed in his mind that he should have been prepared for this. It had taken a little time, back there in Chicago, to believe in the telegram, to believe that he was really going back to dam building. The reason he had finally accepted the wire at face value was the fact that it bore this man's signature. Roger Heath was the chief utilities engineer of San Francisco, with a reputation among engineers far greater than his salary.

Marland brought his glance back. "You're driving too far from the railroad station to suit me."

"Don't blame you," answered Heath at once. "This is something I couldn't put in a wire or even tell you by phone." He went on almost pleadingly, "Hear me out, man. Then if you don't like it your fare is paid back to Chicago."

"You picked me because you knew I was the one man who would come running at the mention of a dam."

"True enough. I had to get you out here any way I could. But—"

"And you thought because I'm blacklisted on federal dams I'd grab at any kind of job once you got me here."

"No. I knew you were doing well in Chicago. Will you listen to me?"

"I'm listening."

"I wanted you because you know your business on the job." Heath's eyes cut around and met Marland's meaningfully. "On the job, Marland. I don't care about your private life, though I admit I'm curious."

Marland cut at him with sudden savageness, "Talk it out or leave it alone. What do you want to know about me that gossip hasn't told?"

Heath let a little time pass before saying mildly, "Sex and blood make the world go around for everybody. At my age, too. You don't look like a man that would pass up a pretty woman, but you don't look like a rooster either. That's what puzzled me. We'll leave it alone."

Marland turned his gaze back to the countryside. A little ahead of them and below the road a gold dredger was at work in its pond. It made him think of a great fat hog wallowing in muck, sucking the alluvial in at one end, excreting barren stones at the other. The sight carried him momentarily back to a summer when he was still an undergraduate in the University of California, and had worked for two months as winchman on a Feather River bucket dredge. It had been a good summer, though he had grown to hate the greedy dredge for its despoliation.

He spoke, his voice still hard. "No, let's talk it out. I was caught with another man's wife in my quarters. He was the Reclamation Bureau's project engineer and my superior, and I made love to his wife in my bedroom and when he walked in on us I knocked him down. That was a year ago. Every federal dam job in the West has been closed to me since. There you have it all, Heath, and if it's going to make any difference, say so now."

Heath sucked at his pipe, found it cold and put it reluctantly in his pocket. "That's bald enough," he said. "Was she a pretty woman?"

"Beautiful as hell—on the outside."

"That's good. A man would feel a colossal fool if he wasted a year of his life on a humdrum piece of baggage, wouldn't he?" Heath's voice changed, became brisk. "We're headed for the damsite. It's on the Tom River. The last reservoir we need to round out San Francisco's water system. The trouble is, somebody doesn't want it built in the one logical place for it."

An inner tension, long held, loosened a very little in Marland. "Who?" he asked.

"I'll come to that. Let me sketch in the background for you. It's a multipurpose dam—we get the floodwater and power. We kill the river at the dam, carry the water by tunnel and aqueduct to our Buck Creek powerhouse, then feed normal stream-flow back to the valley for irrigation. We spent years threshing out water rights, and got it all behind us. Then last week my survey engineer walks in and tells me the site is no good." Heath's tone changed to dispassionate wonder. "Now who would think a man could lie about a thing like that?"

Marland said, "I've never known a man who would."

"You'll meet one."

The road began to climb a little, already these lowest foothills masked the high Sierra beyond. Heath lapsed into silence.

NEARLY a dozen miles had passed when he spoke again. "His name is Lon Brock. He brought the laboratory some cores from borings at the damsite. Rotten meta-andesite rock. Stuff like a sieve. With that rock under us it would cost a million dollars to make the dam foundation impervious. But his cores didn't come from the damsite at all!"

Marland sat upright. "Proof?"

"The best. What Lon Brock didn't know, and the man who bought him didn't know, was that I picked that spot for a dam on a fishing trip all of ten years ago. And sank one hole then. My old notes show good ledge rock right smack in the middle of Brock's faked pattern of borings."

"That's conclusive enough. You don't need me. Bounce him."

"No." Heath's voice was still quiet, but a cold anger came into it. "I want the man that corrupted my subordinate and I want the proof that will put him away in San Quentin for a long, long time. I'll tip him off and lose him if I fire Brock."

"What's your plan?"

"Brock canned his levelman for boozing, and is yelling at the department for a replacement. You're it. That's another reason I picked you. You're a San Franciscan, and I had to find a resident. Civil service red tape. Got some old tans in your bag?"

Marland nodded.

"When we find out who," continued Heath, "I think we'll also know why. That's the part that beats me. There just isn't any logical reason for anyone not to want the dam there."

"Some people can't be logical about dams," observed Marland. "People that live below them and can't sleep nights."

"I know. But that kind fights you openly. Besides, the fellow we're up against is logical. He corrupted the one man and went about it in the one way that promised success. How could anyone know that I reconnoitered that ground ten years ago?"

"You're assuming Brock was bought with dollars, aren't you? I still say I've never met an engineer who would do such a thing. But there are other ways. Some kind of hold on him—maybe a woman."

"Right enough. That ties in with—" Heath did not finish.

"With what?"

"It's just a suspicion, and I don't want to prejudice you with it. You'll run into it soon enough. By the way, Brock proposed an alternate site some four miles up the river from my site. He didn't especially push it, so I don't know whether that's part of his deal or not. It's a fair site. I told him to go ahead with exploration there."

A T-intersection loomed ahead. As Heath came into it and turned southward, Marland observed that they were entering State Route 49. This was the scenic highway, numbered for the forty-niners, that began nowhere, traversed the length of the Mother Lode country in a rough north-south direction, and ended nowhere.

"Is your dam in the Mother Lode?" asked Marland.

"Just below it. Downriver from the old mining camp of Tomtown." He waved his hand at a historical marker beside the road. "Folks in the Mother Lode are making money again. The tourists have discovered these hills."

MARLAND had crisscrossed most of this country at one time or another in his boyhood and college years. The last time, he remembered, was shortly before the war. Some of the deep quartz mines had still been working then. The war had ruined most of them. Now the Mother Lode was a quiet in-between country, living on lumber and cattle, and on memories and tourist dollars. Below it was the San Joaquin Valley of incredibly rich soil, producing agricultural fortunes the forty-niners never dreamed of. Above it was the high Sierra of cold granite, crawling with vacationers in summer, dotted with ski resorts in winter.

Marland brought his mind back to a thought that had nagged him for some time. He asked abruptly, "Why did you worry about being seen as far away as Sacramento?"

"I couldn't take chances. Two politicians in San Francisco have come to me demanding a promotion for Lon Brock. That means the man behind Brock is big enough to swing his weight around. He is somebody with pull or power in San Francisco. A man that big has friends in the state government at Sacramento, too."

The car surmounted a long, twisting grade. Just short of its crest Heath turned right into a dirt road, stopping under the cover of a stand of digger pines.

"From here on you hoof it," he said. "Tomtown lies over the hill. The river is just beyond it. Cross the river and take the first road to your right, downstream. That'll lead you to the survey camp." He looked at his watch. "A bus connects with San Francisco through Stockton and hits Tomtown at noon. That gives you an hour. If you come into town right at noon, it will appear that you arrived on the bus."

Marland climbed out, removed rumpled tans from his bag, and stripped to shorts and undershirt. His was the kind of body that a male dancer might desire: not big, not especially compact, but smooth and evenly muscled; its proportions explained his grace and agility. Looking down at his bare shanks he suddenly found himself asking how he got here. He had returned to this land of his birth to build a dam. How did it come about that he stood now furtively half naked beside a hidden road? He found no answer, and his first anger came flooding back.

Heath called from inside the car, "I'm writing you a note to Brock. What name do you want to use?"

"John Lynch," snapped Marland.

Heath stuck his head out of the car and looked back, saying, "That was quick. Why Lynch?"

"My name is John Lynch *(Continued on page 54)*

"Let up on my arms," Britten said, his voice rising shrilly as Lyons' grip tightened. Marland saw Stagg lift the sap from his coat pocket

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Between scenes, Roberto's charm was a welcome relief after long, often dangerous, hours of work

The Italian cast worshiped the lovely Swede, but she felt that they treated her like "bric-a-brac"

INGRID'S

Take a good look at the geni

By GEORGE WELLER

RARELY since the days of the cave men has there been so rough a courtship as the wooing of Ingrid Bergman by Roberto Rossellini here in the Lipari Islands on the slopes of angry Volcano Stromboli.

Stromboli does not merely smoke; it erupts continuously, poisoning the air night and day with sulphur fumes, trailing a long brownish-gray veil down an ever-changing wind. Scarlet vomit of gobbeted lava belches upward at intervals, sometimes only a few feet, sometimes over 300 feet into the sky. The guttural, terrifying roar of the explosions rocks the countryside as often as 15 times in half an hour. It is here that the beautiful Swede from Hollywood and the nearly bald Italian movie-making genius have been creating the picture called After the Storm, and a love story that has half a world gasping.

After the Storm tells the story of a woman refugee, who, to escape an internment camp, marries a cocky, husky young fisherman. He promises her a sunnier life. She goes with him to live on a volcanic island. But she finds that the island, far from being a paradise, is actually a ferocious cage of struggling humans, starved by the lava-choked vineyards and the overexploited sea bottom. Trapped by their poverty, vindictive in their desperation, the natives spend their hatred partly on her. She contemplates casting herself into the volcano but decides to stay with her husband and accept Stromboli.

In the woman's struggle between duty to her marriage vows and distaste for this savage life, Rossellini tackled a story strong enough to test not only his inventive powers but the physical endurance of the star who became his beloved on this barren, burnt-out island.

It would have been easy for him to fly Bergman in by seaplane and take profile shots of her staring suicidally into the bubbling hell of Stromboli's twin craters. He could have shot four fifths of his footage in any ruined village on the coast. That, however, is not Rossellini's way. He built his reputation on realism, and for realism he took his company to dwell for weeks among Stromboli's sagging, deserted houses, with great blocks of lava fallen through their roofs. There they lived without plumbing, fresh water, roads, newspapers, movie hall or wheeled vehicle. Stromboli did not have even a wheelbarrow; the peak of luxury was the makeshift shack that was Ingrid's shower.

Instead of speeding through the story sequences, the stubborn director worked them over slowly and leisurely. It was as if he intended to teach his cast the terrible natural powers around them before he committed them to film.

Rossellini certainly set for Bergman the most rugged standard of realism she ever had to meet. In a scene where she detached herself from the arms of an eager fisherman on the beach, he sent her back barefoot repeatedly over the cutting shingle of lava with the persistent rebuke, "I still do not find in your face the nuances that must be there."

For the final scenes, Roberto poised Ingrid on a ramp of lava only 400 feet from Stromboli's two craters. The rock was loose and slippery. One false step would have sent her straight down a broad black chute into the boiling pots of lava.

Nothing happened to Bergman. But Rossellini's production executive, a former general of engineers named Lodovici Muratori, was overcome by the poisonous fumes and died of a heart attack. After

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ROSSELLINI

Stromboli. Could be that Bergman isn't so crazy after all

that tragedy, Rossellini revised his original plan to build several camps on the crater's edge. Ingrid's stay at the summit was cut short with the hearty accord of Harold Lewis, special trouble shooter for Howard Hughes, boss of RKO, who financed the picture.

"All this talk about authenticity is swell," Lewis remarked, "but you can overdo it."

Rossellini never had used an artificially constructed set before, and he stuck stubbornly to his rule on Stromboli. He searched for days trying to find the actual house, the exact room, he needed. Rossellini's interiors often give a feeling of being cramped. On Stromboli this condition hardly had to be sought out; it was everywhere. Rossellini insisted that rooms and staircases remain in their own size, not be enlarged to admit the machinery of film making. By the time the sprawling lights and camera were moved in, however, Rossellini's technicians often found themselves trying to make a scene in a bedroom that was crowded down to the size of a hall closet.

To get an idea of what they were doing, the technicians had to wriggle in and out of the door one at a time, like figures in a cuckoo clock. When it came to actual shooting, they practically had to sit on one another's shoulders.

Rossellini's attitude toward his actors depended on whether they were amateurs or professionals. With the professionals he was intimate, wheedling and pampering. With the amateurs off the beach, like the hero-fisherman Mario Vitale and the villain-fisherman Mario Sponza, he was quick, decisive and a little distant, demanding only that they do their simple tasks naturally, once, in this single picture and then leave him alone.

Personally gregarious, Rossellini as an artist is a lone wolf. He is his own producer and director. With Yolanda, his cutting girl, a lively angular maiden in her twenties, he does all the continuity himself. He always hires the best cameraman he can get, however.

To Stromboli he brought Otello Martelli, a large, intense Falstaffian man who also did the winding for that earlier Rossellini masterpiece, Paisan.

Much of Writers' Work Discarded

He treated his writers under the volcano almost as absent-mindedly as if they were Hollywood helots. He paid them, he chatted with them about the trends of the day, he looked at the photos of their children. But he did not use them in the accepted sense at all. He listened to the dialogue they wrote, chose one terse ejaculation out of a long speech, threw away all soliloquies, and compelled his camera to tell his story with the fewest words possible.

"With Roberto inventing our dialogue as we go along," Bergman told a friend, "I know I don't have anything to learn for the next day's shooting. I can rest.

"What makes it a little hard," she said in one of her few beefs about the Rossellini system, "is that the rest of the cast tries to be too careful with me, treating me like bric-a-brac. Because they speak only Italian, I can't tell them directly to let themselves go. I have to say everything in French through Roberto."

Even at $17,500 a week, this business of playing against stolid-faced amateurs who don't understand what she says is comparable only to being beaten silently to death with pillows. But Ingrid endures it as stoically as she faced the terrors of Stromboli's eruptions. The fact that Roberto says she should seems to make it right.

They appear to agree surprisingly well on most points—even public relations. Their method of dealing with the press is to withdraw as far as possible and say nothing whatever to anybody. This seclusion has been successful in Rome, where American foreign correspondents have a deep but groundless suspicion that the whole Hughes-Rossellini-Lindstrom-Bergman struggle is a publicity frame-up.

Miss Bergman employs a publicity representative, Joseph Steele, to say nothing for her, but Rossellini has none. Rossellini has been somewhat embittered by the number of Italian friends who have worked their way into his confidence and have written articles on "the inside story of Stromboli." However, his keyhole acquaintances correctly prophesied that Ingrid would never return to her husband when both Bergman and Rossellini were promising she would do so.

Not in the Hollywood Tradition

In appearance, Rossellini is far from any celluloid notion of a great lover. He is of middle height, about as tall as Bergman, and his black hair is thinning on top from much unprotected exposure to the Mediterranean sun. He is somewhat pudgy in his bathing trunks but not abnormally so for an Italian of forty-three. His arms and shoulders are strong from swimming. He is a white-skinned rather than swarthy Italian. Perhaps, without stretching the imagination, Rossellini could be considered a gentle, intellectual Charles Boyer. His face is marked with thoughtful dark eyes and an open, friendly expression.

It was his humility, along with his realism, which attracted Bergman when she saw his Italian films in Hollywood. Both these traits are reactions against the long braggadocio of Fascism.

"The only thing certain today in Europe," Rossellini says, "is that nobody believes in anything. Fascism has failed. The role of Communism in western Europe is not yet clear. What is necessary is a film that can transcend both politics and economics, and give man back faith in himself and also a new apprehension of God."

Rossellini's uncompromising standards of authenticity stem from his training in documentary pictures, beginning with marine-life subjects in Mussolini's day. He escaped bearing arms for Mussolini not through evasion or disqualification, but through the accident of being always just a little too old. For a while, after the Allies landed at Salerno and the outcome became clear, Rossellini hid in the mountains outside Rome with the partisans. Soon after the liberation, while Italy was still occupied by Americans, he appeared in the city, eager to tell the story of the post-Fascist Renaissance.

With Open City, his first postwar picture, Rossellini finished off the old Italy of the Venetian gondola and the quavering duet between shawled soprano above and cloaked tenor below. He steered Italy past the danger of a phony revival of the old romanticism, turned her leaky gondola around, put an outboard motor on it, and sent it upstream toward a realism both humble and humane. The result has been such magnificently effective pictures as Paisan and Germany, Year Zero.

Rossellini's work is really a family enterprise. His sister Marcella, a sensitive woman of thirty-nine, is his script girl. His younger brother Renzo, forty-one, is a composer who has had more experience with films than *(Continued on page 51)*

Ingrid Bergman, having finished her work on Stromboli, sight-sees on the historic Appian Way, outside Rome

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By ELLIOTT GRENNARD

Big as he feels

A gallery of phonies, including a life-size portrait of Willie Winter, who keeps alive by kidding the public—and himself

WILLIE WINTER heard his wife call, but his answering grunt dead-ended in the bathroom mirror. He patted more cold water on his chin and continued scraping with his razor, shaving against the grain. The used blade left a blue-black stubble on his chin, the way he liked it; it made up for the fact that it was all the beard Willie had at thirty-two.

Martha called again in her little girl's voice. "Bill?"

This time Willie responded with what he thought of as his "Look"—an expression which he believed reflected in a glance the sum total of his personality: world-weary boredom, tired disdain, amused skepticism. So much meaning went into the Look that getting it just right required lots of practice. Willie watched the mirror as his features screwed into position. A stubby raised eyebrow stretched one side of his face, while tongue in cheek billowed it out. Simultaneously, the opposite side of his face sagged. It made people—people who were not aware of what was intended by the Look, and saw only a bright little face creased diagonally across the tip of a snub nose—think of a harassed toy bulldog.

"Yah?" he called through the bathroom door in a voice that matched the Look.

"Bill, who is Hazel Holiday?"

"Some twist from Billy Rose's."

"Danton Walker's column says she's going around with Kirk."

Willie yawned. "I know. I fed it to Danton."

"But didn't you tell me last week that Kirk was keeping company with one of those Goldwyn Girls?"

Willie picked up his comb and brush and concentrated on the mirror. "The girls Chief'd back to Hollywood, Tuesday."

He drew a careful part on the left side of his widow's peak and brushed hard at the curly hair; then he ran his fingers through his hair until the curls tumbled about carelessly. It didn't come out right so he did the whole thing over again. This time the effect satisfied him, so he patted lilac water on his face and neck and cocked an eyebrow for a last look at himself in the glass. Willie laughed at little guys who tried to squeeze out an extra half inch by standing like West Point cadets. "A guy's as big as he feels," Willie liked to tell himself. He was five-five and he *slouched;* that's how much *he* cared about being small. He headed for the dinette.

Martha was sitting at the table, finishing Winchell. She was barely five feet tall but she was all curves and she bulged out of her negligee like a voluptuous Kewpie doll. It gave Willie a tingly feeling.

"Hey, Kewp," he growled. "Breakfast. I gotta work today." He sat down at the table and opened one of the morning papers he had brought home with him the night before.

"I've been waiting to tell you," Martha said, busy at the stove. "When I took Arlene to school yesterday the teachers said they were working on a new plan. For parents to help out in the afternoon. They said it was very progressive for mothers to be around more when children are at nursery age."

Willie moved his paper slightly and Martha put his eggs and coffee down in front of him. "I'll have to read a lot of books and articles, but I don't mind. It will give me something to do, and help me with Arlene when she's not at school. Don't you think so?" Willie grunted and reached for another paper.

He was on his second cup of coffee and his first cigarette when he looked up. "Where's the Mouse?"

"In her room playing," Martha said, stepping to the door. "Arlene! Arlene, sweetie! Come and tell Daddy how much you like the new dolls he sent you yesterday from downtown."

Arlene came running, hugging two dolls. Willie grinned at her, his cigarette dangling from his lips. "How're ya, Mouse?"

She went at him in a rush, climbing onto his knees. Willie's eyebrow went up in protest. "Hey!" He jerked back as she lunged for his mouth, pulling at it with a plump little hand. "Mouse!" he said sharply, removing his cigarette.

"But I must, Daddy, I must. So you can make that face."

The corner of Willie's mouth went down, completing the diagonal line. "What face?"

"That's it, Daddy. I like it. It makes me laugh."

Willie stood up and put the child down, the Look engraved on his face. "Okay," he said, "that's all for now."

Martha watched him get into his jacket and topcoat. "You working tonight, Bill?"

"You know Kirk doesn't like me to leave him alone on broadcast nights." He saw her eyes fall. "What are you planning to do?"

"Oh—I'll probably go over and visit with Julia and Harry. You want to come over if you get through early?"

"Have a heart, Kewp. They're good schnooks, but those questions they ask! Why doesn't George Raft get married, why does Artie Shaw get married so much, does Charles Boyer really wear a toup'? It's murder! Look," he said, patting her arm, "I got an idea. They don't get downtown much, so why don't you take them out to a show? I'll pick up tickets for a musical, or something, and leave 'em at the box office. How's that?"

Martha perked up. "And you'll meet us later?"

"I got that repeat broadcast for the West Coast," he reminded her.

"Well, then, couldn't we—" She dropped the idea, slumping again. "Does that mean you won't be home till late?"

"You know." He shrugged. "Better not wait up."

He leaned forward and she kissed him.

PAUSING in the apartment-house doorway to sneer at Bronx Park, Willie turned up the collar of his raglan coat. The coat was too heavy for the warm autumn morning, and too bulky for Willie's hundred-and-thirty-five-pound frame, but he liked the way the full skirt swirled around his knees. He walked the three blocks to the subway—his gait the ponderous swagger of an English bull—thinking of the neighborhood.

He'd been born there, and gone to Evander Childs High School, only a half mile away, with Kewp. But a guy grows, Willie growled mentally. Times Square, Radio City, the office building on Seventh Avenue that was headquarters for "Bill Winter: Publicity and Advertising"—that was home; not East 183d Street. Not that he meant he regretted marrying Kewp and having Mouse, he reflected guiltily. But—he lived in a different world. Knocking around Broadway, meeting all those twists . . .

Mr. Shapiro had Willie's newspapers folded and ready, the early editions of all the afternoon papers. For as long as Willie could remember, since he was in short pants, he'd been buying newspapers at Mr. Shapiro's stand. And he still did, morning and night, even if he'd already read them downtown.

Mr. Shapiro smiled. "Good morning, Willie."

Willie grunted.

"Willie, maybe you could do me a big favor?"

"Yah?"

"My daughter Sylvia, she never saw a broadcast. You could get tickets for her and a girl from her school?"

Willie opened one of the papers, turning to the theater section. "The next Pat Kirkpatrick show," he said without looking up. "Remind me next week. If I'm not too busy, I'll get Kirk to give the kids autographs."

"Willie," Mr. Shapiro exclaimed, calling as Willie walked away, "you're a good boy!"

In the subway station, Willie gave the turnstile a vicious push. "*Willie . . .*" he growled.

HE SPENT the morning working in his office (well, it wasn't really *his* office—but for fifty dollars a month he got a small private room and switchboard service) laying out mailing pieces for a music jobber he serviced, and week-end newspaper ads for a new account he'd got, a Chinese restaurant on West Forty-ninth. Together the accounts brought in a little over three hundred a month, and the evening courses he'd taken at NYU made the work easy; a couple of mornings a week and he was done.

But there were no kicks in that part. It was the "publicity" part of his business he liked—making personalities out of nobodies. Like Pat Kirkpatrick. In Willie's book, Kirk was a McDope who didn't know which side was up, an ex-chorus boy with a fair tenor voice who was made a leading man in operettas because he was big, handsome and knew how to wear clothes.

True, Kirk had built up a pretty big stage reputation, and it had won him a radio show; but Willie was convinced that without the publicity he got for Kirk, the program would mean nothing to the public. That's how he saw himself, as the power behind the throne, and that's what appealed to him.

Once they start recognizing what you can do for talent, there's no limit how far you can go, Willie constantly assured himself. He might become a publicity director for a big outfit like NBC or CBS, with a fleet of pencil-pushers under him. Or even a producer, with a radio *(Continued on page 59)*

"Ready, Sugar?" Kirk said when she reached the table. Boots said, "I ought to tell you off, you phony!"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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My 4-YEAR WAR *with*

TED WEISBARTH

Always the Double Cross

As American commandant in Berlin for the last four critical years, General Howley had to follow Washington-dictated policy. In the early days of the occupation, that meant trying to get along with our "allies"—the Russians. General Howley, then a colonel and the deputy commandant, could not air his true feelings. But he filed away in memory endless examples of duplicity and open hostility he met from the very beginning. Now, back home, he has undertaken the monumental task of setting forth for Collier's readers the story of what actually happened in our Berlin outpost. Last week, in this series of articles in collaboration with Collie Small, General Howley told of the Russians' refusal to allow the American military government command, which Howley was heading, to enter Berlin—and then the sudden reversal of policy ordering them to Berlin immediately

SECOND ARTICLE OF A SERIES

AS ONE who had already learned not to trust the Russians any farther than I could throw them, I assumed in the summer of 1945 that our "allies" would try to cross us up at the last moment by suddenly refusing to let us occupy our sector of Berlin. I must say I underestimated Russian acquisitiveness.

Instead of keeping us out of Berlin, the Russians suddenly delivered an ultimatum which, in effect, gave us three days to get *into* Berlin. Their haste was understandable, inasmuch as they had a covetous eye on the rich provinces of Saxony and Thuringia, which we had captured and had then agreed to turn over to them in return for an interest in the battered German capital. The ultimatum was obviously calculated to get us out of the two provinces before we had time to strip them, as the Russians assumed we would do and as they themselves would have done had the situation been reversed.

As usual, we jumped when they barked. Instead of taking our time for an orderly move to the biggest rubble pile in the world, we grabbed our hats and went piling down the road as though the Cossacks were after us.

The road to Berlin on July 1, 1945, was the highroad to Bedlam. There was an almost hopeless tangle of vehicles and troops, including my own military government detachment, moving toward the previously forbidden city. To add to the confusion, Russian officers in captured German cars raced up and down our columns to see that we weren't escaping with any plunder. They couldn't seem to get it through their heads that anyone would evacuate two provinces as rich as Saxony and Thuringia without looting them first.

Other Russians attempted to control the movement of our columns for the simple pleasure of indulging themselves. Some wanted only to exchange toasts in vodka, but others behaved like little commissars. When one particularly obstreperous Red Army officer tried for no reason to halt a column at a bridge, an American general, whose name I have forgotten but whose deed I will always cherish, leaped from his car and personally deposited the struggling Russian at the side of the road to allow the column to pass.

A disagreeable summer rain was pelting down when we finally straggled into Berlin late in the afternoon. The Russians had not allowed us to look over our sector before coming in, although that had been the agreement, and none of us knew exactly where to go once we arrived in the American sector. Hundreds of officers and men milled around looking for places to stay in the ruins, and most of them, in class-A uniforms, wound up sleeping on the ground in the rain and the mud.

Fortunately my military government detachment had come into Berlin with field equipment, including helmets and packs, and we simply moved into the Grunewald, a forestlike park, and settled down in tents. We pulled our vehicles up under the dripping trees in a circle, wild West fashion, to keep curious Russian soldiers out, and we installed the Smith Brothers, our two wild pig mascots, in an old bomb crater. By ten o'clock we had eaten a hot meal and were set for the night.

One General Who Couldn't Take It

The next morning, bursting with high resolve, I accompanied General Floyd Parks, the American troop commander in Berlin, to the Russian sector to see Colonel General Gorbatov, the local Russian commander. Gorbatov, a beefy, red-faced combat general with three stars, was fairly new in his job. The original Russian commander of Berlin, the general whose troops had actually captured the city, had liquidated himself on a dark night a few weeks previously by riding his motorcycle into the rear of a Russian truck, and Gorbatov had taken over.

From Gorbatov we learned for the first time exactly what the American sector was to be. For some reason I had assumed we were to take over five boroughs of southwest Berlin. The Russian map, however, showed six boroughs for the United States, and Parks and I were not disposed to argue. We took the six. Later we learned we hadn't got away with anything; the agreement had been for six boroughs all along, although higher headquarters had not bothered to tell us.

Having settled the question of boundaries, Gorbatov asked when we would be ready to take over our sector.

"Well," Parks said, "the Fourth of July would be a good time for us, and we would like to have a little ceremony."

Gorbatov nodded.

"Agreed," he said.

Gorbatov did not deign to appear at the handing-over ceremonies, even though General Omar Bradley had flown to Berlin especially to represent the United States at what we considered a rather historic moment. Instead, Gorbatov dispatched a one-star general named Barinov to represent the U.S.S.R.

General Bradley gave no hint that he had been snubbed. On the contrary, with Russian and American troops lined up in front of the onetime Adolf Hitler SS barracks, Bradley warmly complimented the Red Army's performance in the war, and expressed the hope for lasting peace and friendship.

Barinov thanked Bradley and responded by saying the Russian army had broken the back of the German army at Stalingrad. Barinov further implied that the Russians would have gone on to win the war, with or without American aid. Having delivered his incredible insult, he sat down, leaving us all standing with our mouths open, wondering if we had heard him correctly. The soldiers then passed in review, the Russians with the peculiar

General Omar Bradley (left) flew to Berlin July 4, 194

ACME

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the Reds

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with COLLIE SMALL

stiff-legged rolling gait they affect for parades, the flags were exchanged, and I received my orders to occupy the American sector at midnight.

It was about 9:00 P.M., with three hours yet to go. I had already issued the necessary orders to my military government detachment in the Grunewald when I got an urgent message from General Parks to come to his headquarters immediately. When I walked into the room, he silently handed me a note signed by Marshal Zhukov, the Russian supreme commander in Germany.

"In view of the fact that Berlin is to be ruled by an Allied Kommandatura," the note said, "your sector will not be turned over to you until the Kommandatura is set up."

"What do you think of that?" General Parks asked.

I was boiling.

"I think they're throwing sand in our eyes again," I said. "I think it's just another excuse for the Russians to gain more time to finish looting our sector before we move in officially. Unless you change your orders I'll carry them out by occupying the American sector according to the agreement."

Parks thought a moment.

"You're right," he said finally. "Go ahead as planned. Only don't get into too much trouble. After all, the occupation is just beginning."

Back in the Grunewald, I called for the officers who had been selected to take over the six boroughs. "We move in at daybreak," I said. "The Russians don't get up until noon. Set up military government, and then, when the Russians challenge you, tell them you are just obeying orders. They will recognize a *fait accompli* because they use the same technique all the time."

The detachments moved in as scheduled, while the Russians were sleeping. Each detachment contacted the local *Bürgermeister*, took over a house for headquarters, hung out the American flag, and posted SHAEF ordinances number 1 and 2. One announced the formation of military government; the other announced the establishment of courts and the penalties for crimes committed against us.

Rude Awakening and Rude Demands

As anticipated, the Russians awakened to find the awful fact accomplished. They reacted swiftly, however, and each of my commanders was immediately visited by a Russian officer who came in, saluted stiffly and told my fellows to get out.

In each instance my commanders were equally formal. "We have orders to stay," they said. "We are soldiers, as you are. Therefore we will obey our orders." Balked, temporarily at least, the Russians backed off.

The next day, more friction developed. American soldiers were beginning to look Russian soldiers in the eye, and it was nip and tuck what was going to happen. Then, suddenly, it did happen. The Russians started tearing down our proclamations.

Shortly before noon I got a telephone call from a major in Tempelhof.

"They've started," he said.

"Stand your ground," I told him, "but don't shoot. I'll try to handle this another way."

I jumped into my car and raced across town to General Barinov's headquarters. He was working alone in his office when I came in.

"Your men are tearing down American posters," I said, without bothering with pleasantries. "We are not going to shoot, but I think this is a pretty serious piece of business. The Germans especially must be getting a big laugh over the way the Allies are behaving."

"You shouldn't have put the posters up in the first place," Barinov said.

"Well, they're up now, whether we should have or shouldn't have," I answered. "The thing will be settled eventually, anyway, so why argue about it now?"

Barinov grumbled a bit, but his heart wasn't in it. I think he knew he had been mousetrapped. Finally, picking up the telephone, he called the Soviet colonel in Tempelhof. There was a rapid conversation in Russian, during which Barinov did considerable shouting before he dropped the phone back into its cradle. *(Continued on page 71)*

or ceremony setting up joint control. Beside him is General Barinov, whose speech openly insulted the U.S. Others in the front row: Generals Parks and De Beauchesne

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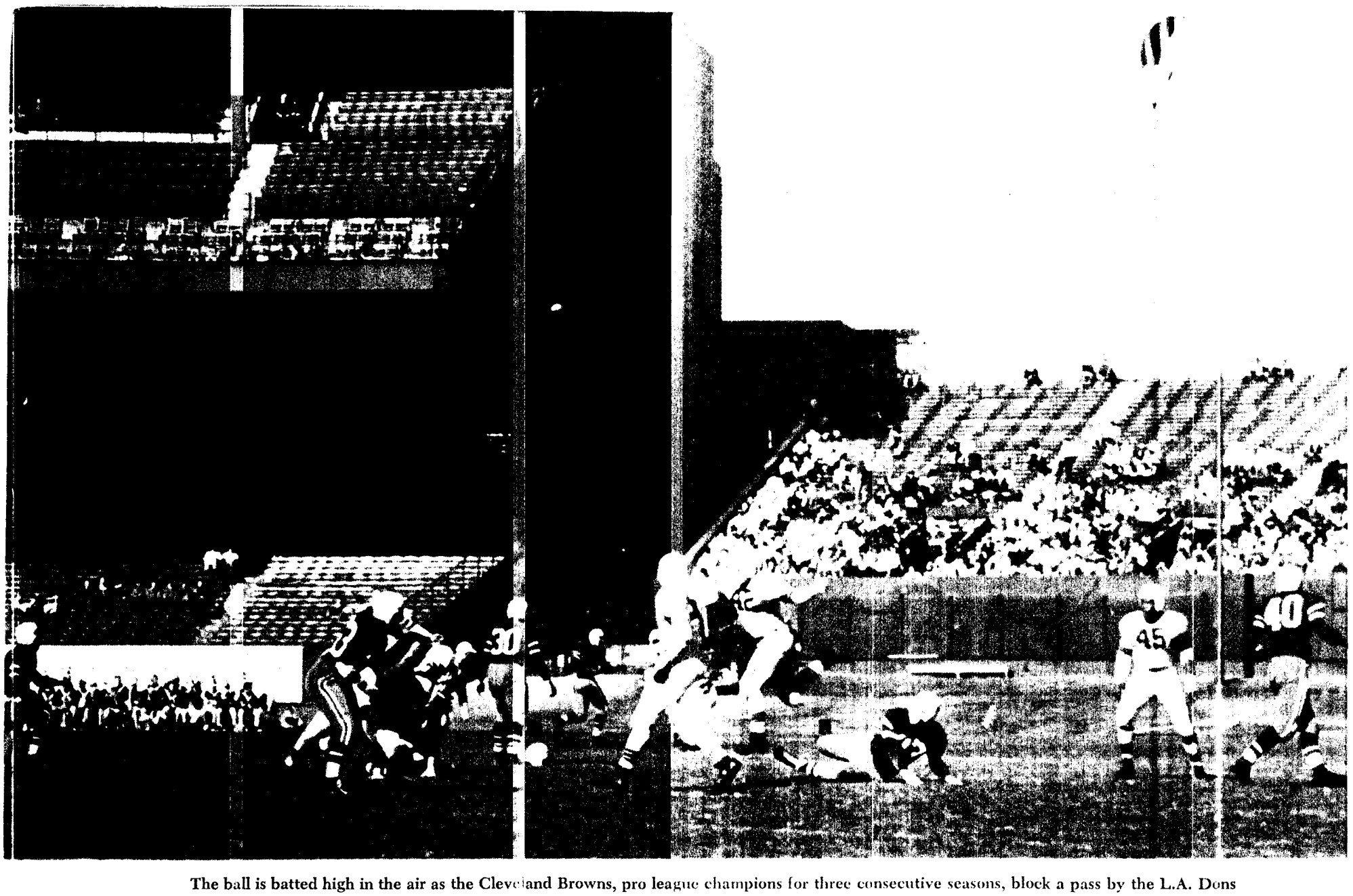

The ball is batted high in the air as the Cleveland Browns, pro league champions for three consecutive seasons, block a pass by the L.A. Dons

12th MAN in the Huddle

By GORDON COBBLEDICK

Blanton Collier, little-heralded backfield coach for the phenomenal Cleveland Browns, is a football philosopher with a genius for defense

LIEUTENANT PAUL E. BROWN was puzzled and vaguely worried by the sailor there on the far side of the picket fence. The thought occurred to him that the fellow might be a spy. Not for the Japs, of course. Not for the Germans. Maybe for the Irish. After all, the Notre Dame game wasn't too many weeks away.

Well, if that was the pitch, let the guy stay. Secret practice has never been any part of the Paul Brown formula. Fundamentals and perfection of execution—they are what win football games. The best this gob could do would be to warn Hugh Devore that Great Lakes was going to be tough. And Brown presumed that the Notre Dame coach knew that anyhow.

As the days and the weeks passed during the late summer of 1945, the lieutenant began to accept the silent sailor as part of the landscape, like the goal posts and the stands and the low barracks that bordered the practice field. He was there every day, his elbows on the low fence, watching with absorbed interest every move made by the big football squad representing the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

The lonely figure usually munched a chocolate bar or gnawed at a handful of crackers. Obviously, he was forgoing his evening meals in order to watch the drills. Brown shrugged. It takes all kinds of people to make a Navy.

Collier, on phone, gets spotter's report as head coach Paul Brown watches the play

Then there came a day when Commander Alden W. Thompson, the head of Great Lakes physical training department, addressed Lieutenant Brown.

"There's a yeoman over in my office," he said, "who's a nut on football. What I mean, a complete filbert. Seems to know something, too, as nearly as I can tell. I wonder if you could use him in some minor capacity?"

Lieutenant Brown said he didn't know. No harm in talking to the fellow.

That evening, just before practice, the yeoman reported for the interview. He saluted and, in the prescribed naval fashion, announced himself as Seaman (First Class) Blanton Collier, sir.

"Oh, it's you!" Brown exclaimed, recognizing the fellow-behind-the-fence. "Tell me about yourself."

Collier didn't think there was much to tell. For 16 years he had taught algebra and coached football and basketball at the high school in Paris, Kentucky. That was about all. Hadn't played much football himself. A little in high school, but his 125 pounds had ruled him out when he went to college at little Georgetown in Kentucky. He guessed he didn't have much to offer except a deep and abiding conviction that football ranks well up among the things that really matter in life, like love and patriotism and getting the war the hell over so everybody could go home.

They talked for a while and Brown was quickly convinced that Collier had one of the finest football minds he'd ever come across. When the conversation ended, Collier had a job.

"What I want you to do today," Brown told him, "is work with the T-quarterbacks."

"That's the way Paul is," says Collier. "He gives you a job to do, assumes that you know how to do it and leaves you alone. *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEOFFREY LANDESMAN

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Those EXPLOSIVE *Nobel Prizes*

By IRVING WALLACE

The distinguished juries that grant the world's most important awards are prey to their own foibles and obscure terms in the inventor's will

CONCLUSION

ONE early April morning 83 years ago a small, sickly young Swedish gentleman with pale-blue eyes and a melancholy face registered at a large New York hotel. His luggage consisted of two extraordinarily heavy suitcases.

An hour later the Swede was out in the street, politely but firmly evicted by the management. The hotel had learned that in the suitcases were containers filled with a soupy liquid which he insisted was harmless, but which the hotel knew had recently blown up a ship in Panama, torn apart a city block in San Francisco and blasted a factory in Norway. The contents of his luggage, a new invention, would soon be known throughout the world as dynamite.

The inventor's name was Alfred Nobel, and when he died 30 years later, he left the bulk of his fortune toward the establishment of five awards to be granted annually to the earth's leading men of intellect and good will. But by a strange irony these honors, meant by their donor to be helpful to humanity, have been as explosive in their own way as the invention which made them possible.

George Bernard Shaw remarked after winning his award, "I can forgive Alfred Nobel for having invented dynamite—but only a fiend in human form could have invented the Nobel prize!"

To create controversy at all, an award must be important. There is no laurel in the world today more important than a Nobel prize. The secrecy surrounding the voting of the judges in Sweden and Norway, the prestige resulting from the world-wide publicity given the award announcements, the dignity attached to the plush ceremony in Stockholm at which old King Gustav has personally handed out the actual prizes each December 10th, and finally, the sheer amount of money distributed, all combine to make the Nobel awards tops.

If a man isn't economically secure already, a Nobel prize will make him so. For Nobel had no use for the loving cups and plaques which are the usual hardware of prize giving. He wanted primarily to provide complete independence for those whose work showed promise, so that in the future they would be able to devote their entire energies to it. Toward this end he left $9,000,000 to be invested in "safe securities."

The Nobel prize checks vary in amount each year, depending on the dividends. The least an individual award winner ever took home was $31,917 in 1923; the most, $48,002 in 1931.

About 68 per cent of the interest on the original fortune—now invested in Swedish real estate, bonds and railroad securities—will enable five or more lucky 1949 winners *(Continued on page 63)*

KEYSTONE

Swedish royalty applauds as T. S. Eliot receives the 1948 literature prize during impressive ceremonies

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The funny part is, SHE'S

They became the talk of West Liberty, roaring up and down on Billy's motorcycle, Shirley's red hair flying behind

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HAPPY

By BUDD SCHULBERG

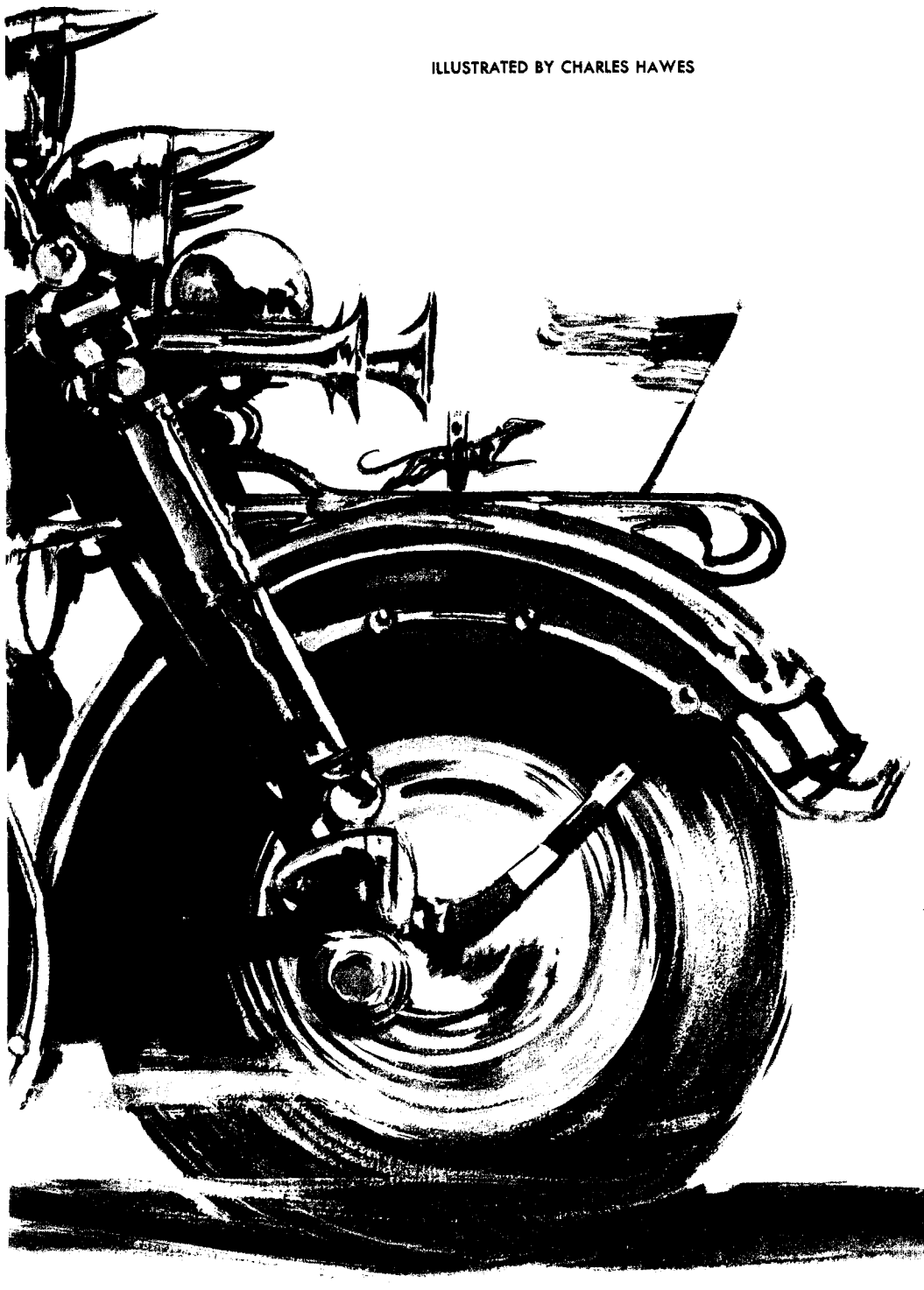
The Kid had guts and knew how to fight. But he was a bum and a clown and a no-good two-timer—to everyone except Shirley

SHE was working behind a counter in her old man's diner in West Liberty when it all started. I had come into town with an alleged heavyweight by the name of Big Boy Price. Big Boy had looked so bad the referee had stopped the fight and called it no-contest, which meant we didn't even get our money. By the time I paid the training expenses, I was so flat it looked like I might even have to go to work for a living. Unless I right away found myself a meal ticket, and I didn't expect to find any world-beaters in a one-mule town like West Liberty.

If I had to be stranded anywhere, though, West Liberty had its points. At least that's the way it looked to me the night I strolled into Foley's diner and spotted Shirley. From that moment on I was a regular at Foley's. Talked to Shirley every chance I got. Even walked her home a couple of times. Never got to first base though.

But those first few weeks, I wasn't rushing things. I talked about New York City and Chicago, about all the big-time people I knew and the important money I had thrown around—oh, they didn't call me Windy Johnson for nothing—and I figured it was just a question of time until I wore down this little Oklahoma pigeon with my fancy patter and my big-city ways. At least it looked like I had the field pretty much to myself. I didn't see anything in pants in West Liberty that was any competition.

To make it look like even more of a cinch, I talked Indian Joe Wood, the toughest middleweight in Oklahoma, into signing up with me, and in a couple of months or so I was back in the big money again. At least big money for West Liberty. I bought myself a yellow convertible and I told Shirley she could drive it around all day while I was hanging around the gym, keeping an eye on Indian Joe. I figured she'd get so used to that convertible she'd have to marry me to keep it in the family. She still had me at arm's length, you understand, but I'm a patient sort of a fellow, especially where girls are concerned. I figured she'd have to come around and it was just a question of time.



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

And I still think I would have been right, if it hadn't been for this no-goodnik, Billy Bonnard. Billy the Kid, they called him. Every time I get to thinking how, if it hadn't been for me, this little louse Billy would never even have met Shirley, I get all tight inside and I need another drink.

Halfway between West Liberty and Oklagee there is a place called Dillon's Barn, where the amateurs beat each other's brains out every Friday night. They're called amateurs but they're really semipros because Big Ed Dillon gives the winner of each fight a wrist watch which he buys back from the boy next day for twenty bucks. They're just punks, sixteen, seventeen years old, and they fight for blood, nothing fancy and everything goes.

Well, one of the kids is a little baby-face who looks like he should be home doing his geography lessons instead of climbing into the ring at Dillon's to trade punches with a flatnose who looks twice his age and has at least a ten-pound pull in the weights. Dillon never paid too much attention to how he matched 'em. As long as somebody came as close to getting killed as was within the law, Dillon and his customers were satisfied.

This Billy the Kid Bonnard didn't even own a bathrobe. He just came into the ring with a torn hotel towel over his shoulders. His body looked scrawny and white and he had a face like a sweet little choirboy. I settled back in my seat to watch the mayhem.

But at the bell the choirboy rushed out of his corner like Stanley Ketchel come back for a second try. His lips were pressed tight together in a thin line, and the look on his face was not very nice. The other guy was just big and wild and tough and the Kid moved around him with tantalizing grace. The Kid peppered the big guy with his left, threw a beautiful right, and brought his left up so fast you didn't even see it. The bum had to be dragged away like a dead horse. The Kid had skinny arms and not enough strength in his shoulders to look like that kind of a puncher. But he was lithe and wiry and he knew how to snap his punches in.

I hurried around to the dressing room to line him up before any of the other managers could get to him. "Kid," I said, "I'm Windy Johnson, manager of champions. You looked sensational tonight. I'm going to give you a big break and add you to my stable."

He was a good-looking kid all right, but his lips were thin and there was a hardness in him that came through the baby-face. My sweet talk didn't go to his head—he was ahead of me. "Why shouldn't I look sensational?" he said. "I'm good. I can beat dubs like that half a dozen at a time."

"Here's a double sawbuck," I said, handing him a crisp twenty. "That's an advance on our first fight. A year from now I'll have you in the big time."

"Whaddya mean, a year?" the Kid said. "I oughta be there now."

That's the way the Kid was, cocky, impatient and not taking anything from anybody. The day of his first pro fight, at the West *(Continued on page 34)*

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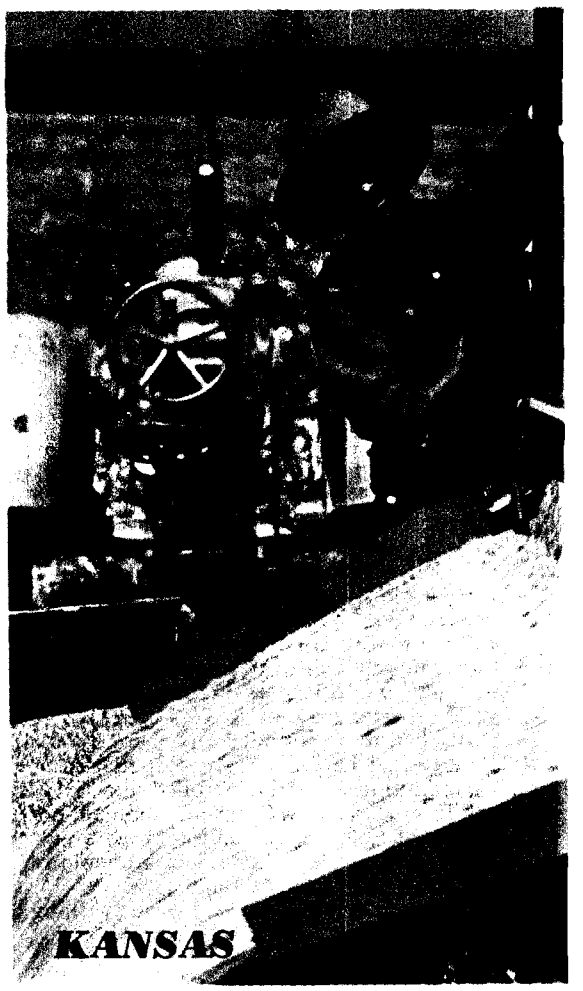
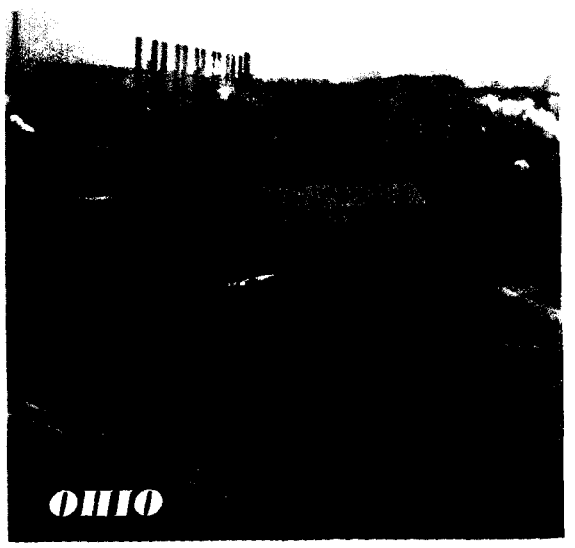
DEVANEY



MCMA

E. EVANS

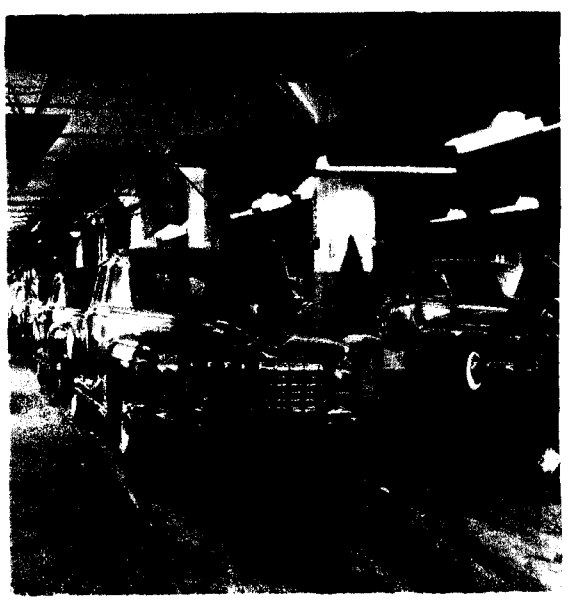
S. MYSLIS



YA

O. U. GORDON

E. C. GRAHAM



L. S. WI

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REPORT on the MIDWEST

Pulse: Strong. Temperature: A Little Government Fever

By WALTER DAVENPORT

OMAHA

SOMEWHERE west of Des Moines, on a farm whose 700 acres of corn groped for the skies, stood a silo on which its owner had tacked this sign: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."

Perhaps nothing else I saw in a trek from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Omaha, Nebraska, talking to all sorts of people from brewmasters to hog callers, seeing them at their homes and at their work, better exemplified the spirit and mood of that inexhaustible part of America we call the Midwest than this fourth verse of the first chapter of Ecclesiastes.

The people here derive from Scandinavia, from Germany, from Poland, from Holland and from Scotland, and they are persistently if not deeply religious. In their land of plenty, tradition does not vanish readily; tradition, nor a smug faith that things will somehow go on—politics, war scares and nuclear fission notwithstanding.

This practical mysticism is currently bolstered by a prosperity paralleled in very few other places. I saw wealth that would make pre-1929 Wall Street look like a busted piggy bank. As the Midwest farmer scans his all but limitless fertile acres and the God-blessed wealth that springs from their rolling breast, he finds it difficult to share the East's recession jitters. It's just too hard to be nervous when you're sitting full-bellied in the midst of plenty.

Even in the Midwest's industrial centers this confidence, perhaps not as unshaken as on the farms, still makes itself felt. I found no great crowds in the unemployment compensation bureaus. Sure, there's an increase in the jobless, with accompanying distress. But, as I rolled on from town to town, I presently discovered that more than half of those seeking jobs are either the very young, who have not been employed before, or the aged, who have been shoved out to make room for faster, sturdier workers. Nobody I talked to in the unemployment offices in Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland could tell me what percentage of federal figures on the nation's idle these local boys and oldsters represented. But they all gave me the impression that they regarded the Department of Labor statistics as misleading.

As for management, the farther along I went the more deeply I was struck by the willingness of manufacturers to branch out. In Ohio I saw a well-known airplane maker who has turned over part of his plant to the manufacture of sun lamps. He's still making planes, small ones, good ones.

In Kansas there's another airplane builder who, when he foresaw dwindling sales, added small farm equipment and metal furniture to his production.

In Wisconsin a cheese maker got tired of buying plastic containers at prices he considered too high. So he started his son, a university graduate, in the business of making them. Doing very well at it, too, paying no attention to heavy-humored critics who warned him to be particular about his labels lest the public fail to find out which was cheese and which plastic.

The Midwest is like a huge and mighty man whose solitary physical discomfort is that he has eaten too much. He is overweight, but healthy. Occasionally he talks of having the doc in. But only because he can afford to pamper himself and not because there is anything wrong with him that he can't handle without the doctor's advice.

At the same time he wants no truck with specialists. They're forever knocking at his door, these formula fellows from Washington. And although this Midwest giant is an inveterate patent-medicine swigger—devoted particularly to that health-giving, paunch-building, stomach-settling, pocket-nourishing tonic, Ninety Per Cent Parity Compound—he waves away that loudly ballyhooed new pain killer and vote promoter, Brannan Plan Balm.

By nature a dim-view taker, he is suspicious of Atlantic Pact Pills which, he hears, are apt to explode inside a guy. And while he is perfectly willing to produce at a profit the ingredients of Marshall Plan Ointment, personally he hasn't much faith in the product.

It's not that this modern, moneyed Midwest man has drifted back to his prewar isolationism. But a growing disillusionment is turning his thoughts toward America first. He sort of wishes that Washington would tackle domestic problems with the enthusiasm and lavishness it displays for Europe's.

This is the second of several articles by Walter Davenport, veteran Collier's correspondent, on how things go in the nation. Mr. Davenport has just made a 12,000-mile swing through the country to bring you his first-hand observations. He opened this series with a comprehensive Report on the Far West, which appeared in Collier's for October 22d

He's a very practical guy. He'll pray along with the next man, but somehow he likes to have the tractor throttle in one hand and the mortgage money in the other when he cries amen.

Possessed of common sense that would make the Seven Sages blubber for shame, the Midwest citizen isn't frightened by Russia. He doesn't want to fight and doesn't believe that Russia does. He opposes without reservation or exception Communism, Communists and all their lisping yes men. But spy chases and Red trials fail to disturb his well-fed serenity. If they have a sex angle he'll go so far as to say that he's glad to hear that there's something natural about the critters. But like most of his newspapers, he thinks that a couple of paragraphs—back among the auction notices—just about covers it.

I gathered—both in the cities and on the farms—that disenchantment has supplanted the early evangelism felt about the United Nations, both as a theory and a hope. It was disconcertingly clear to me that the great majority of the Midwesterners I talked to had lost faith in the U.N. as a peace-preserving agency. They agreed that it was all too politically minded and swayed. It was, they said, just like Congress, a collection of political blocs, each representing and accountable to some special interest.

One remedy for this unhappy situation was put up to me by a St. Louis taxi driver. The United States, he declared, should throw U.N. out and appoint one man to run the world—say General Eisenhower, Bernard Baruch, Herbert Hoover, "or some other big shot who wasn't going to be in it for what he could get out of it."

When I suggested that the United States couldn't very well do that, and that it was quite likely that the rest of the world would object to having an American dictator, he replied, "What the hell, chum! They gotta listen to the guy who gives them their dough, don't they?"

On matters domestic, the Midwesterner is much further ahead in his political thinking than Washington suspects. Increasingly he is likely to refer to a boner, political or otherwise, as a Hickenlooper—in honor of the Iowa senator's somewhat abortive windmill charge at David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. On the other hand, he wouldn't give a hoot for Mr. Lilienthal either.

He will discuss, objectively, logically and without a shudder, the business recession that his newspapers and radio are forever dinning into his consciousness. But the sages, seers and oracles are not enjoying the eye-bugging acceptance they once had.

An Omaha broadcaster told me, "Those who put on a good show, or who are themselves characters, still have large audiences. But there are so many of them, national and local, and competition is so keen, that they've got to pull out all the stops or lose their Hooper ratings, and then their sponsors or sustaining spots.

"People aren't taking it like they used to—neither the farmers, nor the schoolteachers, bankers, editors, farm machinery dealers, and so on. The networks are beginning to watch the tough-tonsil voices pretty carefully, particularly if they get too many complaints of inaccuracies, or if they scare the mothers of draft-age boys too often.

"Generally speaking, I'd say that before, during, and right after the war, the audiences liked the vocally more acrobatic commentators for the kick they got out of the way these men churned the air waves. But today the public is much more serious. They want facts, not fireworks. They don't want you to make a comet out of a firefly."

A Lincoln, Nebraska, schoolteacher I met agreed with this dictum and added, "We've been doing a lot of talking about the effects of certain types of comic books on young minds. But I think it is just as important to consider certain types of news broadcasts on the minds of the parents."

All through the Midwest, I ran into an increasing suspicion of Big Government. The topic was being kicked around until I became pretty well convinced that it is going to be the principal issue in 1952, if not next year. Exactly what was meant by the term was not immediately clear; but presently, I began to see it meant just what it said: big government.

Doubts—Flavored with Cynicism

It has two components—Washington's increasing authority over domestic affairs, and, in foreign matters, what Wendell Willkie called One World. The greater distance I put between myself and the Eastern seaboard, the more I heard serious doubts that Washington's current policies are going to give the world what it needs, and at the same time save for America what it has.

Here and there the doubts were flavored with cynicism. That farm-implements dealer in St. Paul, for one.

"Seems to me," he sighed, "that we're bumping into ourselves a lot. The big din in Washington is all about what we're doing for Europe. I suppose that if you're a politician and thinking about what the hell you're going to do in next year's election, it's safer to keep the minds of the voters off domestic affairs as long as possible."

The Midwest doesn't exactly throw the issue of Big Government at you, but all you have to do is ask about it, and then be prepared to be told: by shopkeepers, lodge secretaries (Odd Fellows, Moose, Red Men, Eagles and the like), by cabdrivers, cops and plumbers. You get it on college campuses, from clergymen, from schoolteachers and from the labor unions.

Greater centralization in *(Continued on page 52)*

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Members of the Oneonta Department Store family gather in Fred Bresee's office. Left to right: Wilmer (son of Lynn), Lynn, Fred (standing), Clyde (at desk) and little Mark Bresee, 2, who dropped in for a visit

Bresee's boasts it has the best food in town. Here, waitress Muriel Lawyer jokes with customers at the Health Bar. The couple chatting with her are Irwin Anderson, Oneonta optometrist, and his wife

WE'RE

By GORDON MANNING

Gimbel's may not tell Macy's—but why shouldn't Bresee's? They're proud of their success formula: Old-fashioned, friendly service streamlined for 1949

AFTER twenty years as a yard-goods clerk, Elsie Miller knew the signs of an angry customer. She was ready, braced for the storm, as the sharp click of a woman's heels came to a sudden stop in front of her counter. She patted her white hair quietly as the customer plopped a bundle on top of the plate glass. There was a sharp ripping of string.

"Just look at this dress!" the woman fumed, unfurling a cotton print. "Fast red, they told me. Look at it. Pink. All pink, collar and cuffs and everything. Pink. And I hate pink!"

Elsie examined the garment's collar.

"But, madam," she said, "this doesn't carry our label."

"Of course it doesn't," the customer snapped. "I made it myself. But it's your cloth. And you said the color wouldn't run."

Elsie clucked in sympathy. She picked up the phone by her cash register and softly addressed the mouthpiece. "Will you please call Mr. Lynn?"

The short, elderly man who came down the stairs and across the floor smiled and bowed to everyone he passed. Midway, he stooped to pick up a scrap of paper. He paused at another counter to tidy a merchandise display. Elsie could sense that the mood of the waiting woman was changing as she watched him.

"Mr. Lynn," the customer said as he walked up, "I came in mad this morning but nobody can ever stay mad at you."

"H'm," Mr. Lynn said. He smiled and looked at the dress. "Isn't this a shame! It's a well-made dress. Our 49-cent cloth, wasn't it? It ran, uh? Will you take some new cloth or would you prefer your money back?"

The customer swallowed hard.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Lynn," she said, "I think I should be paid both for the cloth and for my work. I spent two weeks of my spare time making that dress."

Few merchants would feel they could afford to settle claims on such liberal terms. But Lynn Bresee, eldest of the three brothers who run Bresee's Oneonta Department Store in upstate New York, was fully prepared. He actually gave that customer, in return for 3½ yards of 49-cent cloth whose color ran, a smart, $15 ready-made dress.

The handling of this complaint was not entirely typical of "Mr. Lynn." But the case was not unique, either. Customers of Bresee's usually get what they ask for; the very least they can count on is their money back, on the spot, at the slightest hint of dissatisfaction. With the Bresees—Lynn, Clyde and Fred—that guarantee is a legacy from their father, Frank. On it they have built what they proudly call "The Biggest Small-Town Store in America." In a city of 12,000 inhabitants, they do an annual business of more than $2,000,000—a fat figure for a place four times that size.

From the foothills of the Catskills and the banks of the upper Susquehanna, farmers and village folk of the rich dairyland triangle between Utica, Binghamton and Albany travel 40 miles and more to Oneonta to shop at the Bresee store.

There, in the middle of the "main block" of Main Street—once a Tuscarora Indian trail of the Six Nations—they make their headquarters for the day under one roof, eating their meals at the Bresee lunchroom (the best food in town, incidentally), cashing their checks *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPP

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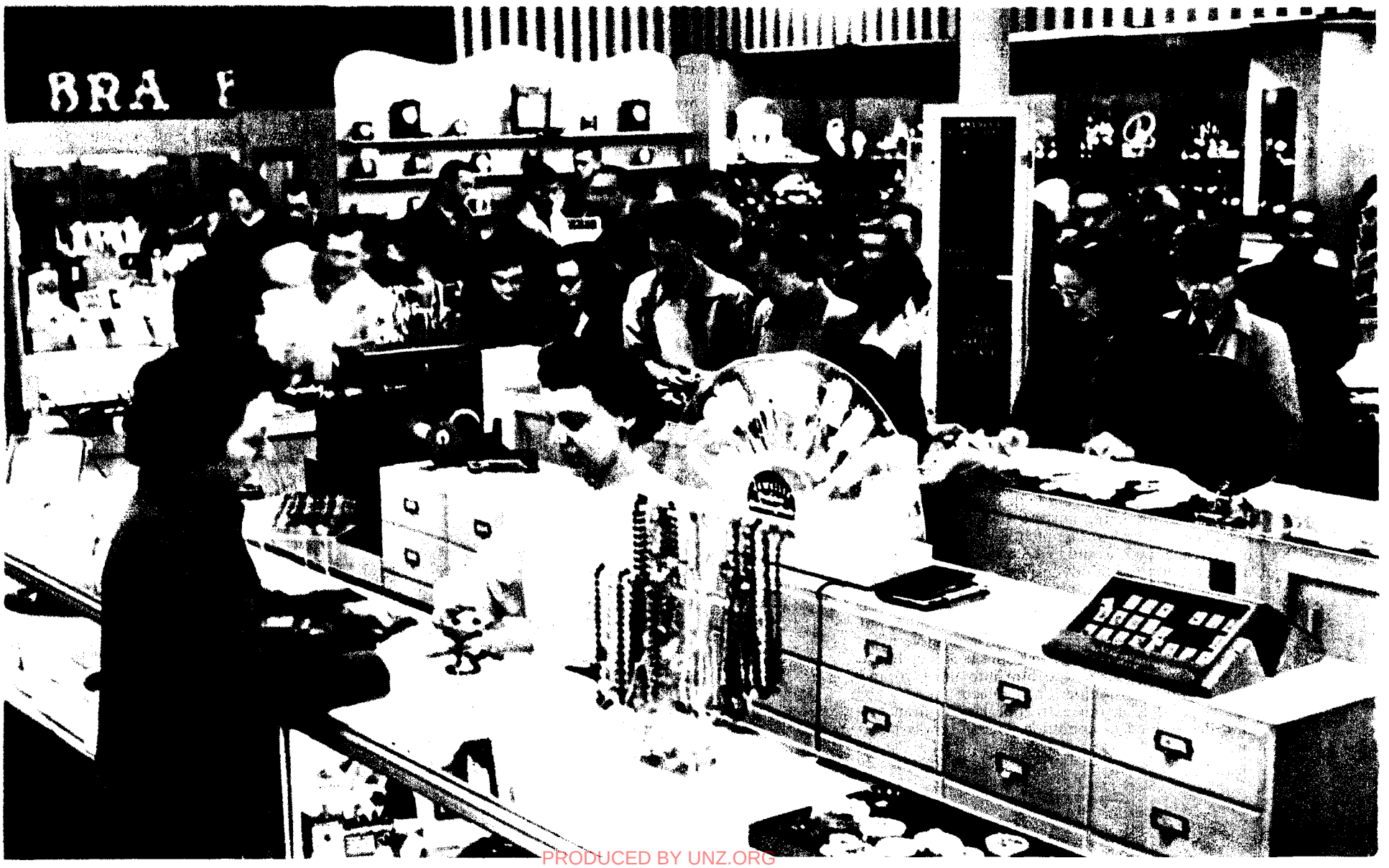
TELLING YOU, MACY'S

Customers sit in comfort at "bar" studying patterns as saleslady Anne Perry stands by, ready to assist. Symbolic wall design was done by store art director

In display, novelty is the thing. Lampshades are lighted from the inside—a sensible device that catches the eye of a customer, Mrs. Lucy Bossio

Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus (the Clark Chaplins in real life) inspect part of the Christmas display created by Lucy Cohoon, art director at Bresee's

The appeal of modern décor is important. But the Bresee brothers agree it is the store's policy of friendly service that attracts customers from miles around



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Bite 'em, TIGER!

By HERBERT COGGINS

WHEN we moved to the suburbs it was logical we should have a dog. The keen senses of a friendly animal could be an asset in an emergency. But with children in the family it was important that we have the right kind of dog.

I had no special knowledge of canines but I knew our very definite requirements. Our dog must be gentle with children, large enough to be a protector and intelligent enough not to be taken in by strangers. After extensive inquiry I decided on a cocker spaniel. I'd get a puppy and train him scientifically.

I found just the dog. He was a few weeks old and his character had not yet jelled. He was a roly-poly, likable pup, just right for children. He showed none of the combativeness expected of a watchdog, but that didn't worry me. With my intuitive knowledge of animal psychology, I could develop that quality. He was the runt of the family; he came from a broken home, the father having deserted the mother even before the birth of the pups. These circumstances I knew would breed inferiority and, in turn, aggressiveness. I christened him "Tiger."

He should have been called "Chum." Never was any living creature so anxious to win a friendly pat. As he emerged from puppyhood, his face settled into an expression of benign trust. He practically enslaved himself for the family that had given him a home. He tried to wait on every one of us. He would do errands within his capacity, bringing in the paper, nosing doors open and announcing guests. Members of the family and old friends he met at the gate with little barks of welcome. Before long, anyone passing the house, friend or stranger, was a potential visitor and, if not otherwise bound, would be escorted up to the front door and into the family group.

Belatedly I realized my selection of a watchdog had been unwise. Tiger was so much a part of the family that I wouldn't have dared replace him, but his indiscriminate friendliness was a positive menace. No burglar could have come near our house without having Tiger lead him into the yard and point out the possibilities of the place.

Uneasy, I took out extra burglary insurance—and determined to condition Tiger. It was not a happy prospect. It would mean taking a kindly, trusting animal and deliberately brutalizing him. My only comfort was that it would help Tiger. He was too innocent and trusting for his own good.

So far as I know there is no established technique for brutalizing a dog. I had to develop my own method, and I started off gently. When Tiger came to greet me with his wagging tail I coldly pushed him aside with my foot. He drew back surprised and apologetic. He was sorry, he'd be more careful in the future. Whenever he nosed at the door or hinted for a drink I ignored him.

Soon it became apparent that Tiger no longer found pleasure in my company, but I had failed to develop any temper or hostility in him. He gave me more room, that was all. He was too polite to cut me openly; he merely devoted himself to other members of the family.

He couldn't seem to get the idea of a watchdog's duties, until . . .

If I was to help Tiger I knew I must provoke him to anger. I became mean to him. I would bring him his food and then, when he started eating, would step up and take the plate away. He was the perfect Christian. He would look at me as if to say, "No doubt you need it more than I do."

The situation was becoming ridiculous. In my desperation my behavior finally reached a humiliating low. One day when there was no one else in the house I actually got down on all fours and, with my best imitation of a canine growl, pretended to devour the food on his plate.

For the first time Tiger was disturbed. He shrank back significantly, and from then on his attitude changed. In the past he must have regarded me as a pretty low-grade human being, but no really serious problem to anyone possessing the proper instincts.

Now he reclassified me. I was a mental case and a possible menace to children and visitors. He would keep me under observation.

This was what I wanted. At last I had broken down his complacency. All I had to do now was to develop this new germ of hostility toward me and later transfer it to strangers. To embitter him I continued my provoking treatment a few more days.

Then, according to plan, I began to reinstate myself in Tiger's regard. I made a point of bringing him his food. I spoke soothingly while he ate and I petted him and scratched his head—his one indulgence. He appeared friendly but now I could sense the hostility in his nature.

To complete the patient, step-by-step training, all I now had to do was to turn Tiger's hostility to constructive action in the right direction. That called for a dramatic plan.

Weeks later, when the plumber left his helper at the house to start a job that was going to take several days, I saw my opportunity. I told Barney, the helper, my plan, explaining our problem with Tiger. A handful of cigars stimulated his interest in the experiment I proposed. Since it would be on time paid for by me, Barney agreed to play the undesirable part of a trespasser. With his slovenly coveralls and broken suspender he needed no make-up. We were to stage a fight when he came onto the place, and Tiger would be drawn into the scene and aroused to defend his home.

For persons of no acting experience we did a convincing job. As I stepped off the porch Barney opened the front gate and approached the house with the shuffling hesitancy of a trespasser. I ordered him off the place in my angriest voice. When I had Tiger's attention I stepped forward, seized Barney by the coat and hustled him toward the gate.

The act was most effective. With the first growl I had ever heard from Tiger he sprang forward with the zeal of a savior. Despite preparation, both of us were startled by his ferocity. But Barney, unlike me, got relief in action. He made the gate before he even looked back. His face bore a startled, foolish expression.

But to give him credit Barney recovered his poise quickly, and I persuaded him to come back. With a little cautious petting and coaxing he induced Tiger to let go my leg. THE END

Sad to say, psychology and combat brought out the best in the beast

ILLUSTRATED BY BARNEY TOBEY

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He shoved the pen aside and crumpled the letter. Sally would read those words and, when she read them, something terrible would happen to her

Out of this Nettle

By CONSTANCE WAGNER

Security was a middle-aged word to Toby, who was very young and very much in love

THE bus driver was stowing the last of the luggage. Toby said, "They're about ready to take off." He looked down at Sally, and she laced a finger through his buttonhole as if she might, at the last minute, try to keep him. He smiled at her; she scarcely reached his shoulder. Framed by a vivid green kerchief, her face with its bright eyes and eager mouth had an elfish charm. She had on a shaggy wool jacket, for the night was raw.

He lifted her chin so he could look straight into her face. "Something on your mind, Shrimp?"

"Toby," she said urgently, "d'you think they'll take it all right?"

He laughed and tightened his arm about her. "Why, of course they will! We're in love, so we want to get married. Most logical thing in the world."

She smiled and moved a little closer. She said, "Mother was wonderful about it, wasn't she? Of course, she's *different* from most parents."

"She's great." He stroked her shoulder. "But, really, Shrimp, my folks aren't so bad. Louise, especially. She's only five years older than I am, but she's the only mother I can remember. She's swell—sharp-looking, too. Engaged to a nice guy. You're going to love Louise."

Her mouth made a little quirk. "But will Louise love me?"

"That I don't worry about. Anybody would love you."

He was still kissing her when the driver shouted, "All aboard!" He shouldered his way through the narrow door just before it slid shut. Looking back as the bus moved out of the shed, he could see her still standing there, with one hand lifted.

He shifted in the seat till he hit on a comfortable position. A week looked like a long time, but, in a way, he was taking her with him. For almost twenty-four hours, he would be able to sit here, not needing to talk or even to study. Here, he could forget thermodynamics as completely as if it had never been discovered.

This being in love was all right. He'd never had any idea how much difference it would make, about everything. It gave direction to all he did; his studies, his budgeting of the allotment, the rare, stolen hours of recreation. Why, ever since that night three months ago when he and Sally had first set eyes on each other, and had spoken, and known at once that this was It (and in a cafeteria, of all places), life had been entirely different. There was a meaning in it.

He saw Allan and Louise even before the bus had pulled to a stop. Allan well dressed and sleek as ever; Louise, too, just as he remembered her. Strange, he thought, that now they were all grown up and separate, where once they'd seemed to be merely three parts of a unit. Even when he and Allan had been in the Army, he had never lost that sense of belonging to the family. Something must have happened, during the year and a half he'd been away at school. Was it simply the passing of that twenty-first birthday? Or was it because of Sally?

Then he was outside, and they were upon him, and he was kissing Louise's wind-cold cheek, and Allan was pounding him, and they were all laughing. "But you've got so *big!*" Louise was crying, protesting against his bigness. "You aren't supposed to grow after you're twenty-one!"

"Well, I'm twenty-two," he said. "I'll stop now." Standing beside his brother, he realized that at last he had outgrown him. Not only in height, but in breadth of shoulder. This made him feel good. "That's mine," he said, as the driver unloaded his suitcase from the luggage compartment.

"Looks kind of beat up," Allan said, lifting an eyebrow.

"Serves the purpose, long as it doesn't bust open. Where's Dad?"

Allan said, steering him toward the car, "Oh, he thought he'd better stay home and snatch a rest. He seems to get pretty tired lately."

"He worries," said Louise. *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER

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How to on 24 Hours a Day

So you're tense, tired, worried, plagued by the feeling that there just isn't enough time to do all the things that have to be done. Well, the secret of successful and happy living is Tempo. Budget your day and see how much more beautiful life can be

By KARIN ROON

EVERYONE has the same allotment—24 hours. By a little planning and forethought, you can learn how to get the most out of that time; the most in energy, in accomplishment, in pleasure, without rush or exhaustion or anxiety or the confusion that comes with trying to do too much in too little time. The reward of managing time is that you have *more* time.

How do you manage time?

Begin by setting your alarm clock ahead 10 minutes.

"I am dead tired in the morning," you groan. "Every minute of sleep is precious. Those early-morning hours are the ones when I sleep the best."

I know how you feel, but this 10-minute leeway is going to be a big help in starting the day right. Once you get used to it you will never willingly give it up.

How are you to use those 10 minutes? By stretching, which will do you more good than the extra sleep. Stretching will help you to overcome the unhealthy morning habits that are at the root of so much tension.

Lie on your back and inhale deeply while you raise your arms, not merely lifting them but stretching them so that you feel the pull in your sides, under your arms and down your back. Exhale while you drop them.

After stretching a few times, turn over on your right side and put your right hand on your right shoulder.

Raise the bent arm toward your head while you inhale. You will feel the stretch all the way down to your waist, through your side and back muscles, so that the ribs on your right side seem to have expanded. This is a sign that this part of your lung, which was dormant and lazy, is beginning to participate more fully in your breathing. Repeat the stretch several times and then turn on the other side and give your left side this benefit. Your heart will be grateful for the flexibility which your ribs acquire.

After a few minutes of stretching the upper part of your body, lie on your back, inhale and stretch your legs starting at your heel tendons so that your toes move upward. You should feel the stretch from the heels to the small of the back. This daily repeated stretch will strengthen the lower back muscles in a way that will compensate for the damaging effect of so many hours of sitting. It will also help you to eliminate any lower backaches not caused by internal conditions.

Now it is time to get out of bed. But don't rush. Don't scramble out. That is like trying to start a car in high gear, throwing a strain on your heart and muscles.

Take your time, and inhale as you start to swing up. Keep this in mind too whenever you get up from a chair during the day. Try it first by putting a chair in front of a mirror. Watch yourself when you pull up out of a chair in the old way. Now inhale and see how much your appearance is improved as you swing yourself up. The initiative for this movement comes from the knees.

Remember as you go through the day that you have given yourself a few minutes of extra time. Take time for your bath, and for healthy toilet habits before or after breakfast.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BETTS

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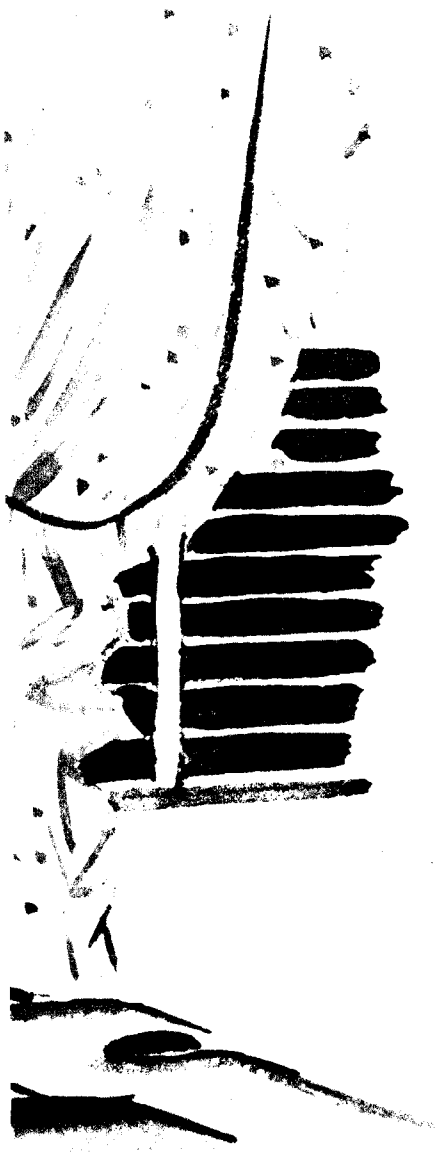

This article was taken from the book, The New Way to Relax, by Karin Roon, published by the Greystone Press on November 5th

What you eat for breakfast is less important than how you eat it. If you grab a cup of coffee on the run you are throwing your digestive apparatus out of gear and creating tension even before the day has started. Your energy comes from the food you eat. Make it a rule, if it is humanly possible to do so, to sit down for your breakfast and to eat it without haste.

Breakfast should be your favorite meal, however much or little you eat. It sets the tempo for the day and creates the frame of mind in which you face your work or your problems.

Punctuality, if you make it a rule, will help you to avoid tension. When you are always racing to catch up with your schedule, you are in a constant state of tension. That extra 10 minutes of leeway, slight as it is, gives you a sensation of having extra time for the whole day.

Do not make excuses for yourself if you are in the habit of being late. Ask yourself why you fail to be punctual. Did you decide to stay in bed a few minutes longer? Did you go on reading too long because you just wanted to finish the chapter? Was the radio so interesting you could not leave it?

But what happened when you suddenly looked at your watch and discovered that you were going to be late? At that glance at your watch, all your muscles tightened with shock. You dressed hastily, carelessly, spilling things, forgetting things, and dashed out of the house not looking your best and knowing it—a fact that always leaves a person at a disadvantage. You had to pay a heavy penalty in tension, dissatisfaction with yourself, and exhaustion from hurry and the scramble to make your appointment.

It is an axiom that if you want anything done, ask a busy person to do it. Why? Because the busy person is the one who has time. If you plan your time, you will have more time.

If you rush around complaining that you "never have a minute," you'd better look into the matter. You have 24 hours a day. What are you doing with them?

"Why," you begin indignantly, "I've done this and that, and thus and so. I haven't a minute."

Well, look back and take it hour by hour. If you are quite honest with yourself, you will discover either that there is a surprising amount of time for which you can't account, or that the things you were doing in such a rush actually require longer than they should.

What is the trouble? The trouble is planning. Perhaps you have learned how to budget the hours and the minutes, the most valuable and irreplaceable gift you have. Not one of those hours or minutes will ever come back.

So plan your time today. I don't mean that you should allot every minute of it to some particular task, but that you should estimate the amount of time your basic tasks require and then live within that budget. The big executive arranges things so that he has enough leeway for emergencies. He "has time." The little fellow often likes to feel that he is rushed to death, that there isn't a spare moment on his appointment book. He is the one who never catches up and who keeps you waiting indefinitely for an appointment.

Learn to differentiate between the matters that are important and those that are unimportant, and arrange your time accordingly. Don't let the details of living swamp life itself. If you really put your mind on this, you will discover that your appointment book has a few empty spaces, moments in which you can relax and think at ease about the problems at hand. Then you can dispose of them instead of having them clutter your desk, your mind and your nervous system.

Being rushed is not a virtue in itself. It is merely a sign of bad management. The art of living consists not in stuffing the day as full as possible, but in getting through that day with a sense of achievement, of enjoyment, and without excessive fatigue.

Planning, you see, not only helps you to avoid tension and to provide you with more leisure time, but it arranges your 24 hours in a more orderly fashion. The first and simplest application of orderliness, the one on which you are judged far more than you ever realize, is the obvious matter of tidiness.

A tidy person goes to bed at night with his clothes prepared for the next day.

His books and letters, or any object that he wants to take to his office, are kept in a certain spot. All he has to do is to pick them up as he leaves the house. There is no overlooking or forgetting them or wondering where on earth they are, with a resulting frantic scramble at the last moment.

Look at the behavior of the untidy person. He drops into bed at night, knowing subconsciously that nothing is prepared for morning.

When he awakes, he remembers that the suit he needs is at the cleaner's, and he should have picked it up a week ago but it slipped his mind.

As he starts to leave the house, he recalls an important document he must take with him. He looks around casually and then in desperation paws frantically through the drawers of his desk. He had intended to put it on his desk but he must have dropped it somewhere else.

By now the room looks like a battlefield and the time has passed for breakfast. He closes the jumbled-up drawers and rushes out, without breakfast, reaching his office limp and exhausted. All day he dreads going home because he knows the drawers of his desk are a mess and he will have to straighten them out. And Heaven knows how much unfinished business he will find in them!

Not only his mind is confused but his body has been mistreated, because the rapid search made him tense, and his bewildered hunting established wrong switchboard connections from brain to muscles.

If you do your best thinking at night, plan the day's activities before you *(Continued on page 50)*

The suit he wants is at the cleaner's

He paws frantically through his desk

He rushes away without his breakfast

And arrives exhausted at the office

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BOOTLEGGER'S TREASURE

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS and NELL O'DAY

Concluding the story of a joy ride into danger

The Story: When young DR. HANNIBAL JACKSON cured the sore throat of the famous baritone NORMAN RICHARD JOHNS with his private concoction "Pikerole," he met Johns's beautiful niece, ROSALIE WILKINS—which event suddenly changed Hannibal's placid pace in the Maine fishing village into a gallop.

Hannibal and Rosie fell into the hands of gangster MIKE DILLON and his crew, who, posing as "sportsmen," had rented the old mansion on Cutler's Point to seek the fabled treasure of the late DOC CARTWRIGHT. Cartwright, a noted rumrunner of the twenties and a former doctor, was known to have buried a fortune in jewels in the vicinity of Abel's Harbor. However, the map he left, which was now in Dillon's hands, proved to be coded: it was a square sheet of paper with four crosses, marked in a roughly vertical line, labeled Wernicke's Center, McBurney's Point, Islands of Langerhans, and Hunter's Canal. None of these places proved to be on any coastal map, and when Hannibal recognized them as anatomical terms, he became a valuable captive. However, although Hannibal could locate the relative positions on the human body, he couldn't match them with any local geographical positions, even though his life and Rosie's were at stake.

On a hunch of one of Dillon's gunmen, who had formerly worked for Cartwright, they all went to Cain's Island on Dillon's cabin cruiser—Hannibal and Rosie at gun point. But after the futile disinterment of a corpse Cartwright had buried, and the equally useless search of an eccentric hermit's cave, Dillon marched them all back to the cruiser to return to his headquarters on Cutler's Point. Dillon was enraged at these failures, and Hannibal and Rosie knew at last that Dillon was going to murder them. And soon.

THE party reached the boat in silence, even Harry and Ernie evidently awed past speech by the terrible spectacle of Dillon's rage. At the head of the pier Dillon ordered Turkey and Ernie back to fill Weeper's grave and to get the tools they had left behind.

Hannibal and Rosie were quickly prodded aboard by Frankie, and as they were about to disappear down the companionway Hannibal called quickly over his shoulder. "Mr. Dillon, you know it wasn't *our* idea to waste all that time fooling around with Tippy," he said defensively. "It's too bad—"

"Listen to me, John Q. Croaker," Dillon interrupted harshly, glaring at Hannibal, "you can now shut up your face and leave it that way, understand? I'm sick and tired of doctors, you *and* Cartwright! Cartwright couldn't be a *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

As the plane roared into the east, they kissed each other awkwardly, held foolish prisoners by their bonds

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So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

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The Funny Part Is, She's Happy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Liberty Arena, I took him in the diner to buy him a couple of chops before he went back to the hotel to lie down. Shirley came over to take the order. "Kid," I said, "I want you to meet my girl." Right away I could see what was happening to the Kid. But what I never would have figured was that the same thing was starting to happen to Shirley.

"Hey, Windy," the Kid says, right in front of her, "you been holdin' out on me. Why dintcha tell me you knew a beautiful broad like this? Scared I'd break trainin' or something?"

Now there wasn't a guy came into the diner who didn't give Shirley the eye or the line, but one thing that stood out about her was the way she brushed them off. Her old man kept a jealous eye on her and the rumor was that he was holding out for something extra-special. So I was ready to see her put this young punk in his place. But she smiled as if she liked it. And she was the one who had been telling me she never let the customers flirt with her.

When Shirley came back with the check, the Kid said, "Howdya like to come to the Arena and see me knock somebody stiff tonight?"

"Stop wasting your breath," I said. "I been trying to take her to the fights for months. Shirley don't like fights."

"I think maybe I'd like to go this time," Shirley said.

Billy looked over at me and laughed. "See that, Windy? She's nuts about me!" He was really talking to Shirley.

"Well, you certainly have a high opinion of yourself," she said. But she said it kind of smilingly.

"Why not?" he said. "Ever since I was an eight-year-old kid peddling papers the boys ran away from me and the broads ran to me."

Then he did something that showed he was just as nervy with his hands as he was with his mouth. He reached out and patted her. Real familiar. I waited for Shirley to let him have one. Shirley just blushed and said, "Don't be so fresh." But when she walked away, something told me she was walking for the Kid.

THE guy they put in with the Kid for his first pro fight wasn't a world-beater but he was a rough-tough club fighter who could take a good punch—what they call a crowd-pleaser, which means he is the kind of a pug who doesn't spare the blood, his or the other guy's. A target for the Kid's fast left hand, a sucker for a left hook but plenty of competition for a boy with no professional experience. He liked to get inside and hold on with one hand and club with the other, strictly a saloon fighter, and in the first round the Kid was getting bloodied up a little bit because he wouldn't stay away and box the fella like I told him to.

He was a great little piece of fighting machinery, the Kid, but a know-it-all and very slow to take advice. So he had to get his nose bloody and a red blotch over his kidneys before he began to stay away and make the guy fight *his* fight the way I wanted him to in the beginning. After that it was all ours and the Kid got a nice hand when he left the ring. He looked around for Shirley and blew her a kiss. My girl—and the first day he meets her he's moving in!

"How you feeling, Kid?" I asked him when he came out of the shower.

"Like a million," he said. "That bum never hurt me."

"That side of yours looks like a slice of beef," I said. "A clown like that shouldn't lay a glove on you. Next time do what I tell you."

"I can take care of myself," the Kid said.

"Here's your purse," I said. "All I'm keeping is the two bits you owe me. Here's fifty for yourself."

I always do that with my boys when I'm starting them out. Psychology. Makes them feel they're tied up with a square shooter. When they get in the heavy sugar is time enough to split it down the middle.

"Don't do me any favors," the Kid said.

"Look, Kid," I said. "I figure we're going to be together a long time. So don't try to impress me with how tough you are. Save all your fighting for in the ring. Now get dressed and go on back to the hotel and get a good night's sleep."

"In a pig's eye!" the Kid said. "I ain't even had a glass o' beer all the time I been in training. I'm going out and have some fun. I got a heavy date."

Why is it that the guys with no talent always obey me like I'm their father? And the kids like Billy, with something special on the ball, are always trouble?

"Listen, Kid," I said. "I been in this racket since you could chin yourself on a bar rail. And one thing I know, fighting and night life don't go, especially when the latter involves the mouse department. So as your manager, I'm telling you to get yourself over to the hotel and start pounding your ear."

"Yeah," he said, not looking so handsome when he was talking through his teeth, "so you can be sure I'm not making any time with Shirley."

"What has Shirley got to do with it?" I wanted to know.

"Shirley's going to the Legion dance with me over to Oklagee," the Kid said.

"A fine thing," I said. "I loan you dough. I get you a semi-windup for your first pro fight. And how do you show your gratitude? You take my girl away the day I introduce you."

It was hard to figure. I knew for a fact that Shirley never liked to go over to Oklagee. She thought the boys were too fresh and tough over there. And here she was going with the freshest and toughest of them all. It was a terrible blow to my pride. I would have thought a girl like Shirley would have had more sense than to give me the air for a little pug-nosed brat who happened to have a nice pair of shoulders and a waist that tapered down like a ballet dancer's.

When I was leaving the stadium, I saw them at the curb together. He was helping her onto the back of a motorcycle. I went over to them and said, "Kid, you got a big career ahead of you. You oughta know better than to take chances riding around on one of them things."

"Get out of our way," the Kid said. "We're late."

At least I thought I could reason with Shirley. "It don't look right for a girl to be ridin' behind a fella on a motorcycle," I told her. "You ought to know that, Shirley."

"I don't care," Shirley said. "I'm going with Billy."

She was a stubborn girl, Shirley was. You could see it in the way she said that. I don't know what she saw in the Kid, but whatever it was, it certainly changed her in a hurry.

"Anyway, the Kid's a screwball," I said. "He's just as liable to wrap you and this scooter around a tree."

"Billy is the best motorcycle rider in the county," Shirley said. "He won a real silver cup at the fair last year."

She had known him less than one day and already he had her sounding just like him.

COLLIER'S "We got the worst of it off in the tub" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

In those next few days they became the talk of West Liberty. They'd go roaring up and down the street on that motorcycle, Shirley holding on for dear life with her dark red hair flying out behind her. If Billy hadn't been the best prospect I had run across in a flock of Sundays, I would have washed my hands of both of them right there. But Billy looked like an A-1 meal ticket, and that's one thing a manager just can't afford to turn down.

What I did do, though, for Shirley's benefit, was try and break up this thing with the Kid before it got any more serious. I did a little checking around and what I found out about Billy was enough to discourage any girl. At least that's the way it sounded to me. So the next day, while the Kid was working out at the gym, I slipped into the diner for a heart-to-heart with Shirley to set her straight.

"Look, honey," I said, "it's not just because I got the old torch out for you that I'm telling you this. It's for your own good. I've been getting a line on this Romeo of yours. He's got a bad rep. Did you know he put in sixteen months in the reformatory for stealing a motorcycle? He's a little hipped on motorcycles. He even went over the wall once and stole another motorcycle and they had to bring him back. He was head of a gang of toughs and sneak thiefs in Oklagee. He's a bad egg."

"Poor Billy!" Shirley said. "He's had a very hard life. His mother died when he was five and his old man went off and left him. He never had anyone to tell him what was right. All he needs is someone to take care of him."

So you see what I was up against? Practically a criminal we've got on our hands, and all Shirley is thinking about is being a mother to him, in addition to everything else. I could have told her a few more things about her "poor Billy," but I could see right away I was wasting my breath.

ONE thing I will say for Billy, though it hurts me to admit it. Shirley did something for him that's hard to describe. Around the gym or with the fellas there was nobody meaner. Jumpy all the time and full of p. and v. But when he was with Shirley even his face seemed different. The way he looked at her. I wouldn't have thought there was that much feeling in him. All that hardness just seemed to melt away.

"It's because he doesn't feel inferior with me," Shirley would say. "I guess he grew up hating kids because they had mothers and fathers looking after them. With me, because he's sure of me, his real self begins to come out."

Well, frankly, I wouldn't know about all that. How those dolls can dress it up when they fall, but good! . . .

Billy won his second pro fight just as easy as his first; and this time we had a hundred dollars for our five minutes' work. With a few bucks in his pocket, things sort of went to his head. All of a sudden he asked me if I would be willing to stand up for him in case he and Shirley got hitched in the near future.

"Don't be stupid," I said. "Shirley has got too much brains to change her name to Mrs. Bonnard. And anyway you haven't heard the last word from her old man."

I felt pretty confident that was one hurdle too many, even for my irrepressible little battler. Shirley's old man was rough-and-tumble, and from what she had told me, he had fairly definite ideas as to the qualifications of anyone aspiring to his daughter's hand. She had invited me home for dinner several times, but I hadn't felt quite up to coping with him. So I had no doubts as to just what sort of a reception the Kid would get if he actually popped the question to the head of the house.

Two days before the Kid's next fight, he showed up for his workout with a beautiful shiner. "What did you do, fall off your motorcycle?" I wanted to know.

"Naw, I got it from Shirley's old man," the Kid said.

"Don't tell me you had a fight with him." I was always warning Billy never to get in any fights that weren't for dough. Why take the chance of breaking your hand on an amateur? "I'm surprised at you fighting a man his age," I said.

"He can still hit you a pretty good punch," Billy said. "When I told him Shirley and me was thinkin' of gettin' married, he said no daughter of his was going to marry a cheap prize fighter that had done time. Nobody can talk to me like that, not even Shirley's old man. So I poked him in the snoot. He takes a pretty good punch too."

I figured that was curtains for Billy as far as Shirley was concerned, that she had seen him at last for what he was, a fresh-faced little roughneck with no respect for anybody or anything. But next day when I dropped into the diner to see how she was taking it, Shirley was on

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ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

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Billy's side stronger than ever. "I don't blame Billy," she said. "That was a terrible thing my father said to him. You see, all his life Billy's been kicked around. He never had a decent home. So he's naturally extra-sensitive. You have to understand him."

Well, maybe Shirley knew a little more about him than I did, but the Kid struck me as being about as sensitive as a slab of reinforced concrete. When a girl like Shirley goes, though, she goes all the way. No ifs, ands or buts. I found that out to my sorrow the following day.

THAT night, the Kid won his first main event, swarming all over his man in the first round, putting him away in a minute and a half. I paid him off, and he and Shirley went roaring into the night on the silver-colored motorcycle he had made a down payment on after his last fight. I didn't think things were any crazier than usual, until around three in the morning when Shirley's old man called me, mad as a nest of hornets. It seemed Shirley hadn't come home at all. It looked like she'd run off with my Kid. And in the morning when they still haven't been heard from, it's all too clear that that's exactly what had happened.

It's bad enough when I think about Shirley, who has given me the brush-off for a crazy good-for-nothing slugger. But what really hurts is that the Kid had run out on me too. I had him signed for another main go that following Friday with a jump to one fifty, but he didn't even bother to let me in on his plans. The next thing I heard he was fighting out of Oklahoma City for Larceny Joe Triner, an old-time bandit disguised as a fight manager.

It didn't surprise me, a couple of weeks later, when I heard that Joe had run out on the Kid, copping the last purse and leaving the Kid stranded.

I didn't have anything better to do, so I decided I'd get myself over to Oklahoma City and see if I couldn't talk some sense into Shirley, maybe even get her to throw in the towel and come back to West Liberty. When I picked up the papers in town the morning I got in, I got the surprise of my life. That night Kid Bonnard was meeting none other than Monk Wilson, a mean welterweight who was on his way to the championship. That was an overmatch if I ever heard of one. The Kid was a promising newcomer all right; but he needed to be brought along carefully for at least a year before he could even belong in the same ring with Wilson.

I called all the hotels in town before I finally tracked them down at a dollar-a-day fleabag on the wrong side of town. I hustled right over there and found Shirley alone in a crummy little inside room that had nothing in it but an old brass-plated bed. There wasn't even a suitcase in the place. They had hocked that, along with everything else, when Larceny Joe took a powder on them. Shirley looked at least two years older than when I had seen her the month before. There were rings under her eyes and that beautiful young puss was full of troubles.

For the last three days, she said, breakfast, lunch and supper had been cookies and coffee.

"Shirley, here's enough money to get you back to West Liberty," I said, and I held out fifty bucks. "Why don't you call it quits before this crazy kid wrecks your life along with his?"

All Shirley said was, "I'm married to Billy. I've got to stay with Billy."

They were going to be all right, she was sure, after the Wilson fight. That would make Billy the biggest drawing card in the state and they'd have enough money to get their things out of hock.

"How long are you going to keep on letting the Kid sell you a bill of goods?" I asked. "Billy is a comer but he isn't good enough to stay in there with Monk Wilson. A couple of matches like this and Billy will be a has-been before he ever gets started."

"I wish you'd handle him again," she said.

Outside we could hear a racket that sounded as if an airplane was coming right through the room. Shirley jumped up and instinctively her hand went up to adjust her hair. "That's Billy baby," she said.

"You mean he's still got that motorcycle?" I said. "He'll hock your watch and your clothes and let you live on cookies but he won't give up that motorcycle."

"It would break his spirit if he ever lost that motorcycle," Shirley explained.

The Kid came bouncing in as cocky as if he were already champion of the world, instead of a ten-to-one shortender who couldn't buy his way into a pay phone booth. "Hello, Windy, old pal," he greeted me, just as if he were still in my stable and nothing had ever happened.

Well, I guess I'll always be a sucker for anything Shirley asks me, so I swallowed my pride and handled the Kid's corner that night. She was sitting in the front row and the expression on her face was—well, there ought to be a law against a nice girl loving a crumb that much.

As soon as the gong sounded, I knew Shirley should've been back in the hotel. The kid came out swinging the way he always did, but Wilson knew too much for him. Wilson just side-stepped calmly and clipped Billy in the mouth.

FROM the moment that punch connected, the Kid was fighting on instinct. His punches were wild and Wilson wasn't missing. I thought the round was never going to end. There was a bad gash in Billy's lip and his face was ashen. He was out on his feet at the bell.

I looked down at Shirley. She was holding her face in her hands. It's a tough assignment being married to a fighter, especially when he's a wise guy who wins a couple of easy ones and thinks he's ready for fighters like Monk Wilson.

"Kid," I said to Billy as I rubbed ice at the back of his head to bring him around. "There's no percentage taking this kind of licking from Wilson. Lemme throw in the towel. A year from now when you know more, you'll be ready for him."

The Kid shook his head and mumbled through his cut lip. "I gotta win this one. I bet my whole purse on myself at ten to one. Five G's if I win and we can't buy our way outa the hotel if I lose."

Somehow he managed to come out for the second round. Wilson kept working on that lip. All the color was gone from Shirley's face. It looked like both sides of the Bonnard family were needing smelling salts. And all the ringsiders around her were egging Wilson on to "work on that mouth." I don't see how she stood it—how either of them stood

The Good Old Days (If we only knew it!)

Through isotopes and income tax,
Atomic bombs and jive,
I make my weary, tortured tracks
And struggle to survive.
Oh, can it be, one distant day,
In rocking chair and shawl,
I'll sadly nod my head and say,
"Those days were best of all!"?

—BETTY ISLER

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it. The Kid was down three times that round. But he kept getting up.

These days, in the Garden, they'd stop a fight as bloodily one-sided as that, but in O.C. they played rough. Wilson kept piling it onto Billy for five terrible rounds. The Kid was down so many times I began to lose track. I don't know which of them was taking a worse beating, him or Shirley. I could see her flinch every time another punch cut into that torn mouth.

In the corner at the end of the fifth, I begged him to let me throw in the towel. His lip was pouring blood and both eyes were almost closed. But he wouldn't let me stop the fight.

"I'll be okay," he whispered, "but get Shirley out. I don't want her to see any more."

I went over and gave her the Kid's message. Her eyes were all red and running over. But she did as she was told.

The sixth round had just begun when Wilson hit Billy in the mouth again and he collapsed. He lay perfectly still. Monk danced around in the opposite corner, sure it was all over. I'll never understand how Billy did it—he seemed too far gone even to be able to hear the sound—but at *eight* he suddenly rolled over and onto one knee, and at *nine* he was back on his feet.

Wilson was so surprised that he rushed in wildly to finish it with one punch. He wasn't even bothering to protect himself. There must have been some sixth sense hidden in the fog of the Kid's brain that told him what to do. Suddenly he put everything he had behind a right uppercut. It caught Wilson right under the heart and he started backward. Then the Kid crossed to the jaw and Wilson fell forward and didn't move again until they were dragging him back to his corner.

Billy had to have three stitches taken in his lip, one eye had to be lanced to reduce the swelling and a bone was broken in his left hand, but he and Shirley had five thousand bucks and they were going to celebrate. The doc had told him he should stay in bed for at least three days, so at four o'clock that morning he and Shirley were at the Kit Kat Klub on their third bottle of champagne. They didn't need the wine to get a lift. They were both higher than a kite, just from love, exhaustion and all that quick money after going in hock.

After that, the three of us barnstormed our way East. The Kid was piling up an impressive winning streak and getting a national reputation. He accepted his growing fame just the way he had always accepted Shirley: he took it for granted.

I finally booked him into the big time, New York's Madison Square Garden, where the Kid became an overnight sensation by knocking out Joey Kaufman, who had lost a split decision to the champion. Billy still didn't know much more about boxing than when he left West Liberty but his speed and ferocity and punching power had simply overwhelmed Kaufman. A season of consistent wins and Billy was the hottest draw in town, the logical contender for the title.

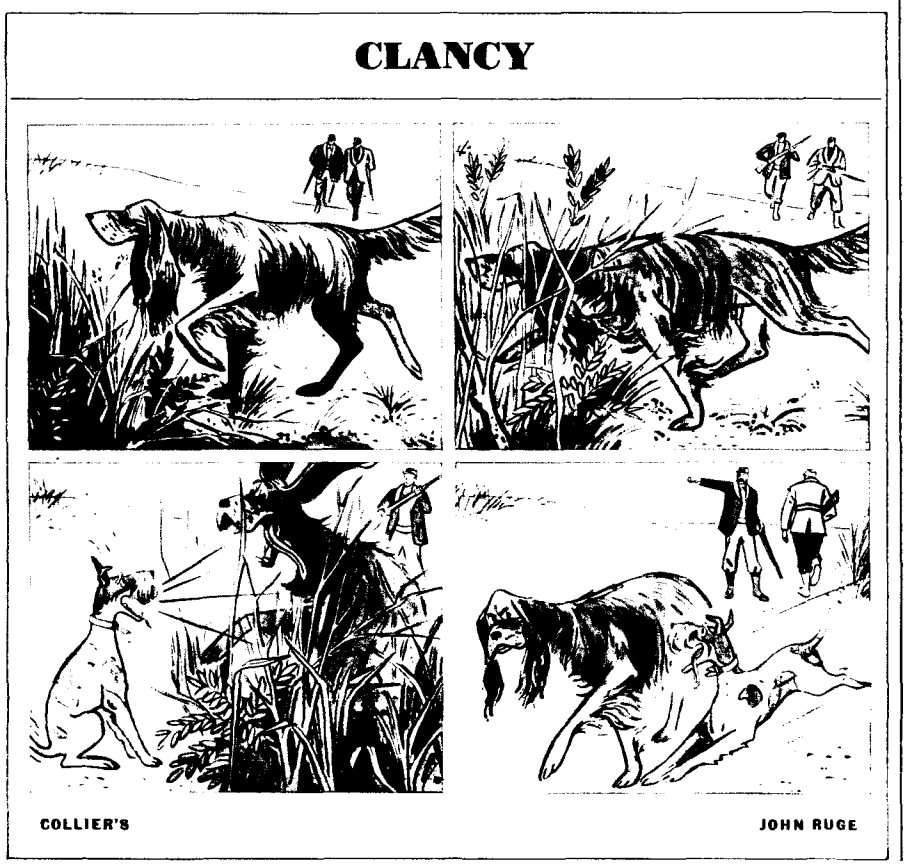
ALREADY the Kid had pocketed around fifty thousand for his end, and he and Shirley were living in style in a penthouse on top of a high-class midtown hotel. He had a closet full of sharp two-hundred-dollar suits. Shirley had a mink coat and everything that goes with it and looked like a million bucks. The only thing they didn't have was an automobile. Believe it or not but the Kid was still faithful to his motorcycles. He had a shiny white one with a sidecar that had printed on it: KID BONNARD, THE PRIDE OF WEST LIBERTY.

Then the Kid took the welterweight title from Ernie La Plante, and things began to happen. A couple of sharpshooters from Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street—Teddy Moran and Barney Fay—started wining and dining him; and before I knew what had happened they had convinced him that I wasn't a big enough managerial gun to handle a champion.

So after working him all the way to the top, I had to sell out to a couple of con men for a fraction of what I figured to make with a titleholder.

I thought I had a case against the Kid, but mine was small-claims stuff after I heard Shirley's. The night Billy successfully defended his championship for the first time, she called me at my hotel around three o'clock in the morning. At first I thought she was trying to get me to come out and meet them somewhere and bury the hatchet. But instead she wanted me to come up to the apartment. And from the sound of her voice, I could tell something was wrong.

When I got up there, I found her all alone. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying so long she had run out of tears. She had listened to the fight on the



It means a lot... that Toastmaster "Touch"

"Touch" of Perfection
Masterfully made, pops up perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between.

The Dependable "Touch"
There are "Toastmaster"* Toasters still serving faithfully after 20 years . . . and more!

Look for the TOASTMASTER Name on Your Toaster... Others Will!

$21.50
Fair Trade Price

The Value "Touch"
Years of service, without repairs, make your purchase a genuine value.

"Touch" of Beauty
Smartly styled in brightest chromium; has that *high-fashion* feeling you favor.

The Popular "Touch"
It's preferred—America's most-wanted toaster—the one you'll be proud to own.

"Touch" of Experience
The result of 27 years of craftsmanship by the *inventors* of automatic toasting.

TOASTMASTER
Automatic Pop-Up Toaster

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radio, she said, for ever since that tough one in O.C. she had stayed away from the arena. When Billy won, she got all dolled up because he always liked to go out night-clubbing after polishing off an opponent. But this time Billy hadn't shown up.

That was the first time it happened. I wish I could say, for Shirley's sake, that it was the last. But Billy had a big season that year, knocking off the three leading contenders and after every spectacular win he could be found at a ringside table at the Waikiki Club, an expensive trap his new managers owned a piece of. Those two grifters also saw to it that he became acquainted with the ladies of the chorus. I guess it was just a case of too much happening all at once. Overnight a small-town punk was the Big Town's hero. His percentage in the ball-park fight was $168,000. You need something special to take that kind of dough in stride.

The third time it happened I sat it out with Shirley. "Why don't you divorce the bum?" I said.

But Shirley shook her head in a way I had seen before, in West Liberty, Oklahoma City and points east. "No, Windy, that's not what I want," she said. "I've got to stay with Billy."

Well, there's only been one fighter who could hit the late spots and keep on winning, and Kid Bonnard was good but he wasn't Harry Greb. His fourth time out after winning the title he ran into a tartar in the person of José Ribera, a young, tough Mexican who had been training at Stillman's while Billy was training on Fifty-second Street.

The Kid never had taken my advice to master the finer points of boxing, and up till this night youth and speed and strength and a murderous left hook had carried him through. But some of Billy's zip had obviously been left behind in the Waikiki.

"I think he's finished, dear —he's blowing up the bag"

COLLIER'S AL MUELLER

By the end of the third round Ribera was giving the Kid the same kind of treatment Monk Wilson had handed him back in O.C. Only this time Billy had nothing left for an emergency.

No matter how many marks I had against him, it was kind of tough to have to watch the Kid being counted out.

I went back to the dressing room to see if there was anything I could do. The Kid had one eye shut tight and an egg-shaped swelling over the other one. He was sitting on the rubbing table with his head bent low. Moran and Fay were telling him what a bum he was. They had nothing to worry about, because the way they had it rigged, they would own a piece of Ribera if he won the title.

The Kid was in no mood for the Waikiki that night. "Where you wanna go?" I said.

"Where d'ya think?" he said. "Back to Shirley's."

When she took him into her arms, the Kid began to cry. She put him to bed and put cold compresses on his head to reduce the swelling.

I dropped around the next night to see how everything was getting along. The Kid was still in bed and Shirley was clucking around him like a contented hen. "Windy," the Kid said, "Shirley wants me to go back with you again. How about getting me a rematch with Ribera? I want to win my title back."

Well, the Kid had run out twice, but if that's what Shirley wanted, it was all right with me. I lined up the Ribera match and the Kid went back into training.

About a week before the fight, Shirley called me again. "Windy," she said, "I want you to do me a favor. I want you to take Billy on a good two-fisted bender. Every night this week you can wind up at the Waikiki or any place you like."

"But, Shirley," I said, "have you gone nuts? The Kid isn't in tiptop shape as it is. A couple of late nights and—"

"Do it for me, Windy, and don't ask too many questions."

Well, I'd do anything for Shirley, even cut myself out of a share of the title. Which is exactly what I did. Kid Bonnard was just the burned-out shell of the champion he had been, in that Ribera fight. Ribera belted him out in less than two minutes of the first round.

I brought him around with smelling salts. His jaw was swollen and his ego was shrunk. "Maybe we oughta go to the Waikiki," I said. "It may cheer you up."

The Kid just shook his head. "I go home to Shirley."

Shirley didn't have a champion any more. But she had Billy. The Kid was over the peak now and going downhill fast. He took some awful pastings before we finally convinced him that it was time to rack up. But every time he got beat he'd go right home to Shirley and she'd patch him up, make him comfortable, nurse him back to health.

When the Kid hung up the gloves after a bad night back in O.C., they decided to settle down there. The Kid must be crowding thirty now, but he still rides that motorcycle. Actually, if you ask me, he's living off Shirley, but to hear her tell it he's developing a couple of protégés who are about to make them a million dollars. Well, maybe so. When you've got that much faith and heart, I guess anything can happen.

The other day I dropped over to the restaurant where she's a waitress again. "Hello, Shirley," I said, "how's every little thing?"

"Just swell, Windy," she said. "You ought to come up and have dinner with Billy and me some Monday night. We just moved into a cute little apartment."

I knew what that meant. They had dropped down a peg to a one-room flat with kitchenette. I've got one of the hottest stables in the country now, so if Shirley had stuck with me she could have been riding around in town cars and living with the best, instead of having to hustle for tips and living on lean street with a low-life like Billy Bonnard.

But the funny part of the whole deal is, even if I figure she's winding up with the wrong fella, she'll never see it that way. The funny part is, she's happy. THE END

We're Telling You, Macy's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

(without charge or delay) at the Bresee cashier's cage, and taking care of all their material wants from shoe repairs in the basement to custom-made furniture on the top floor. It is even possible for a Bresee customer to have his entire house redesigned with no more trouble than making up his mind about the pattern of the curtains and the wallpaper; and many farmers are acquiring, through the Bresees, complete new baths and kitchens complete with electric garbage disposal units.

Under certain emergency conditions, shoppers' shirts have been washed and ironed by Bresee's home laundry demonstrators. Food has been brought in by service truck and kept in sales-model refrigerators to prevent it from spoiling in kitchens miles away when the electric circuits were out of order. Last-minute Yule gifts have been delivered at midnight on Christmas Eve. All of which gives the store a warm and homey atmosphere. But what really brings in the customers is the dependability of the home accessory repairmen, who can be summoned on the run at any hour of day or night.

There is nothing in the least philanthropic about the Bresee store's concentration on service. It is a piece of hard-boiled business practice. The cost of maintaining the money-back guarantee is repaid many times over by the volume of sales it helps create. That has been true ever since old Frank Bresee set himself up as a merchant.

"Mr. F.H.," as he was better known, was born within the marketing area of the store which now stands as his monument. July 23, 1864, was the date, and the place was the township of Hartwick, about 20 miles north of Oneonta. A farm boy, F.H. got to school in the village of New Lisbon for only six years. Then he hired out to cut and split wood with his father at 40 cents a cord.

At the age of eighteen, after one bitterly cold day during which the two Bresees netted only 20 cents apiece chopping an unusually difficult stand of timber, Frank announced to his father that he would never work as a woodcutter again. Because he always had been intrigued by the spiel of a notions peddler who visited their farm from time to time, young Bresee decided to invest all his savings, about $50, in Yankee notions and prize packages and sell them from door to door. On December 20, 1882, he set out on foot with a full satchel. His first day's sales of $2.29 produced a profit of $1.24 to start him off on a lifelong career of retailing.

One of the prize possessions of the Bresees today is the ledger which the founder carefully kept of his first year's peddling. For his initial trip on the road, the first yellowed page lists part of that December day's sales. It reads: "1 fine comb 10¢, profit 5½¢. Quire paper 10¢, profit 5¢. Prize package 10¢, profit 5¢. Safety pin 1¢, profit ½¢. 3 darning needles 1¢, profit ½¢. 1 pr. shoelaces 2¢, profit 1¢. Linen thread 3¢, profit 1¢. Silk thread 3¢, profit ½¢. Salve 25¢, profit 12½¢. Buttons 17¢, profit 7¢. ½ doz. buttons 5¢, profit 2½¢. 1 cake soap 10¢, profit 4¢." Frank's net income that year, entered on the last page of the ledger, was $197.15.

As soon as he could afford it, Frank bought a horse and wagon to increase the range of his route. On February 28, 1884, he married Ella C. Benjamin and they moved into the attic of his father's home at Hartwick. Ella kept the stock of merchandise in order while Frank was on the road, often making direct sales herself from the house. In the evenings they frequently entertained at old-time square dances. He played the fiddle and she the piano. In other early ledgers belonging to Mr. F.H., there are frequent entries such as this one: "Earned a-fiddling, 50¢."

In 1885, Frank bought out a merchant at South Hartwick and set up his first store. A lifelong Democrat, he was appointed postmaster of the village the following year by President Cleveland. His annual salary for that work was the amount of stamps canceled in a year—$75. At various times during the ensuing years he moved about upstate, buying, operating and then selling small stores in Laurens, Hartwick, New Lisbon, Fly Creek, Schenevus and Sidney.

Nomadic Way of Life Ends

His three sons were born during this hopscotch existence. Finally, in 1899, Ella insisted that they settle down to raise their family in one place. So F.H., in partnership with his brother-in-law, Fred Cooper, opened the Oneonta Department Store in the Baird Block building, only a few doors from the site of the firm's present location. Six sales clerks were employed for the opening. The store day began at 7:00 A.M. six days a week and closed when the last customer left, often as late as 10:00 P.M.

Six months after the opening Cooper sold his interest in the store to Frank; since then every share of stock in the establishment has remained in the Bresee family. Ten years later the store moved up the street to its present site. On this spot it has grown to its 1949 size of more than 125,000 square feet of selling and storage space in 48 departments.

Anecdotes about Mr. F.H. abound in Oneonta. He was a tall, thrifty, friendly man with piercing gray eyes which twinkled merrily behind his spectacles when he was enjoying one of his many practical jokes. He was proud of his store.

In later years most of Mr. F.H.'s free time was spent in wandering about from department to department, hands clasped behind his back, whistling softly to himself.

"Always be doing something," he told an idle salesman one day, sweeping several neatly sorted piles of men's socks into one big heap on a counter. "There, straighten those out. It will give you something to do," said the founder good-naturedly. "And when you've finished that, start turning all those socks inside out and right side to again. When you're busy, you attract customers."

This theory also worked in reverse for anyone who wanted to attract Mr. F.H. One of the store's maintenance men once was observed by a department head pounding the floor with a hammer for no obvious reason. Asked why he was thus engaged, the carpenter said, "Mr. F.H. will be along in a matter of minutes." Sure enough, the senior Bresee rounded the corner a moment later, tugging at his mustache and calling, "What's going on here?"

The founder spoke to every customer he encountered, regardless of whether he knew him. It was he who instituted Bresee's courteous service policy, for which the store now is widely known. Clerks were ordered to give cash refunds to those requesting them regardless of the condition of the returned goods. Even if the dissatisfied customer had no

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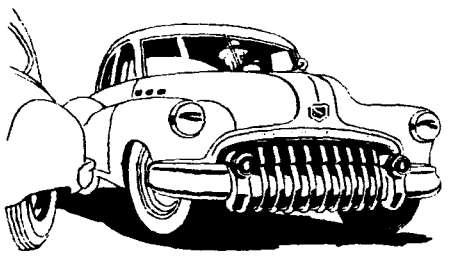
What a whale of a difference when _ does it all!

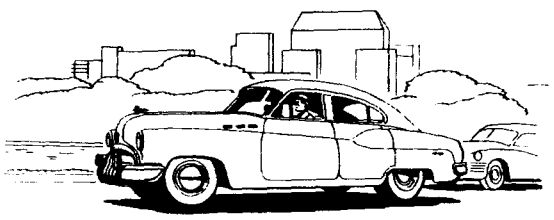
WHAT DO WE MEAN when we say that in Dynaflow Drive* "oil does it all"?

Simply that in Dynaflow Drive, the spinning of oil in the Dynaflow unit does what you have long needed shifting gears to accomplish.

For instance—

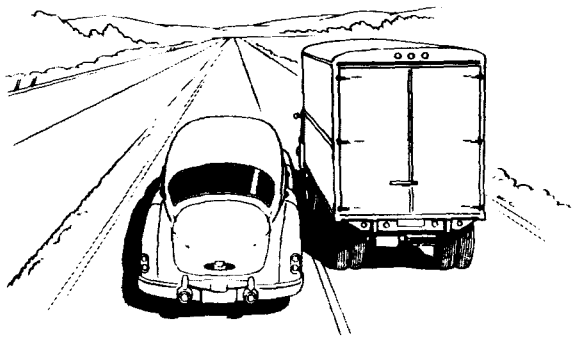


In most cars, you have to push a clutch and shift into low to get starting power. In Dynaflow, you simply set your lever in Driving position—and nudge the gas treadle. Oil spins in a sealed drum to give you all the starting power needed—but with no transmission gear-whine whatever.



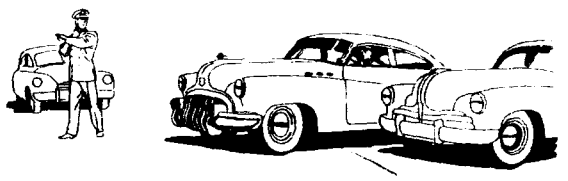
Now you're moving. In most cars, you shift manually—into second, then third—each time repeating that press-the-pedal-move-the-lever routine. With Dynaflow, oil simply spins in a different path within the Dynaflow unit and you move into cruising pace easy as a bird taking off.

*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.

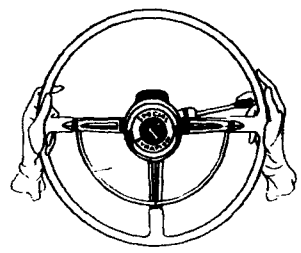


Passing? In other cars you may have to shift again—with a definite loss of forward motion—a lag before you get action—and maybe another shift back into high after passing.

Not so with Dynaflow. There's no lag or break in stride. Just step on the throttle, and spinning oil takes the path to give you power for passing—with response practically *instantaneous.*



And at getaway, Dynaflow is fast and silky. Just press the gas treadle, never touching the selector lever. Spinning oil finds the exact channel of flow to give you getaway power that's ever-smooth and great enough to step you out smartly and with unbroken, velvety stride.



Does that mean you *never shift at all?* Not quite.

For emergency braking power, for starts on very steep hills under heavy load, for rocking out of sand or snow, you may occasionally change to Emergency Low range. This simply puts the entire Dynaflow operation into an extra-powerful range.

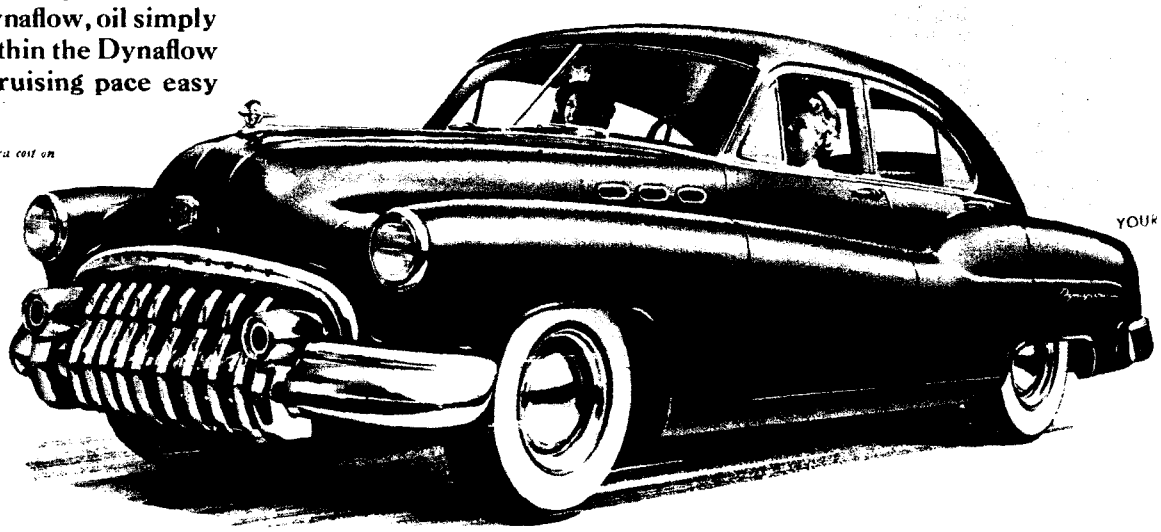
But for all normal driving, you can use Driving range entirely. Oil will travel whatever course is required to give you the kind of power you need without any gear-changing whatever.

★ ★ ★

To see what a whale of a difference that makes—in ease, freedom of mind, and restfulness in a long day—ask your Buick dealer for a demonstration.

That, plus his happy situation on deliveries, will convince you it's smart to "sign on the dotted line" for the model you like best.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS



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SEE and HEAR ***OLSEN and JOHNSON'S FIREBALL FUN-FOR-ALL*** *every Thursday on Television*

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening

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Learn how to get your V-LINE VALET. A hanger to keep your suits wrinkle free.

Not just ordinary oversize suits, these V-LINES, but suits styled exclusively for STOUTS . . . scientifically designed to slenderize.

Handsome patterns by the dozens . . . distinctive fabrics by the score . . . all in 156 size and model variations to assure you perfect fit and that smart, tapering look you've always wanted.

Ask your store for V-LINE clothing or write for name of nearest store.

V-LINE CLOTHES COMPANY
BROAD & WALLACE STS., PHILA. 30, PA.
STOUTLAND, U.S.A.

sales slip, Mr. F.H. would replace the goods or give back the money.

"Some people would take advantage of Mr. F.H.," recalls Clara Conrow, head of the hosiery department and employed at Bresee's since 1918. "I remember that we used to have a buy-dresses-on-approval plan. One day a group of middle-aged ladies came in and bought black dresses under this guarantee. The next afternoon they were back to return them. Mr. F.H. knew they had worn the dresses at the funeral of a friend, because he was there himself, but he returned their money with a smile. 'The little money we lose on such transactions, Clara,' he once told me, 'will come back to us tenfold in satisfied customers.'"

A shrewd judge of merchandise and markets, F.H. never lost his love of buying and selling. Even after he established himself permanently in Oneonta, he continued to buy out other stores in the area when they ran into trouble. All in all, he purchased the stock of about 200 other shops during his career.

One of his most unusual appraisals was in the town of Sidney, nearly halfway down the Susquehanna Valley toward Binghamton. While waiting for a train there one day, Mr. F.H. noted some commotion in a near-by store. He walked over and was told that the owner was selling out. Some other merchants already had made their bids, but Bresee asked if he might bid, too. He walked quickly around the store, making rapid calculations on the back of an old envelope, and submitted his offer.

"The store is sold to Mr. Bresee of Oneonta," the owner announced, and there was consternation among the low-bidding local merchants. One of them walked over to Frank and said, "Mr. Bresee, I'll give you $500 for your purchase, over and above your bid." Bresee accepted and boarded the next train for home, that much richer.

Always First at the Store

After his wife died in 1932, Grandfather Bresee had only three loves—the store, his fiddle and baseball. He went to the store every morning of his life, the first one on the job. In later years he limited his active retailing to the jewelry department, one of his pet projects. For this he insisted on being paid a salary of only $12 a week.

Sometimes when he was alone in his office, Mr. F.H. used to sit at his cluttered roll-top desk and play the fiddle softly to himself, dreaming perhaps of days gone by when he and his wife used to keep the couples hopping at square dances. When the baseball season came, however, he laid aside the fiddle and seldom missed a high-school, college or Class C game of the Oneonta Red Sox in the Canadian-American League.

He died of a heart attack at Nehawa Park, the city's tree-bordered baseball diamond, on May 26, 1941, while watching a game between Hartwick College and Cortland Normal School. His last words, spoken to his son Lynn who sat beside him, were: "That Hartwick team needs a new pitcher."

Frank Bresee's three sons share all but 1,413 of the 3,500 shares of the store's common stock. The 1,413 belong to the founder's three grandsons: Wilmer, son of Lynn; Philip, son of Clyde; and Robert, son of Fred. Wilmer, now thirty-nine, is Bresee's personnel manager, a vice-president and secretary of the corporation. Philip, twenty-five, is learning the business in the ready-to-wear department.

The Bresees attribute much of their success to "the weekly meetings of the firm" which are held every Monday morning in Fred's office. Only the family attend these "clear-the-air sessions" and the arguments are often heated. However, they don't break up until every problem is settled. Two votes by any one of the three senior partners are enough to veto or adopt a policy decision which has been in dispute long enough to warrant a showdown. However, the firm has established clear boundaries of authority—Lynn, finance; Clyde, merchandise; Fred, advertising and promotion—which are seldom overstepped.

The three brothers sleep, eat and breathe the store. And they are as devoted to one another as they are to the business. All day long they work in adjoining offices, and at night go home to big houses on adjoining maple-shaded streets in the town's eastern residential district. There they visit with one another via private back-yard sidewalks which link their properties.

Even in the summer they live close together in cottages on the west side of Goodyear Lake near Oneonta. The brothers, along with Wilmer, often walk to work together down Main Street, and usually eat lunch side by side in the blue-trimmed Health Bar at the store. Every Wednesday they attend the Kiwanis Club luncheon together. All three are Masons and registered Republicans.

Although they're close together spiritually, the brothers are so different otherwise that they scarcely seem members of the same family. One veteran employee analyzed their differences this way: "If the three Bresees went to a race track, Mr. Fred would bet on a horse because he liked its color and spirit. Mr. Clyde would study the ancestry of the animal and its running record before parting with his money. And Mr. Lynn just wouldn't bet."

Mr. Lynn, at sixty, is considered the "balance wheel" of the organization. Now chairman of the board, Lynn ran the firm all alone as president for three wartime years when Clyde, Fred and Wilmer were in the Army.

"My two brother were Post Exchange officers," Lynn often jokes, "and my big job these days is to unwind the red tape they brought back from the service with them."

A stocky, thin-lipped man with white hair and an infectious smile, Mr. Lynn keeps his ice-blue eyes on every penny coming in and going out of the store. He personally checks all bills, discounts and contracts, and signs all checks. Every Tuesday morning, payday at Bresee's, the eldest brother makes his weekly pilgrimage up Main Street to the Citizens Bank and Trust Company, where he is a director, and brings back the pay roll for the store's employees in the firm's old, gray cash bags.

Shy and quiet-spoken, Lynn, more than the others, feels that he has inherited the mantle of prudence worn so regally by his late father. He has been with the store steadily since 1906, the year he started out as a clerk for five cents an hour. Like his father, Lynn is interested in real estate and owns more than 30 apartments in Oneonta. During the day he wanders through the store, frequently stopping to chat with a customer, to make a sale or to turn out an electric light burning in an unoccupied room.

Typical of his frugality is his statement that he hasn't bought a pair of new shoes in three years. Although Bresee's has a modern shoeshop, Lynn prefers to take his old Oxfords to Bill Stanley, the cobbler in the basement shoe-repair shop, for regular mending.

Mistaken For the Janitor

Lynn likes to putter around the store. Once a new employee, who saw him sweeping down a flight of steps with an old broom, mistook Lynn for the janitor. Only the intervention of a veteran sales clerk averted an embarrassing incident. The newcomer was going to ask Lynn's help with some heavy boxes. It wouldn't have been a catastrophe if he had, however. The eldest brother would have pitched in gladly. Lynn takes a paternal interest in all employees, especially in matters pertaining to their health. "He has passed out more vitamin pills, cough drops and free medical advice to the help than all the doctors in Oneonta," a clerk once said.

Easygoing Mr. Clyde, the middle brother at fifty-five, serves as Bresee's president. Handsome and dapper, the trim, wavy-haired executive probably is the best merchant among the three brothers. As merchandise manager, it's Clyde's job to buy the goods and get them to the store on time for the best sales period. He has a knack of getting top values for Bresee's during these days of close markup.

Clyde joined the firm in 1911, and at first showed little aptitude for retailing. He frequently took two-hour lunch periods to play tennis, his favorite sport as a youth. One day as he was returning from one of these games, his father stopped him by the door and put it to him this way: "Do you want to play tennis for a living, or do you want to make this store your career?" The youth decided on the spot in favor of retailing.

"And I haven't been on a tennis court since that day," Clyde vows. He spends his excess energy now on bowling.

Most of Bresee's merchandise is purchased by 35 buyers with Mr. Clyde's counsel and approval. Once the merchandise gets into the store, he speeds it along, with a sign tacked up in the basement marking room: "If it's down here, it ain't selling."

Although Clyde is liberal with em-

COLLIER'S "Hold everything—she's flying!" PERRY BARLOW

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ployees and is the most popular of all the Bresees in the store, he knows the value of a dollar. In case he should forget, though, there's a small sign above his desk which reads: "Money isn't everything in the world. Sometimes it's not more than 99%."

Barnum of the business is big, fifty-one-year-old Fred Bresee. In the store's art department there's a modernistic painting shot full of yellow lightning, green triangles and what look like loose piano keys flying through space. It is the work of the staff artist, Miss Lucy Cohoon, who describes it as her emotional reaction to Mr. Fred. "I call it 'Dynamo'," she says. That word certainly describes the breeziest of the Bresees, even if the painting requires some special interpretation.

A bald, bustling, bespectacled individual, Fred possesses a firecracker mind which explodes almost hourly with new promotion stunts to attract more customers to Bresee's. He joined the firm in 1915, and his booming voice, vigorous arm waving and boundless enthusiasm have been familiar to Oneontans ever since. The youngest brother constantly races through the store, bounding up the flight of stairs to his modernistic, leather-paneled office—"my padded cell"—two steps at a time, even when on routine business.

A dominating personality whose fine sense of humor sometimes is marred by a stubborn streak, Fred has come up with some original ideas for advertisements, window displays, promotions and store trimmings which have had the flair of a professional showman. It was largely through his insistence that the store began a $100,000 modernization job when the boys returned from service in 1945. Old counters and fixtures were ripped out. Streamlined display cases were installed, along with shadow boxes, fluorescent ceiling and fixture lights, wider aisles and tile floors.

There was so much moving of departments during this renovating period that it provoked some of the old customers. Two of them supposedly met in the front of the store one day, and one asked, "Where is the shoe department now?"

"Don't know," answered the second peevishly, "but if you stand here for a few minutes it'll probably go by."

A Touch of Show Business

When this work was well along, Fred, who believes that "store business is show business," started to fire up the stunts. Looking for "a second Christmas" to perk up sales in the "soft" month of July, Fred picked on his favorite entertainment—the circus. The Bresee Circus was first held in 1947 and it's been an annual two-week summer fixture ever since. An estimated $3,000 is spent each July to engulf the entire store in a circus atmosphere with red and white bunting, popcorn, balloons, mechanical animals, colored shavings, circus music and real clowns. Each department features circus specials with attractive bargains listed on side-show posters. The 1949 "big top" drew 31,000 persons and pushed sales 20 per cent.

To sell towels one week, Fred strung a clothesline from the front end of the store, through the main floor and upstairs to the department which handles them. On it he hung 240 towels. These flapping rectangles naturally led customers to the source, and more than $500 worth of towels were sold.

On the store's 50th anniversary last June, Fred staged a big parade down Main Street. All the salesgirls in the line of march wore black skirts, white blouses and carried gold canes. The men clerks wore gray suits and gold neckties. There was a civil ceremony and two special supplements in regular editions of the Oneonta Star.

The people who pass Bresee's 10 display windows are no longer surprised by anything they see there. Baby alligators have crawled about, white mice have appeared in cages and there has been a live fox and even a real cow. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals complained about the fox, and he was removed. The cow, too impatient to wait for the S.P.C.A., kicked out one of the plate-glass frames and walked out.

As Fred points out in his more explosive moments, promotions are only as good as the personnel behind them. Bresee's is proud of the fact that 55 of its 200 employees have been with the firm more than five years. All sales clerks work on a bonus basis, and take enthusiastic part in a continuous race for $10 bills which go to every member of the department which shows the biggest improvement in monthly sales over the same period of the previous year.

Sales Courses for Employees

Records of this race are kept on a wall chart in the personnel training room where regular instruction meetings are held, on company time, for all employees. Each employee spends half an hour a week in this room with his particular group listening to the Bresees talk about store lore, future plans, salesmanship, or selling techniques, or watching educational films. And always, there is emphasis on courtesy toward customers.

"The Bible tells us," Fred stormed at one group after he observed several of them being brusque with customers, "that Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. I wonder how many sales at Bresee's were killed last week with the same weapon?"

One third of all the Bresee's sales are made on credit. The firm has issued more than 10,000 charge accounts, which they call "courtesy cards"; nearly half of these are active every month. Mail orders come in from almost every section of New York State, from other cities in the East, and even from as far away as Belgium and Japan.

Oneonta has five rival department stores, including units of three big chains. Their managers respect the Bresee store's integrity and enterprise, but have a growing resentment against what one chain-store boss calls "leading the town around with a ring in its nose." He was referring specifically to the Bresee practice of staying open Thursday night.

Eager to give their employees a longer week end, the Bresees back in 1946 closed up on Saturday nights—the traditional night to shop in most rural areas—and started a long day on Thursdays. For two years they pioneered alone. Then everyone swung over because Bresee's brought such a mob to town.

Now the chains are eager to open again on Saturday nights because they find their stores pretty much deserted Thursdays when the big crowd is up the street at Bresee's.

"Don't know why they're mad," one neutral observer says. "The others haven't got the flair and won't spend the funds to promote their goods like the Bresees do."

The Bresees are not, of course, standing still. Some new change appears in the store practically every day. Right now they've started a fund out of profits to equip the place with escalators.

The three brothers were discussing this step recently in typical family fashion. Lynn and Clyde mentioned how wonderful it would be to see those moving stairs taking customers to their big second floor to buy more rugs, furniture and other merchandise.

"Yeah," said Fred, "can't you see those escalators at Christmas? We'll invite some church choirs here, dressed in robes. While they're standing there in a group, being hauled upstairs, they can be singing carols." THE END

Only a Short Step to Nunn-Bush *Satisfaction*.. Why Not Take It?

You pay only a little more for Nunn-Bush shoes . . . but what a difference in satisfaction that little more buys! It is necessary to *experience* Ankle-Fashioning before you can know the advantages Nunn-Bush shoes offer in greater comfort and added miles of smartness.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

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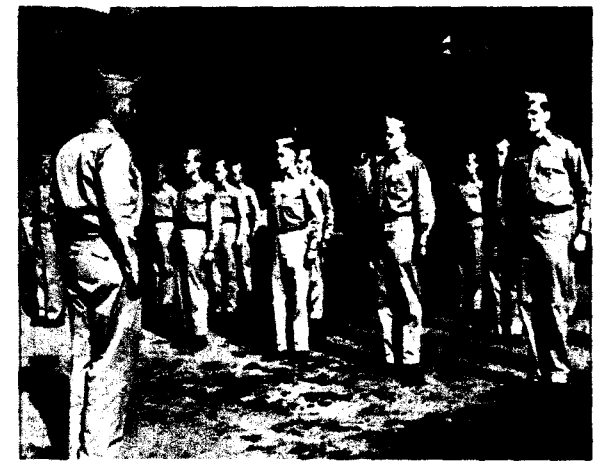
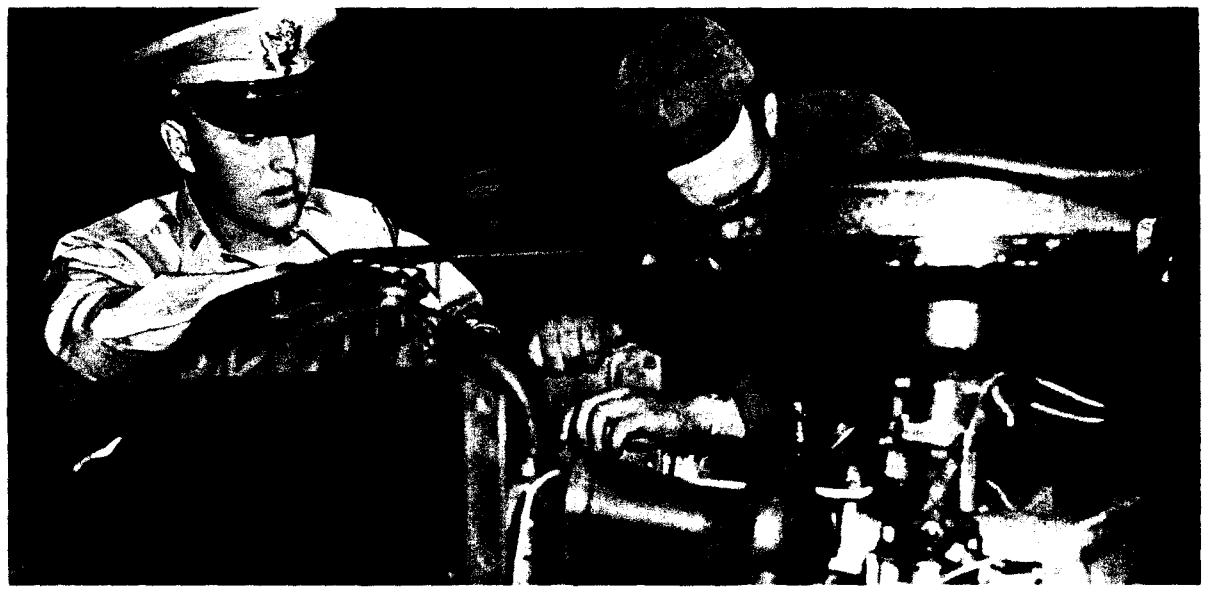
UP AND AT 'EM! First Lieutenant Donald Vanderbrugen rises early, dresses for his morning duties, is ready for a day packed with activity. He cares for his clothing, equipment. Lives in Bachelor Officers' Quarters with fellow officers.



ALL PRESENT! Lt. Vanderbrugen is Gunnery Officer for heavy mortar company in the 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, and commands headquarters platoon. His other duties: Supply Officer, Recruiting Officer, Motor Officer.

A HEARTY BREAKFAST. Mealtimes at Bachelor Officers' Mess provide relaxation for Vanderbrugen. He likes the friendly ribbing among fellow officers, many of whom, like Vanderbrugen, came up through ranks via Officer Candidate School.



AN EXPERT'S JOB. Vanderbrugen has responsibility for care of company's motor vehicles; here he conducts routine check on truck. Preventive maintenance demands frequent inspections. Machinery and parts are replaced before breakdown. Enlisted men, carefully trained as mechanics in Army schools, are experienced in keeping 'em rolling. Fast-moving infantry units depend on mobility under all terrain and weather conditions for large part of hard-hitting effectiveness.

EXACT SCIENCE. Gunnery Officer gets approval of company commander on plotting and computing targets; method and control of fire; ammunition and fuses. Here Vanderbrugen, Operations Sergeant, and Computer solve fire problem.

AN ARMY OFFICER'S DAY: it demands skill, common sense, ability--both as counselor and leader

ADMINISTRATIVE DECISION. There's more to personnel management than giving orders, as Vanderbrugen knows. In dealing with varied problems of platoon command, he uses intelligence and fairness, has won respect of his men.

OFFICERS' BRIEFING. Once weekly, officers of command gather for latest information on world events. When troops are not in the field, daily schedule for the rest of the week is split: training in the morning, athletic events and supervised recreation in the afternoon.

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Bootlegger's Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

plumber or a butcher or something. No, he's got to be a doctor. Doctors' maps! You think you're so smart, you croakers . . ."

As soon as they had been hustled down the companionway into the cabin Hannibal and Rosie could hear Dillon stamping back and forth over their heads.

Ernie and Frankie sat on the settee opposite them, Ernie lolling back cleaning his nails with a penknife, and Frankie still cradling his rifle in his arms.

TURKEY, meanwhile, seemed at a loss to occupy himself. He wandered aimlessly about the little cabin, pulling out drawers, fussing with the ship-to-shore telephone, peering into lockers and generally poking at things with a sort of torpid curiosity. "Boats is kind of like floating houses," he remarked sagely after some time, and when there was no comment on his observation he switched on a little portable radio which stood on a hanging shelf. In a moment the place was filled with a thunderous baritone voice singing On the Road to Mandalay.

Rosie closed her eyes tight shut. "Oh, no," she groaned, "not now. It isn't fair."

"Why, it's Uncle Norman, isn't it?" Hannibal said.

"'Uh-where the dawn-a comes up like thundairr . . .'"

Dillon darted his head down the companionway. "Shut that thing off!" he growled. "You think this is the Albany night boat? Shut it off!"

Turkey got up to do as he was told, when Uncle Norman finished singing and an announcer began to speak. Dillon raised his hand. "Wait," he said. "Be quiet for a minute."

". . . continue in just a moment with our fifteen-minute recorded program of Songs for the Milkman featuring the voice of Norman Richard Johns," said the Yankee disk jockey. "First, I will repeat the bulletin received here at the studio in Bangor an hour ago. Mr. Johns, celebrated concert baritone and a resident of Abel's Harbor, upon returning home tonight after a business trip to Boston, received word by telegram from his niece and social secretary, Rosalie Wilkins, informing him that she had eloped this evening with a Dr. Jackson, also of Abel's Harbor.

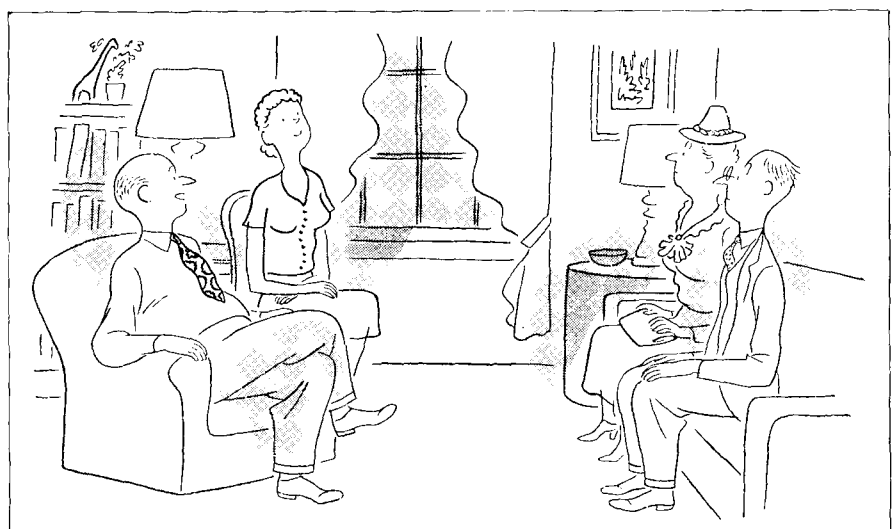
"Upon receipt of the telegram, which stated that the couple were honeymooning at Niagara Falls, Mr. Johns made immediate efforts to communicate with his niece, contacting all hotels and motor courts in and around Niagara Falls and Buffalo, New York, and checking air lines and railway stations. Mr. Johns has been unable to find a trace of the eloping couple. Characterizing the disappearance of his niece as 'unquestionably foul play' Mr. Johns has alerted the police of two states and requested radio stations to broadcast descriptions of the missing couple . . ."

There followed reasonably accurate descriptions of Rosie and Hannibal, to which they all listened with unreasonable attention, then the announcer put on Uncle Norman's somewhat threatening recording of Danny Deever.

A very curious expression had settled on Dillon's face, and he stood at the head of the companionway staring down at them for a long time. It was plain that he had just received a shock, a severe shock for which he had been entirely unprepared, and the experience seemed to expose a new Dillon, a Dillon whom Rosie and Hannibal, at any rate, had not seen before.

But now as he looked down at them his big mobile face seemed gradually to turn into a rigid, passionless mask. His eyes looked at them with nothing but self-interested calculation. He walked quickly down the companionway and across the cabin. He snapped off the radio, took up the ship-to-shore telephone and held it to his ear, pressing the communication button at the side of the instrument. His rage was entirely controlled now. He was working methodically for his own safety, and he worked like a machine.

"William?" he said flatly into the phone. "Dillon . . . Is everything okay? . . . All right, listen to what I'm going to tell you. Listen to me carefully bec use I'm not going to tell you twice, right? Don't start asking me any questions, William. As soon as I hang up go down to the dock and start up the plane engine. Let it warm up till I get there. Ten or fifteen minutes. I want to use it as soon as I get in . . . Yes, tonight, now, right away, understand? I got no time to fool around. . . . No, not you. Ernie's going to take us—me where I'm going." Dillon glanced quickly across at Ernie who had put away his penknife and was listening attentively. No one looked at Hannibal and Rosie.



"Bus service out here is terrible. Why, would you believe it, the last bus to town leaves in just about ten minutes"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

He hung up the phone and stood over it for a moment, rubbing his index finger thoughtfully up and down the bridge of his nose, his eyes clouded, like someone checking over a shopping list. Presently he turned to his henchmen. "Frankie, Turkey," he said, "I got something for the two of you to do the minute we get in. There's a car in the driveway, a yellow convertible. I want you to get rid of it. Get rid of it quick. Don't take it out on the road, understand? I want you to take it out to the steepest part of the bluff where the rock goes straight up and down, right? And burn it before you shove it off."

Rosie's breath suddenly made a catching sound in her throat. Hannibal's fingers tightened over hers, and he heard his voice saying, "Now—now, wait just a minute, Mr. Dillon. I think we ought to have another talk. What about Doc Cartwright's map? We haven't figured out the—"

"You understand what I'm telling you?" Dillon continued, without a change in the inflection of his voice.

It was an eerie thing for Rosie and Hannibal, this ignoring of their existence, this denying of their flesh-and-blood selves, and it was proving a hundred times more devastating a weapon than all the earlier bullying and threatening put together. The sudden isolation from their captors turned them numb. They knew they need not ask *why* Dillon had decided to go flying at four o'clock in the morning nor ask who would be his passengers. The news of Uncle Norman's systematic search for them answered these questions with clarity. It was to be them, Rosie and Hannibal, who would take reluctant wing at Dillon's side—at any rate, for part of his journey.

A sudden sound punctured the night's stillness. It began as a deep, savage growl, rising sharply, angrily into a wild banshee's scream rushing at them across the water. Instantly Dillon's face appeared. His voice was swift and harsh.

"It's the blue boys," he said, "in the Coast Guard boat. We can't run in this tub. I'm going to let them come up with us. Nobody talk but me, right? We're a fishing party. If talking doesn't work I'll tell you what to do. Ernie, come up on deck, I may need you. Turkey, there's another hush-gun in the locker up forward. Get it, quick. And listen to what I'm telling you, Frankie. If there's any sound out of these two"—Dillon indicated Hannibal and Rosie with a jerk of his head, still not looking at them—"if they try to make any kind of a signal to the other boat, you don't wait for any orders from me, understand? You don't wait for anything."

The Coast Guard siren sank back to its angry growl. A searchlight swept its stark white eye across the water and came to rest on the cabin cruiser. Through the porthole the others could see the disembodied light bearing down on them.

In the cabin Frankie and Turkey flanked Rosie and Hannibal on the settee, forcing them back close against the cabin wall below the portholes.

AS THE Coast Guard craft reached a point no more than fifty feet distant from the cruiser a hoarse voice hailed them across the water. "Ahoy, cabin cruiser. Stand by to be boarded."

In a few moments the deep-throated Diesels brought the boat alongside. Buffers were thrown over the side and Rosie and Haninbal could feel the steel hull gently bumping the frailer planking of the cruiser behind their heads. But they could see nothing at all, nothing but the other side of the cabin and the blackness beyond the portholes.

"Here, let me give you a hand," Dillon's voice said politely. "You wouldn't want to slip there on the—"

"Stand clear!" a hoarse voice interrupted. "I can board a boat without holding hands with a land crab. Get out of the way." There followed the brisk slap of feet landing on the deck and the voice continued, "Let me see your papers." Then, after a considerable silence, "Who's Dillon? You?"

"That's right, Captain," Dillon said. "I'm the owner."

"You're the owner, and I'm a lieutenant," said the hoarse voice flatly. "Now, maybe they never told you this down on Wall Street before you decided to be a sailor, but there are some rules about running boats just like there are rules for running cars, and they even apply to people who are crazy enough to go fishing at four o'clock in the morning when they could just as well be home in bed. You may think this is a very silly rule, Mister, but when it's dark you're supposed to show certain lights on a boat so you won't kill people, running them down. A couple of lights: a red light and a green light. Us quaint seafaring folks call them running lights, a port running light and a starboard running light. That's quaint for left and right. Your left one is out."

WHEN Dillon answered there was a distinct note of relief in his voice, even in spite of the disgruntled lieutenant's weighty sarcasm. "The light's out?" he said. "Why, think of a thing like that happening! Lieutenant, I want you to know I'm grateful to you for taking the trouble to point that out to me."

"I'll bet," the lieutenant said.

"And I'll have it attended to," Dillon continued, with notable reserve, "just the minute we get back to shore."

"Fix it now," said the lieutenant. "Get a flashlight and lash it to the stay on the port side, and don't waste time. I've been on patrol for eight hours and if it wasn't for you I'd be back at the station having some hot breakfast. Hurry up."

"Go ahead, Ernest," Dillon's voice commanded briskly, "do what the lieutenant says. We wouldn't want to hold him up from his breakfast, would we?"

This interchange seemed to act on Hannibal as a sort of final stab at the open wound of his misery, and he let his head fall back against the cabin wall. After a few moments a singular thing occurred. On the top of his head Hannibal suddenly felt a gentle tapping, as of a ghostly woodpecker, and a disembodied voice said calmly, "Hello, Joe. You wanna take a chance on a new station wagon?"

Dainty as the tap on his head had been it might as well have been delivered by a blacksmith's sledge. From Hannibal's throat there came a wild rattling sound, his body doubled up convulsively, and he bounded off the settee onto the floor where he found himself staring along the barrel of Frankie's rifle. "Answer him!" Frankie breathed almost inaudibly. "Answer him quick, and don't forget this is right behind you!" He prodded Hannibal with his rifle's silencer. "Go ahead!"

Hannibal stared around him crazily. At last the voice speaking again brought his senses back to him. "Whatsa matter, Joe? What happened to you? I scare you?"

Hannibal looked at the porthole against the rim of which his head had been resting and only two feet beyond it he saw another porthole which was just then framing a wholly unfamiliar, grinning, not very bright face topped by a dirty white sailor's cap. He moved toward it, smiling a rigid, fixed smile, while Frankie crouched on the settee below him, his rifle planted in Hannibal's stomach.

"Ah . . . ah, no, you didn't scare me," Hannibal heard his voice croak, independent of his muddled reason. "It's just that you kind of frightened me. What did you say?"

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"I asked you if you wanted to take a chance on a new car, Joe. You look like a sporting type of fella. Whadya say? It's for the benefit of the Coast Guard Rescue Fund. One buck you win a new station wagon. Whadya say? One buck?"

The rifle stabbed relentlessly into Hannibal's stomach. "No!" Frankie hissed. "You don't want any. Good-by!"

"Good-by," Hannibal repeated emotionally, "I don't want any. Good-by, good-by . . ."

"Wait a minute, Joe," the round face said. "Don't get excited. I wouldn't try to sell you anything. Forget it if you don't want it. What are you fishing for? Swordfish?"

"No, not swordfish," Hannibal said quickly. And then it seemed as though, through the terror and bewilderment which burdened him, a spark of invention thrust itself into his head. "Not swordfish," he repeated shakily. "Pikerole. That's what we're after, Pikerole."

At this curious mention of Hannibal's private laryngitis medicine Rosie stared up at him in rapt fascination.

"Ha?" said the swab. "Pike?"

"No, Pikerole."

"Pickerel?"

"*Pike* as in pike," Hannibal rattled frantically, "*E* as in E, *role* as in a roll to eat. It's funny you never heard of a Pikerole. These waters are full of them."

The sailor knitted his brows. "Look, Joe," he said patiently, "I know you fellas only get a couple of weeks off in the summertime but there's something I've got to tell you before you go and get a lot of nice new fishhooks all rusty dragging them around in the water. Somebody's been kidding you, Joe. There isn't any such a fish as a Pikerole. I don't like to have to be the one to tell you this, but there aren't even any pike or even any pickerel in the ocean. Those are in lakes. You go get yourself a nice swordfish."

"No, you're the one who's mistaken," Hannibal persisted. "The ocean is full of Pikerole, schools and schools of Pikerole—"

"Look, who do you think you're kidding?" the swab interrupted impatiently. "I'm trying to be a nice fella and set you straight, and you got to be a wise guy. I'm telling you a Pikerole isn't a fish."

"Cut it short!" Frankie hissed. "That's enough!"

THE admonition proved unnecessary, for they heard the slap of the lieutenant's feet as they landed back on his own deck, and his snapped command. The round face in the porthole slipped swiftly out of Hannibal's sight, and as it disappeared he heard its voice complaining: "Every summer it seems like there's more wise guys than the summer before. Pikerole! How do you like a guy like that . . ."

The gray stern of the patrol boat had scarcely slid out of sight when Dillon stamped down the stairs, his jaw set grimly.

"That sure was a good dish of malarkey you give the blue boy, Boss," Frankie began. "You sounded just like you—"

"Shut up!" Dillon snapped. "Maybe you ruined it all. What was that talking going on down here? It sounded like the doc's voice."

"Only about fishing, Boss," insisted Frankie. "This guy on the other boat stuck his head out his window and began talking to the doc before any of us knew what was going on. He tried to sell him a chance on a new car and then they talked for a minute about fishing. That's the whole thing, I swear to you, Boss. I couldn't very well let him have it right while he's talking to the Coast Guard, could I? The guy couldn't see me or Turkey or the dame. I'm telling you, it's all right, Boss."

"Oh, it's all right, is it," Dillon said. "What if this Coast Guard guy heard that radio broadcast? What about that?"

"Well, if he heard it," Frankie asked reasonably, "and if he even *thought* he was talking to the doc, why didn't he say something? I tell you he didn't know the doc from Adam."

Dillon continued to scowl darkly, but he said nothing more, and presently he turned on his heel and went back on deck.

IT SEEMED to Hannibal and Rosie that scarcely a minute had passed before they heard, above the muffled beat of the boat's engines, the deeper, stronger sound of the engine of the idling seaplane, and when they were led up on deck and off onto the dock at Cutler's Point they saw the sleek little gray cabin ship floating gently on the water, warmed up and eager for flight. It was a chilling sight, a hopeless sight, and if there had been a grain of doubt left in Hannibal's or Rosie's mind as to Dillon's plans, it was now swept away forever.

"Harry," Dillon said sharply, "go up to the house and tell William and one of the other boys to go in the garage. There's some sacks of cement I saw in there. Tell them to put a couple of them inside some sheets and tie them up tight with some rope and bring them down here. Quick." Harry started up toward the house. Dillon turned to Hannibal. "All right, Doc," he said. "Now is when you and the little lady get in the plane. I'm going to show you the prettiest sunrise you ever saw. Go ahead, get in, and don't give me any trouble."

"Oh, Hannibal," Rosie whispered. "Hannibal, we—"

"Wait, Rosie," Hannibal interrupted. "Wait for just a moment. Mr. Dillon, you've got to let me—"

"Don't give me any trouble, Doc." Dillon repeated. "I'm warning you, just do what I tell you, understand? You'll—"

"No. For once, for the only time," Hannibal interrupted again, a new expression on his face, "you listen to me, Mr. Dillon." Hannibal dropped Rosie's hand and stepped in front of her, standing toe to toe with Dillon. He stood stiffly, the color washed from his face, his arms rigid and controlled at his sides. "You've got to listen to me because I won't stop talking until you kill me. I don't know if you—if you—" For a flickering moment Hannibal's voice crumbled in his mouth, but with a sudden angry movement of his shoulders it came back to him, firmer and clearer than before.

"I don't know if you've ever known what it's like to be in love with somebody the way I am, Mr. Dillon," he said intensely. "Maybe you haven't or maybe you have. Anyway, I didn't know anything about being in love like that until a few weeks ago. I guess I didn't even believe in it, but I know about it now. I know as much about it as anybody ever knew in the world. So I'm begging you to do me a favor. You can't do anything to Rosie, you can't! I'll get into your plane, quietly and willingly, if you'll let her go. She'll promise never as long as she lives to breathe a single word about tonight or about any of you. Let her go safely back home and she'll promise, I'll *make* her promise! Please, Mr. Dillon—"

But Dillon's unpleasant laugh interrupted him. "You're breaking my heart, Doc," he said calmly. "Look at Turkey. It looks like you convinced him, anyhow. He's just about to cry over the two of you. Harry, get him and the rest of you up to the house and stay there till I get back." He turned back to Hannibal. "Get in the plane, both of you," he said evenly, "or I'll throw you in."

With this for his answer something very peculiar happened to Hannibal, something which had never happened to him before in all his life. Fear seemed to fall away from him like an old coat—fear of Dillon, of himself, fear of everything. The idea that Rosie, beautiful, miraculous, incomparably perfect Rosie, might come to harm at Dillon's ruthless hands caused Hannibal utterly and completely to lose control of himself. Disregarding the arsenal which surrounded him, he made a tremendous, heartfelt, vicious swing at Dillon with his fist. Dillon deftly side-stepped the blow, nodded to Ernie, and before there was time for Hannibal to balance himself for another, Ernie's gun butt had chopped down on Hannibal's head.

As Hannibal's body crumpled to the dock Rosie became, for all intents and purposes, a raving wild woman. "You two murdering hyenas! You back-stabbers!" she cried passionately. "You've killed him!" And like a vengeful fury she charged—biting, kicking, swinging, tearing.

But Rosie's mistake was essentially Hannibal's mistake, which is to say that righteous fury alone rarely conquers over statistically unconquerable odds. In a matter of seconds, and by the combined efforts of Dillon, Ernie, Harry and a coil of rope from the cruiser, Rosie and then Hannibal were soundly trussed up hand and foot. Like two limp sacks they were dumped into the back of the four-seater seaplane. Two men hurried out onto the dock, each carrying a heavy burden of cement on his back, and each set his burden on the floor of the plane.

Presently the plane, with Ernie at the controls and Dillon beside him, roared off the sea and into the air.

Hannibal finally opened his eyes. "Yes. No," he said. "I did. Oh, Rosie, Rosie, how could I have got you into such a mess! How you can even speak to me . . ."

"Hannibal Jackson," Rosie interrupted gently, "I guess you'll always be the biggest reuben that ever lived. How can I speak to you, indeed! I can speak to you because I think you're the the most wonderful, four-star, gold-label, peacherino man I've ever met or ever hope to meet, that's why."

Hannibal's eyes began to shine. "Rosie," he said, "Rosie, I love you, Rosie."

She turned her face up to his. "That's pretty much what I meant," she said, very tenderly.

And as the plane roared into the east where dawn was already brushing aside the night, and where lay no friendly scrap of solid earth for two thousand miles, awkwardly they kissed each other, held foolish prisoners by their bonds.

For a moment Hannibal rested his forehead against the cool glass of the window, trying to collect his senses, staring down at the dull, gray water far below which the first rays of the sun were just beginning to color.

"What do you say, Boss?" Ernie said. "Now?"

"No, keep going another ten, fifteen minutes," Dillon replied. "It's getting light and we're too close to shore. Somebody might see them drop."

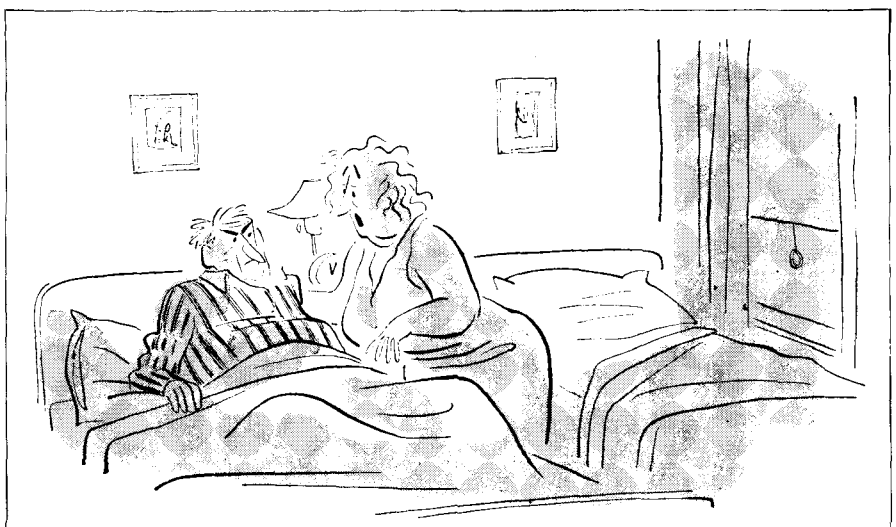
Hannibal then became vaguely aware that Rosie was undertaking to berate Dillon in his behalf, but he couldn't be sure. He couldn't be sure of anything that was taking place in the plane, because every one of his senses had suddenly been jarred into tense alertness by a peculiar phenomenon which was taking place far below him. He shook his head savagely to clear it, snapped his eyes shut tight, then opened them quickly to stare again.

BELOW the suspended plane where the new sun had struck across the murky water of the harbor it had transformed it magically into a sheet of burnished brass. In and around the shimmering water the islands were still no more than black, characterless masses, acting as a frame for the brilliant water. But as Hannibal stared down upon the whole he saw that the islands framed not only water as water, but outlined a shape in the water, a very definite shape—the shape of a human body.

The body must have been four or five miles in length, sprawled out on its back like a child's drawing or a gingerbread man, roughly outlined by the coast lines of a dozen islands. What caused Hannibal's eyes to pop out of his head was not the mere fact that the bodylike illusion existed, but because there was no particle of doubt in his mind that this, at last, was the body of Doc Cartwright's map.

For the great sheet of water in the harbor which formed the body was broken in four distinct places, and only four, by the presence of four tiny islands—one in the body's head, one in the upper abdomen, one in the lower abdomen, and one in the right thigh, or precisely at those four anatomical points indicated on Cartwright's map. It was here, in this body that his treasure lay—not a human body, dead or alive, not a body of land—but a body of water.

At last Hannibal managed to tear his eyes away from his remarkable discovery, and turn back to the others in the plane. He was positive that he had found the final answer, and in the intensity of his excitement he momentarily forgot the exact circumstances in which he and Rosie found themselves. "Doc Cartwright's treasure!" he shouted violently. "I see it! I just saw it! I know where it is!" Dillon turned around in his seat and looked at Hannibal soberly. "Yeah, that's right, Doc," he said, "I just saw it, too. It went right by outside the



"You were having a terrible dream. You kept clapping your hands and yelling, 'Take it off! Take it off!'"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

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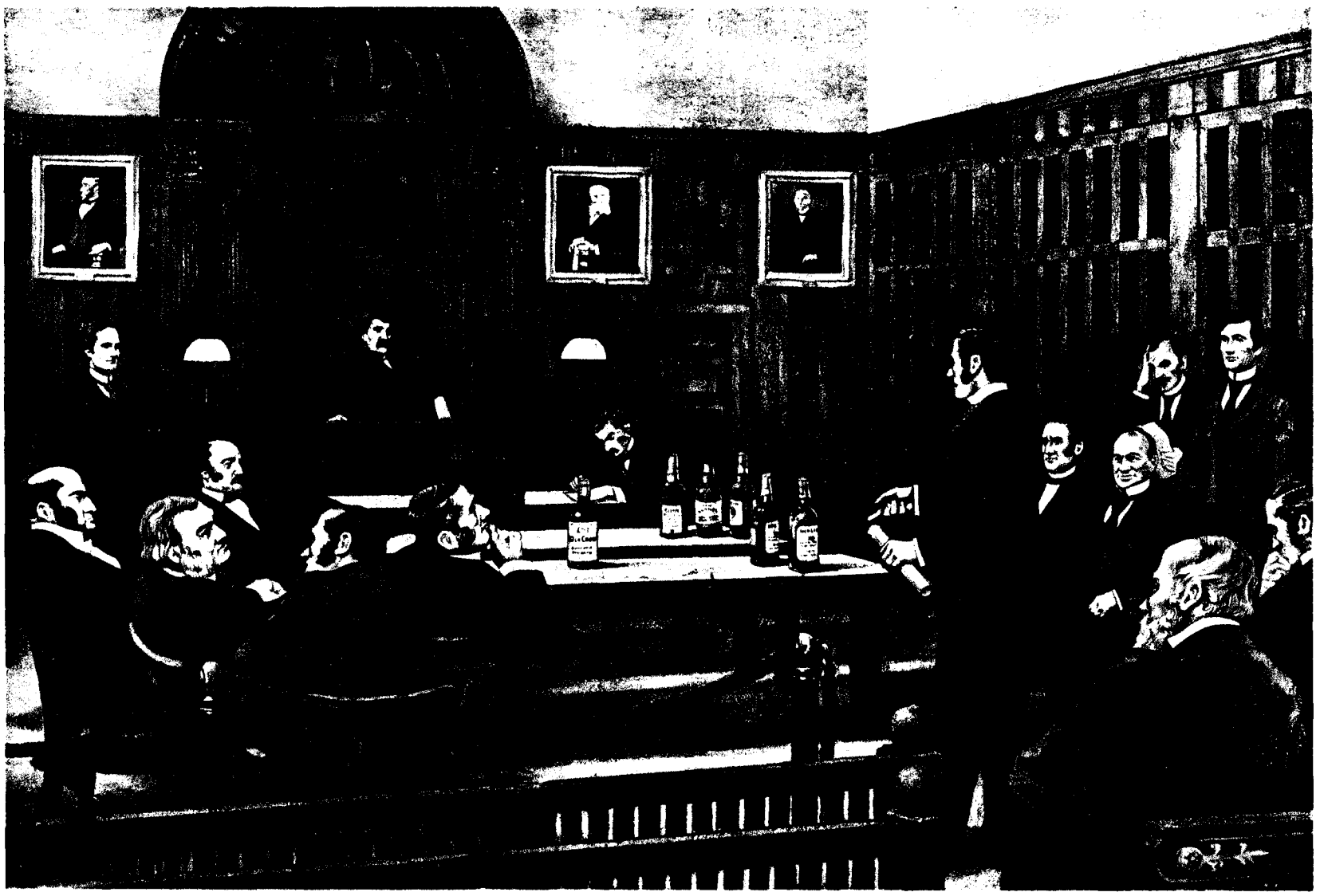

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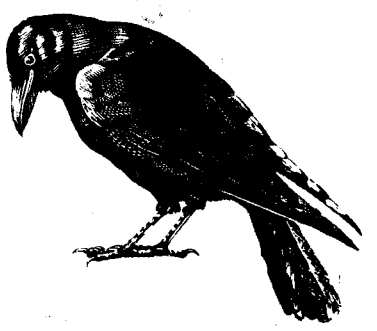

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window in a pink cigar box with a green ribbon tied on it."

"No, no!" Hannibal said, appalled. "It's the body in the map! The islands of Langerhans—"

"What color eyes, Doc?" Dillon interrupted.

"It hasn't any eyes, you idiot!" Hannibal shouted. "It's nearly five miles long and it's got—"

"Oh! No eyes and five miles long," Dillon said indulgently. "You know, Ernie, a party like that should be able to get himself plenty of steady work in a circus."

While Ernie smirked at his employer's witticism, Hannibal began to recognize the desperate nature of the dilemma with which he was faced. That Dillon considered his outburst about his discovery no more than a doomed man's not-very-ingenious effort to save his life was obvious. Yet it was equally obvious that if he were to point out to Dillon the all-important body stretched out in the sea below them with its neatly indicative islets, Dillon could perfectly well dump him and Rosie into the sea and treasure-hunt at his leisure. Still, Dillon *had* to be stopped.

Hannibal yanked his severely confined body forward in the seat. "Dillon," he said, in a partly successful attempt to control the wildness in his voice, "Dillon, you've got to listen to what I'm saying. You've got to! I *know,* I tell you. I know where Cartwright's treasure is, not just more or less where it is, I know *exactly*. I was looking out the window a minute ago and I saw something—"

"Look, Doc," Dillon interrupted, growing impatient, "I wouldn't blame a guy sitting where you're sitting for trying anything. But, all right, you tried, now forget it. I'm sick of you screaming in my ear, understand?"

"I don't care if you're sick of it or not!" Hannibal shouted back. "You've *got* to—"

"Oh, no, I don't got to," Dillon cut in, and as he spoke he lashed out with a vicious backhand, but Hannibal thrust himself back into the seat quickly enough to dodge the blow. He sat there, convinced that he held his and Rosie's salvation in the palm of his hand, his whole body quivering with impotent rage, staring wildly in front of him.

HANNIBAL was not the only one in the vicinity of Abel's Harbor to be nudging the limits of rational conduct.

Some thirty miles distant were not one but two others. When the Coast Guard lieutenant and his crew returned to their base after their night patrol, they were weary and looking forward to a hot breakfast and some sleep, which was too bad, for, waiting for them on the dock, they had found Uncle Norman in a state closely bordering on hysteria.

At the moment, he was stamping up and down the little messroom of the Coast Guard station while the lieutenant sat glowering at the head of the mess table on which there was still no breakfast. The cause of Uncle Norman's almost motherly concern over the whereabouts of Rosie and Hannibal—a phenomenon which had puzzled Rosie—now became apparent. Uncle Norman was suffering from another attack of laryngitis.

"The police of two states!" he croaked savagely. "Nincompoops! And now you, Lieutenant. I thought at least I might count on the United States Coast Guard but you're as bad as they are! While anything, anything at all, may be happening to my niece and that poor talented doctor you sit here yammering about your wretched breakfast—"

"Now you wait a minute!" the lieutenant interrupted indignantly. "You be careful what you say about the Coast Guard *and* my breakfast. To begin with I don't know what makes you so sure anything terrible happened to your niece and this doctor. Maybe they *like* spending their honeymoon by themselves!"

"Don't try to be funny with me!" Uncle Norman rasped. "Suppose the telegram was a fake, what about that? Suppose my niece never sent the telegram? The telegraph people say it was a man who sent it."

"Well, the doctor's a man, isn't he?"

"It was signed 'Rosalie.' "

"Look, I'm not a detective, Mr. Johns," the lieutenant said crossly. "I need a reason for taking the boat out again, a *good* reason. You haven't given me one yet."

A short seaman entered the little room, and as he entered he continued an animated dialogue with someone in the kitchen. ". . . and I told him right out there wasn't any such a fish, I told him," he was saying.

The kitchen door swung shut behind him, and the sailor momentarily suspended his account of his encounter while he set the table.

Uncle Norman stared loftily down at the lieutenant and made a pronouncement. "Since you persist in your insufferable stubbornness," he wheezed furiously, "I'll tell you something I hadn't intended to mention. Tomorrow night there is to be a ball at the White House, and the President has requested me to appear and sing. Although I happen to be a Republican myself, a President is a President, and I have no intention of disappointing—"

"If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Johns," the lieutenant interrupted, "the way you sound right now you'll be doing your country a service if—"

"That's the whole point, you idiot!" Uncle Norman bellowed, almost inaudibly. "I *can't* sing unless I find that confounded young doctor and his medicine! Your own commander in chief has made your duty clear, yet you refuse to do it!"

"Do *what?*" demanded the lieutenant. "*What?* Tell me that."

The sailor, his table-setting finished, pushed open the kitchen door, resuming his story. "So I said to this wise guy, I said, 'You mean pike? You mean pickerel?' 'No,' the wise guy says to me, 'I don't mean pike or pickerel. I mean this other kind of fish. I mean . . .' " But the swab's voice faded away again behind the swinging door, while the lieutenant and Uncle Norman continued to glare at each other. . . .

Back in Dillon's plane, Rosie was leaning close to Hannibal's ear. "What is it, Hannibal?" she whispered tensely. "What did you see? I know it's something. I'll believe you if you . . ."

"I know you'd believe me, Rosie," Hannibal said aloud, "but I don't want you to know—not yet. I don't think it would be a good idea for you to know anything Dillon doesn't know right now." He spoke again to Dillon: "You don't have to listen to what I'm saying, Dillon," he said evenly, "but I'll tell you that what I just saw out the window proves to me that Doc Cartwright was so much smarter than you'll ever be that you could spend the rest of your life, ten lives, searching this country and never come even close to guessing Cartwright's secret. Because once I'm dead, you're finished as far as anything to do with Cartwright is concerned.

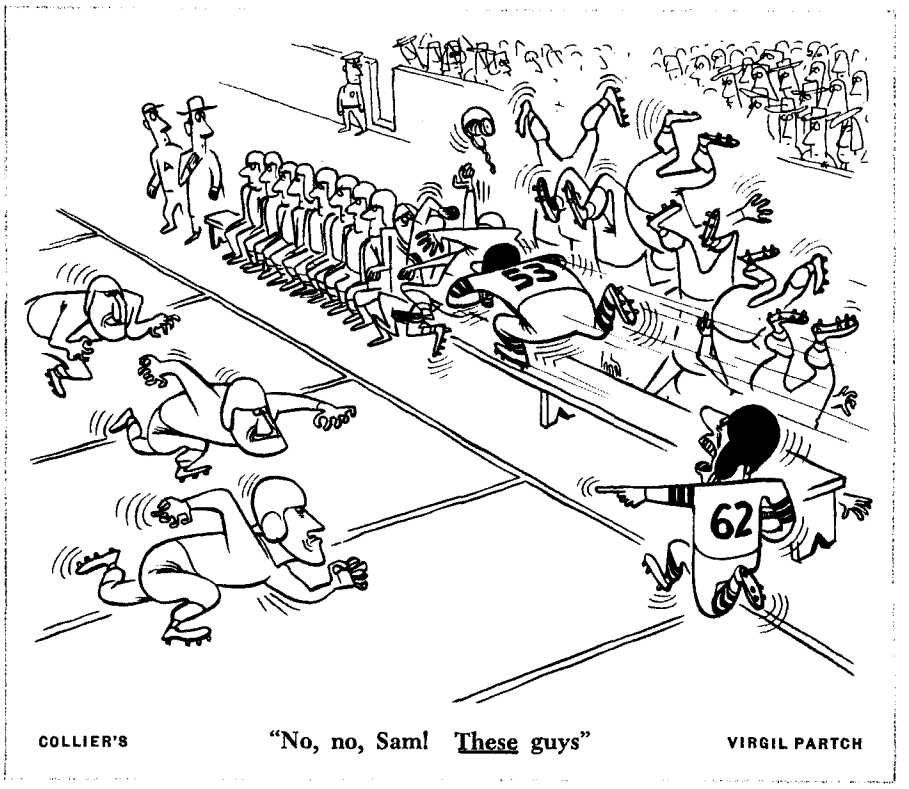
"That would be just fine with me except for one thing. Rosie and I would like to go on living. Now think about this, Dillon, think about it carefully. Which *is* worth more to you—our lives, or the stones you've already wasted sixteen years of your life hunting for?"

STILL Dillon didn't turn around in his seat. "You're wasting your breath on me, Doc. What kind of a fathead do you think you're talking to?" he said, although some of his belligerence seemed to leave his voice. "You're trying to tell me you saw Cartwright's stones out the window. What's the matter with you? You're up in a plane."

"That's right, and some things you can see better from a plane than from anywhere else," Hannibal said quickly. "Doc Cartwright used to fly a lot, didn't he? Didn't he, Ernie? You used to fly him yourself, right over this harbor, right over the spot we passed a few minutes ago, didn't you?" Ernie didn't answer, but only glanced up from his controls and quickly across at Dillon. Hannibal went on, hurrying but not allowing haste to muddle his angry clarity. "I'll tell you much of what I know," he said. "We were wrong when we looked for Cartwright's treasure on Cain's Island. It's not there. But it *is* on an island, a smaller island—"

"So is practically everything else around here," Dillon interrupted, without any particular inflection in his voice. "There's a hundred islands down there. So it's not on Cain's Island. That leaves only ninety-nine more. Thanks, Doc, but you better think up something else."

"It's on a much smaller island," Hannibal continued, as though no one had spoken at all, "an island that wouldn't mean anything special to you or a map maker or somebody who was standing right on it for that matter, unless he was a doctor and unless he had seen what



COLLIER'S "No, no, Sam! These guys" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Doc Cartwright and I both saw by accident from a plane in the sky.

"Accidents like that don't happen very often, Dillon, and even if it happened to you, you wouldn't know what you were looking at. But now I know exactly why Cartwright put the Islands of Langerhans on his map, and McBurney's Point and the rest. He could have called them something else if he'd liked, but he wanted to protect what he'd hidden from men like you he knew would be after it, and he did a damned good job." Hannibal paused for only a half-dozen seconds, his eyes riveted on the back of Dillon's head, willing him with all his strength to listen, to believe what he had said, to turn around at last. "The treasure's on the Islands of Langerhans, Dillon," he said. "What's it worth to you to find it?"

The plane droned on for half a mile while no one spoke, and then suddenly Dillon did turn around. He turned quickly in his seat, but perhaps not precisely as Hannibal had willed him to turn, for in his big hand he held a .38 revolver six inches from Rosie's face.

"I think you're a liar," Dillon said. "But if you did find out anything just now you're going to tell me all of it or see the lady's face go off her head."

Hannibal started to speak but Rosie cut him off: "Hannibal, clam up! Dillon, you are the corniest succotash that ever escaped a quick freeze—where did you get your routine, from the movies? Do you think Hannibal would give out *after* you killed me? Or maybe you think with that ape's noggin of yours that Hannibal would tell you after you killed *him*. . . ."

Dillon's face started to get splotchy but his eyes wavered.

Suddenly Hannibal laughed. He laughed in Dillon's face.

"You depend too much on guns, Dillon," he said. "How can you expect to frighten people with a gun when you're already on your way to dump them into the ocean? We haven't anything to lose. You're the only one who stands to lose anything by killing us now or ten minutes from now or ever. No, I won't tell you anything. Why should I? When they asked Doc Cartwright the same question in the death house he didn't talk, did he? Well, I won't either. Not until there's something to gain by talking. It will take you only half an hour to prove whether I'm right or wrong. Do you want to talk turkey?"

DILLON'S gun didn't waver, but he said, "You're the only one that's saying anything, Doc. You better hurry up."

"All right. I'll tell you exactly what I want," Hannibal went on steadily, "and you can do what you like about it. You can agree to our terms, all our terms, and have Cartwright's stones in your hand within half an hour, or you can go ahead and throw us into the ocean and forget you ever heard of Doc Cartwright. But our terms are a little different from the last time we talked. We're not interested in any more nonsense about helping you just for the privilege of being allowed to go free. We want more than that, a lot more—a strictly cash arrangement.

"You once offered us a ten per cent share. We turned it down then, but so far as I can see, we *have* joined your gang, whether we wanted to or not. We've done as much work as any of the rest of you, and right now, whether you feel like believing it or not, you can't move another step until you know what I know. But the price has gone up. It's now twenty per cent, and if you don't—"

"For a fella sitting where you're sitting, Doc," Dillon interrupted, "you're talking pretty big, aren't you, making propositions to me?" He stared hard at Hannibal for a moment, and there was a grain of indecision in his eye. Then, he said, "What do you mean it would only take a half an hour to prove whether you're right or wrong?"

"That's about how long it would take to fly back to the island and dig up Cartwright's stones," Hannibal said. "If I'm wrong, all you have to do is bring us right back where we are now, isn't it? And if I'm right, we're your accomplices. We're accessories. Half an hour, that's all you can lose."

Dillon didn't alter his expression. "Which island are you trying to kid me you saw something on?" he said.

"I'll tell you which island," Hannibal answered, "after you've agreed to my terms. It's a little island that's almost out of sight now, and you'd better turn around before I forget which one it is."

FOR several moments Dillon glowered savagely along his pistol barrel, his face growing dark. Then the other, the old Dillon, reappeared, and at last Hannibal knew that he had won. This was Dillon's language. *"Twenty per cent!"* Dillon roared. "What do you think, I'm some greenhorn Airedale or other! Twenty per cent! I don't care what you know! Fifteen at the very outside—"

"No," Hannibal interrupted. "Not only we won't settle for fifteen but if you don't hurry up and agree it goes up to twenty-five."

Dillon swung around in his seat and glared straight in front of him at the instrument panel. "I'm telling you right now," he said slowly, "if there's anything on this island, a house, even a tent, anything, we won't land there, understand? You'll be back here so fast you won't know what hit you, right?"

"There's nothing on it," Hannibal said.

For a moment longer Dillon stared at the panel, then without turning toward Ernie, he muttered, "All right. Go where Doc tells you."

And as the little plane wheeled in the sky and headed back toward the land, Rosie turned upon Hannibal a look of uninhibited admiration such as he would blissfully have died for.

Now that dawn had passed and the islands in the harbor were more clearly lighted by the morning sun, the sea less gleaming brass, the illusion of the giant body sprawling below was less apparent than it had been, although to Hannibal, who was aware of what he was looking for, it was as plain as ever. In a moment Ernie had set the plane down in the water close to the shore of the island which represented the Islands of Langerhans on Doc Cartwright's chart.

It wasn't much of an island, a mile from shore, little more than an extended sand bar on which grew a scattering of scrub pine. All that distinguished the island in any way was the presence on it of two prominent boulders some thirty feet apart—one, an enormous towering, jagged thing, and the other, half its size, smooth and white. It was when Ernie had taxied the plane up to the beach on the seaward side of the island and cut the engine that Hannibal encountered a slap he hadn't counted on.

Dillon swung around in his seat, a pocket knife in his hand, and cut the rope which tied Hannibal's legs and hands. "All right, Doc, get out," he said, "and get to work."

"Now, wait a minute," Hannibal protested. "What about Rosie? You can't leave her tied up here."

"Why can't I?" Dillon said. "This is *your* Great Discovery, not hers, right? She stays. It's a sort of little insurance I worked out. Go on, get out."

"But—but—" Hannibal began, but he saw that he had cut the ground from under himself. He turned to Rosie. "I know I'm right, Rosie," he said. "We—we'll only be a few minutes."

"I know you're right, too," Rosie said. "Take care of yourself, Hannibal." She leaned forward on the seat and Hannibal bent down to kiss her.

But Dillon's face was once again trans-

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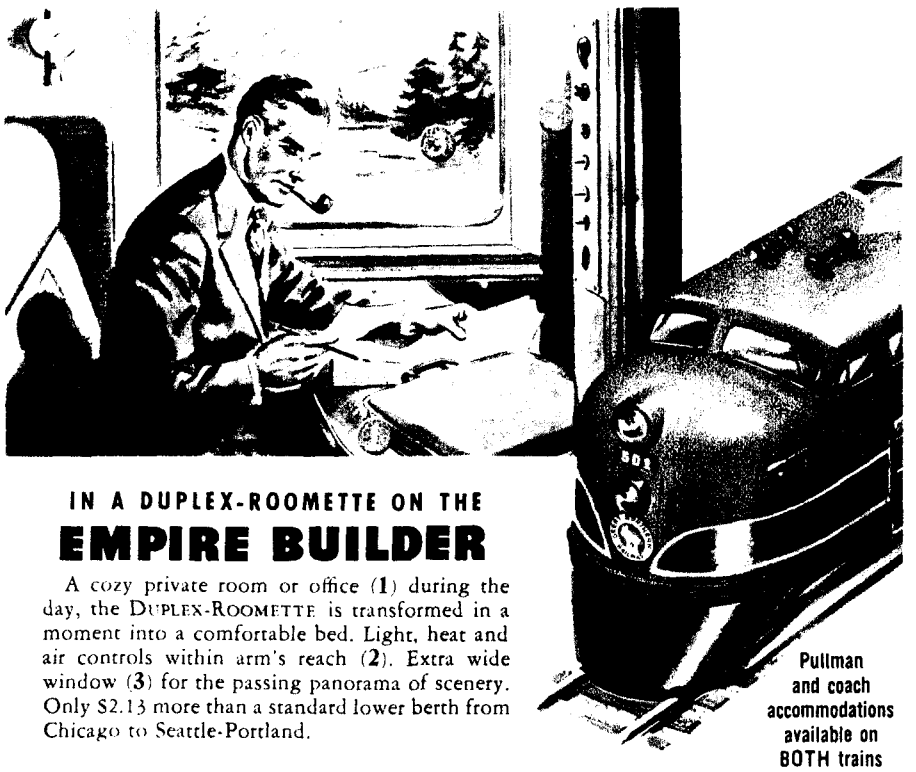

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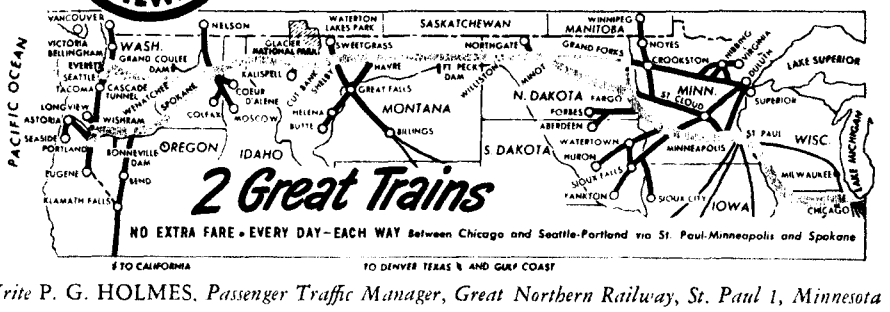

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figured by the treasure fever, and his impatience left no time for expressions of even the loftiest sentiments. He gave Hannibal a brisk crack across the forearm with his revolver muzzle and jerked him toward the plane door. "Get going, Doc," he said. "I'm not interested in your love life. Ernie, get the shovels!"

The three men sloshed ashore and up onto the beach of the little island, Hannibal covered by the guns of the other two, while Rosie watched them through the plane window.

The island looked its part. It would have interested no one but a pirate with a treasure to bury, or a small boy who supposed that he was one. Only the two boulders, jutting up like eternity, seemed content to live in the repetitious sand.

Hannibal looked from one boulder to the other for only a moment, then he pointed to the bigger of the two. "The notation on Cartwright's map said, 'Incision at phosphatic calculus.' That means dig under that boulder."

Dillon's excitement didn't prevent him from cautious if brief hesitation. "Dig *where* under that boulder?"

"How do I know where?" Hannibal said. "I didn't bury it. You'll have to undermine it until you strike something. All I know is that Cartwright's map told us to dig under the 'phosphatic calculus' on the 'Islands of Langerhans.' Well, this is the Islands of Langerhans. I won't tell you why it is until I have our twenty per cent in my hands. And that boulder is the 'phosphatic calculus.' You've simply got to take my word as a doctor for that. Just start digging."

"No," Dillon said, and Hannibal held his breath. "No, *you* start digging, you and Ernie. It'll keep you out of trouble. Give him one of the shovels, Ernie. I'll keep him covered. Get started."

Hannibal grasped the shovel as a drowning man would a floating spar. Since the moment he had seen Ernie take the shovels from the plane he had prayed that he might get one in his hand. The shovel represented a weapon of sorts, and the feel of it in his hand gave Hannibal courage. He struck into the loose sand at the base of the boulder.

THE boulder was huge, rising some twenty feet above the ground, so that the task of undermining it was no small matter. Dillon, however, seemed to consider it so. Standing a little to one side, brandishing his revolver, he urged them on, berating them, abusing their efforts, like the slavemaster on a galley.

Hannibal and Ernie meanwhile, starting from the same point, were digging their way away from each other around the base of the great boulder. Each dug a trench about two feet deep as a kind of starter on their Herculean enterprise. Hannibal dug rapidly and with a fierce intensity, for he had a plan now—a wild, a desperate plan, and one which required that he dig approximately twice as fast as Ernie. It was Hannibal's frantic hope that he could dig two thirds of the way around the boulder while Ernie, digging from the opposite direction, dug only one third. If he could accomplish this it meant that his eventual meeting with Ernie would take place at the far side, the seaward side of the boulder, from which point they would be hidden from Dillon's view during his brief excursions to his lookout station on an inland rise of ground.

Hannibal dug like a wild man, sending the sand flying around him in all directions, panting, sweating, his breath a crying ache in his throat. From the side of his eye he could see Rosie watching him anxiously, her lovely face pressed close against the window of the plane. Presently Ernie came into sight around the edge of the boulder. He had thrown off his sharp jacket but had taken the precaution of slipping his automatic into his belt. Ernie's distaste for manual labor was exceeded only by Dillon's, and he worked resentfully, muttering under his breath.

"You hit anything yet?" he called to Hannibal.

"Not yet," Hannibal panted. "We'll probably have to go deeper."

"Stop gassing!" Dillon shouted. "Get to work, Ernie. What's the matter with you? The Doc's doing all the work."

They worked for a time in silence, the space between them narrowing rapidly.

WHEN their shovels were divided by no more than five feet and Dillon still stood at his side Hannibal began to fear that the chance his whole plan hinged on wouldn't come until the two ends of the trench had met, when it would be too late. But come it did at last. When there remained no more than a yard of sand between Ernie and himself, Hannibal saw Dillon's feet turn and race out of sight around the boulder.

Ernie bent over his work in the trench. Hannibal didn't wait two heartbeats. He gripped his shovel in both hands, swung it high in the air and brought it down with all the strength he had in him on top of Ernie's head. Ernie made a stifled, grunting sound and dropped forward across the edge of the trench, face downward, limp and silent.

Hannibal frantically pulled at Ernie's senseless body, trying to turn him over to reach the automatic stuck in his belt. At last his shaking fingers touched the welcome steel. When he looked up his heart stopped beating. Dillon had just come around the edge of the boulder. For the smallest fraction of a second the two men simply stared at each other, then their two guns exploded.

"Hannibal!" Rosie screamed from the plane. "Hannibal, where are you?"

For answer a moment later, Hannibal's arm appeared briefly around the side of the boulder, semaphored and vanished again. He was crouched against the far side of the stone where he had darted after his single shot, staring down at two clean round holes in his trousers just beside his knee. Dillon crouched at the opposite side of the boulder, intact except for his expensive hat which lay paces away, its crown plugged neatly fore and aft. Both men were deathly silent, each fearful of revealing his whereabouts to the other, each trying to look in two directions at once so as not to be taken unaware.

Then, cautiously, hesitantly, Hannibal started to inch his way forward, hugging the boulder, his eyes squinted up intensely for the first glimpse of any part of Dillon's person which might provide a target. This, however, seemed likely to prove an inconclusive maneuver, for Dillon on his side of the boulder was doing the same thing, so that, left to themselves, the two men might have pursued each other around and around the boulder indefinitely. But suddenly Rosie's voice sang out across the water.

"He's behind you, Hannibal," she shouted, "about halfway around the other side of the rock! I'll keep telling you where—"

A bullet crashed through the plane window a foot from Rosie's face. For a moment she ducked out of sight, then slowly her face reappeared.

Hannibal took four quick steps forward around the boulder and saw half of Dillon's back not fifteen feet away. Very carefully he raised his gun, taking slow aim. Then he took another cautious step forward to reduce the range, tripped over Ernie's inert form, pulled the trigger and hurtled forward onto his face. The bullet took an angry bite out of the top of the boulder, then went screaming out to sea. When Hannibal scrambled up Dillon was out of sight.

"He's on the other side, where you were before!" Rosie shouted again. "Careful! He's turning around now, coming toward you on your right—"

"You shut up!" Dillon roared.

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Heart came back into Hannibal. It seemed plain now that sooner or later, the combination of Rosie and him working together was bound to get the drop on Dillon.

Nor was Dillon unaware of his predicament. Once as the two men slowly circled the big stone, Hannibal heard Dillon hesitate beside Ernie and give him a resounding kick. "Wake up, you coward!" But Ernie might as well have been dead for all the response he made.

And so the pursuit continued, with Rosie calling signals from her vantage point, Hannibal growing shrewder interpreting them, and Dillon rapidly becoming more pursued than pursuer. Then, without any warning, the tables turned.

"Hannibal!" Rosie called, and it was a different voice from the voice which had called ten seconds before. "Oh, Hannibal, look! Look toward the harbor!"

And Hannibal looked, and what he saw was the big cabin cruiser from the house on the point, bearing down on the island at full speed, slapping the water into billows of white spray. Turkey was already visible on the forward deck ready to throw out the anchor, and in a moment Hannibal could make out Harry's lank figure in the cabin house.

From the other side of the boulder Hannibal heard Dillon's sudden shout of triumph. It was a frightening sound, rich with vindictive promise, and it did something to Hannibal. It inflamed him, even though sudden death was hurrying toward him across the water. It goaded him with a deep righteous passion. Like a man who fears neither beast nor his fellow man, Hannibal stalked around the boulder.

Dillon stood facing the harbor, his back toward Hannibal, waving his arms and shouting wildly to the onrushing cruiser. "Hurry up, you no-good bums!" he roared. "Run the boat up onto the beach! Harry, get the doc! He's around the other side of this rock! Let him have it, quick—"

Hannibal didn't pause. With half a dozen enormous flying steps he threw himself into the air with all his strength and landed mightily on Dillon's back. The impact shot Dillon sprawling forward on his face with Hannibal on top of him, and for a few moments they rolled over and over in a deadly embrace, their flailing arms and legs churning the sand.

It was a short fight. Either because Hannibal was determined to win his last, as well as his first, fight, or because Dillon was certain of momentary rescue, the whole thing was finished in a minute, and it ended with Hannibal gasping desperately for his breath on top of Dillon's passive body, one knee firmly planted in the back of Dillon's neck.

DURING the course of his battle, Hannibal had become vaguely aware of shouts, of splashings in the water, of running feet, and now at last he looked up and across to the shore. The first one he saw, which did not surprise him, was Harry and beside him Frankie. But there was more to the picture, and the rest made Hannibal stare in dizzy disbelief. Harry and Turkey were manacled together and they were being prodded hurriedly up the beach by a grizzled Coast Guard lieutenant and four other Coast Guardsmen, all armed to the teeth. Still others seemed to be swarming off the cruiser in the background, although Hannibal couldn't be sure of anything that was happening before his misted eyes.

"Okay, Doctor," the lieutenant said, when he was close enough to see what was going on, "you can stop breaking the man's neck now. Say, you didn't pick a little fella, did you?"

"There's—there's another one on the other side of the boulder!" Hannibal panted. "He's still knocked out, I think."

The lieutenant raised his eyebrows, regarding Hannibal respectfully. "Another one?" he said, and nodded to two of his men who disappeared and returned in a moment, half supporting, half dragging a tottering woebegone Ernie.

"But, but, but," Hannibal said. "I don't see how—I mean, I don't see—"

"We saw the plane turn back and land here," said the lieutenant. "We figured we'd come out in their boat instead of ours to throw them off. Take it easy. You're all right now."

Then, suddenly, Hannibal leaped to his feet. "Rosie!" he shouted. "Poor Rosie!" He raced across the beach.

Inside the plane, as he fumbled with Rosie's bonds, Hannibal found words spilling out of him with all the desperate fluency of a radio sports announcer. He talked without any idea of what he was saying—making love, describing Doc Cartwright's map, muttering sympathetically over the savage welts on Rosie's wrists. But once her arms were free, Hannibal talked no more. As they held each other, as Rosie clung to him, Hannibal felt no further need for speech. The silent time said more to him than all the words he had ever heard.

When they reached the shore they found that the lieutenant had hitched Dillon and Ernie to the other two, and the four of them stood glowering in a row at their erstwhile captives. And now—now that everything was plainly under control—another figure came splashing out of the sea from the cruiser and hurried up the beach toward the group.

It was Uncle Norman, a spectacular plaid muffler wrapped twice around his neck. He rushed across the sand up to Hannibal, and grasped him by both his shoulders. "*Pikerole!*" he croaked. "There's no time to waste. I don't ask you to thank me for saving your lives, although I won't pretend it was a small matter, but the President is waiting—"

"Pikerole!" Hannibal interrupted incredulously. "You and that sailor on the Coast Guard boat . . ." Then he stopped and stared down at Uncle Norman. "You weren't looking for Rosie at all, were you?" he said indignantly. "All you were looking for was Pikerole. For all you knew we *were* on our honeymoon! Well, you can just wait for your Pikerole."

"But, my dear boy," Uncle Norman rustled, "you don't understand. The entire nation—"

"It can wait!" Hannibal repeated imperiously.

BEFORE Uncle Norman could pursue his wheezing cause, the lieutenant interrupted him. "Doctor," he said, "these fellas we rounded up back at the Cutler place on the point have been yammering about you digging up something Doc Cartwright buried. What about that?" He indicated the trench around the big boulder with a jerk of his head. "I guess you didn't find anything."

"Of *course* we didn't find anything," Hannibal said at once, "because there isn't anything there to find. Any old fool would know that boulder isn't a phosphatic calculus. It's too big and it's too jagged. It's just a kidney stone—"

"What?" said the lieutenant stolidly.

"They know what I mean," Hannibal continued, nodding at the four grim men who stood in a row. He swung around and pointed at the small, smooth, white boulder a few feet away. "Now there," he said, "is a pancreatic stone if I ever saw one. Somebody help me dig under it."

For the second time in half an hour Hannibal grasped one of the shovels. With a husky Coast Guardsman handling the other, they set to work at the smaller stone. Perhaps it was the shifting sands on the little strand or a storm or two in the years since Cartwright had picked his Islands of Langerhans, but Hannibal had hurled aside no more than half a dozen shovelfuls when his next stroke sent up a sharp, clear, metallic ring.

In a moment he held a casket in his arms—a stout, stubby, steel casket, secured with a combination padlock. He set it quickly in the sand and, with Ernie's automatic, blew the lock to smithereens.

As he threw back the lid the others crowded in around him, and what they saw was a pirate's plunder of a lawless era, about two dozen stones like robin's eggs which flashed a blinding, icy glitter up into the sunlight.

Gallantly Hannibal lifted the casket in his arms and held it out to Rosie, as a proper knight must surely have presented his heart and name or a Saracen's head.

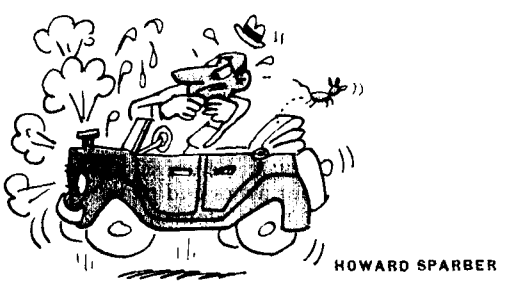
But the lieutenant moved faster than Rosie. "I'll take that, Doctor," he said. "It'll have to be assessed for income tax," he explained. "This is government property."

"Income tax?" Hannibal repeated vaguely, relinquishing the casket. "Did you hear what he said, Rosie?"

Rosie nodded, but neither of them seemed able to keep their eyes on the casket. They were looking at each other—a wonderful, private look. "Income tax?" Rosie said.

"That's right," Hannibal said, like a man talking from the moon. They met and touched and Rosie was looking up at him with all the love in the world in her beautiful eyes. "The man said something about income tax . . ." THE END

Picture Postmarks



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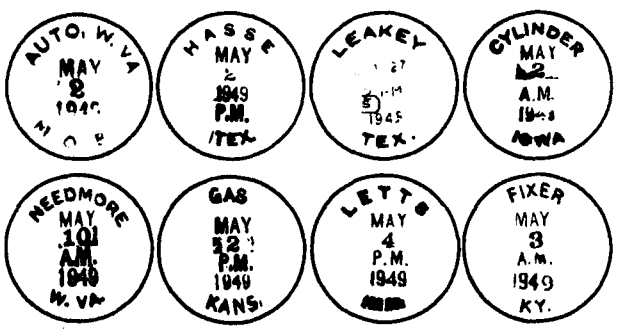

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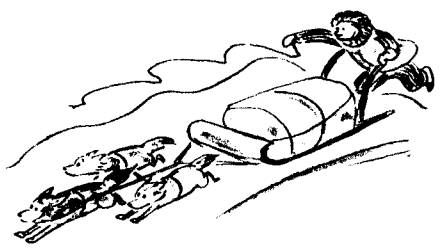

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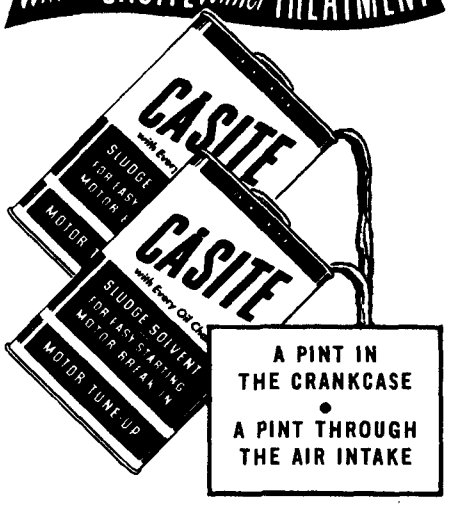

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How to Live on 24 Hours a Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

go to bed; if you think better in the early morning, do your planning before you get out of bed. Don't simply list in your mind, helter-skelter, all the things that should be done and then look at them in despair, thinking: I can never manage all that.

Above all, in planning your day remember you must plan for something during that day that will give you pleasure, something to which you will look forward. This may be a luncheon engagement with a friend, a book you have set aside for the evening, a radio or television feature you want to hear. Whether it is small or large, every day should have its quota of enjoyment.

The unaccomplished task causes a residual tension. Therefore it is wise to plan to do the unpleasant things as soon as you can and get them out of the way: a visit to the dentist, a bill you have put off paying, the cupboard you dislike cleaning. When they are done, you will experience a sensation of relief, and also the feeling of strength that comes with having tackled the unpleasant job.

For a few weeks, until your new habits become automatic, watch yourself at work. Be aware of the way you sit and stand and walk; be conscious of the reason for your aches and pains. Ask yourself what made you tired. What you were doing wrong. What muscle groups were overworked and which ones were underworked.

Relax *as you go along*. In time you should be able to work in a state of relaxation. Meantime watch to see whether you are growing tense and, if so, let go. This is not a time-consumer, it is a timesaver. It means that you will end your workday rested instead of being fatigued and depressed.

If it is possible to get a few minutes of rest, both morning and afternoon, fine! If not, when you go to the washroom, make use of the time to yawn and stretch, to straighten up against the wall for a sense of proper alignment.

Before you go out to lunch take a couple of long breaths and feel yourself let go from head to foot. If it is possible, eat without rush in a quiet place.

Silence Conserves Strength

If you ride to and from work, however noisy or crowded your surroundings, close your eyes to rest them and allow yourself those minutes or that hour—whatever it may be—for silence and meditation. To be silent for a short interval during the day is an important source of strength saving. Talking requires far more breath and energy than most people realize.

Watch yourself for a few days and find out how large a share you take in the conversation. Watch others and you will see that the people who are most successful and who accomplish the most are those who know how to be silent. They focus their shot; they don't scatter it.

There is one daily and constant source of tension that leads to exhaustion, yet is rarely suspected. That is the abuse of the telephone. People who spend hours chattering over the telephone are seldom conscious of the strain it causes them. One reason is the physical strain of keeping the phone pressed against the ear with one hand. Another reason is the mental strain—of which nearly everyone is unconscious—of attempting to guess, from the voice alone, all the changes of mood of the person to whom you are talking, without the help of seeing his changing expression or gestures. It is a kind of jigsaw puzzle, in which the listener tries to piece together a picture without sufficient clues.

On your return home you should allow a few minutes of complete rest before you eat your evening meal. Lie down if you can, let yourself go, and breathe deeply. Before you get up, stretch as you did in the morning. You will feel refreshed and ready for a pleasant evening. If you adopt this routine based on a planned day, you will find that you have little trouble with insomnia when you go to bed.

The purpose of the foregoing rules of living is to point the way to spend 24 hours every day and enjoy it. It should be normal for you to feel well, buoyantly cheerful, without aches and pains.

Making Yourself Feel Well

Life is not an indeterminate sentence; it is an adventure. People in general are so far below their own health potentialities that they take lack of energy, vitality and zest as their normal condition. That simply isn't so. With few exceptions, you can make yourself feel infinitely better than you do.

On the whole, it is good advice to make it a rule not to talk about your health. The temptation to cap the story of your friend who slept only four hours last night with your own harrowing experiences of a night in which you never closed your eyes will be almost irresistible. But don't give in to it.

If there is really something wrong with your health, something beyond the wrong functioning that comes with your faulty habits, don't speculate about it, or take the advice of your friends, or prescribe your own remedies. *See your doctor.*

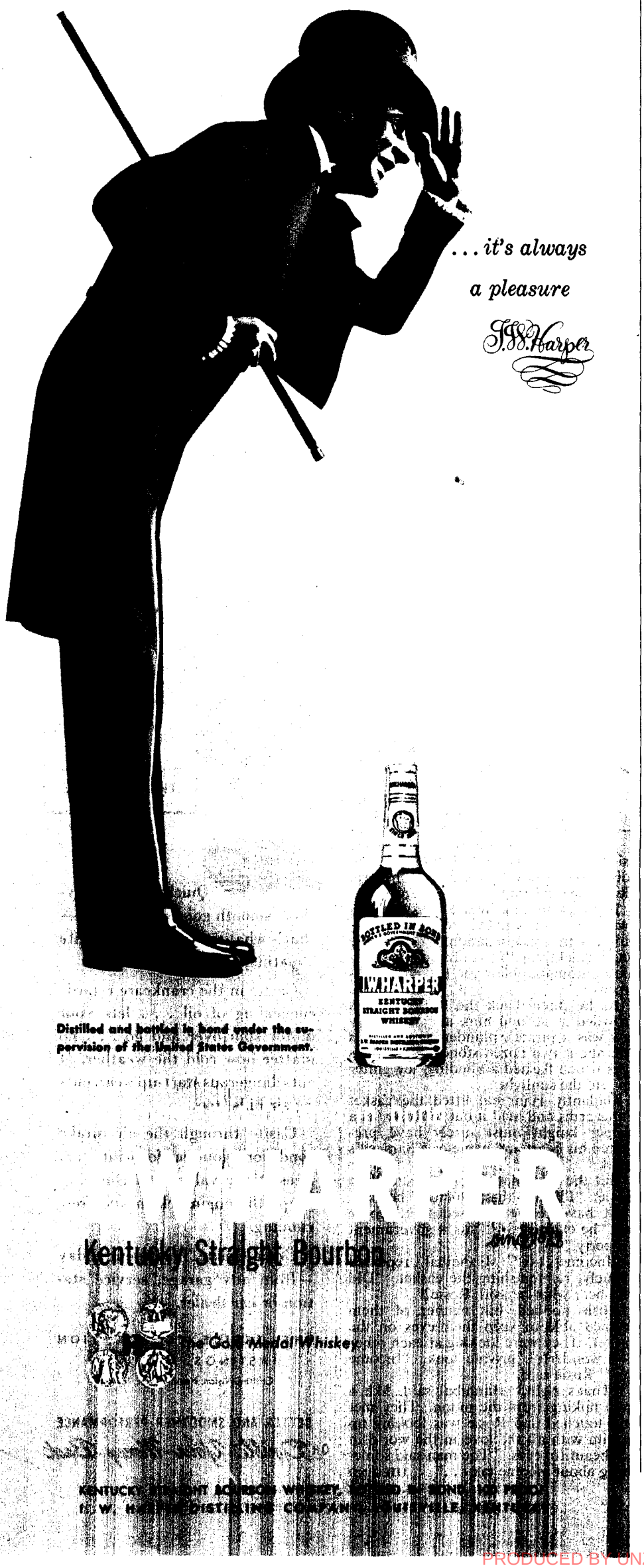
If your doctor discovers that you have a chronic ailment which he can help but not cure, take time out to think your situation through clearly. If you feel worried and uncertain, get a second medical opinion. But when you know that you have a gall-bladder or kidney condition or a stomach ulcer, do your talking to your doctor and not to your friends. Find out how you should adjust your life, what kind of diet and regime you are expected to follow. Discuss this with your family so they will understand what is necessary and then tell yourself, "Now, I'll devote the rest of my time and energy to living and not spend it talking to other people about my symptoms."

Easy? I didn't say it was easy. But let me tell you the story of a friend of mine who suffered from a glandular condition about which doctors knew nothing until very recently. Her suffering was so acute that she had to have morphine to relieve her pain and often fainted during these attacks. And yet she gave the world the impression of health and energy.

Having seen her in one of these attacks, I asked, "How is it possible for you to be so cheerful and to give others so much courage?"

She smiled. "Thirty years ago," she said, "I was expecting a baby and several medical authorities told my husband that there was no hope of saving either my life or my child's. By a miracle I pulled through and my child is now grown up and a fine person. Knowing how near death I had been, I made a vow that, whatever happened to me, I would always be thankful that I had been allowed to live. I reminded myself that at least I was alive. And now the doctors have learned to understand the condition and to relieve my suffering."

She pondered for a moment and laughed. "What a waste of mental energy it would have been if I had let those 30 years of pain make me sorry for myself!" THE END



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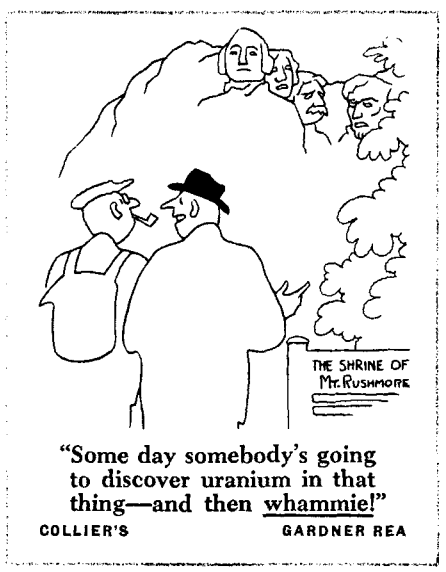
Ingrid's Rossellini

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Roberto himself, having provided music for 88 pictures, besides writing 15 symphonies and a ballet. A discord in family unity exists in cousin Renzo Avanzo, a director who, according to the Italian press, claims to have given Rossellini the idea for the Stromboli picture—but who deserted to the camp of Anna Magnani, the great dramatic actress who was making a picture on Vulcano, the other smoking island of the Lipari group.

Magnani was the star of Open City. A forceful actress with a shock of tomboy hair, she was sometimes called, for her earthy style, the "Roman roughneck." Her name had been tied sentimentally to Rossellini's, and their parting, brought on by Bergman's arrival, was painful to both.

While Ingrid and Rossellini were working on After the Storm, Magnani made a picture about a deserted woman and a careerist deep-sea diver, called Volcano. Some Italian observers found a parellel between its plot and the abrupt break between Magnani and Rossellini,



"Some day somebody's going to discover uranium in that thing—and then whammie!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

for the director is famous as an underwater fisherman.

Rossellini learned early that fish, unlike actresses, never swim up and offer themselves for capture. He therefore pursues them into their own realm, often into deep and treacherous waters. Wearing his submarine mask, he can go to a depth of 30 feet and swim around there with his spear gun for nearly two minutes. Among the few people he admires without reserve are those who can go deeper and stay under longer.

Rossellini's interest in fish extends into a second of his hobbies: mimicry. Usually he can give an actor, or even an actress, a fair idea of an emotion by his own portrayal. Where he is without a peer, however, is in his imitation of a fish.

"An octopus," he told his enthralled company one evening in the mess hall, "sits in his cave like a man at a window. He waits there," said Rossellini, imitating the octopus, "with two of his arms crossed in front of him and his head resting against them, like this. His two eyes stare out over these two arms while the other arms get ready to make a grab for you. When he jumps he moves too fast to see."

Rossellini's shoulders twitched a little, and his company jumped.

Rossellini even cast a fish as an actor in After the Storm. In one scene on Stromboli, an island boy, hired as an extra, was supposed to seize a writhing octopus in his bare hands. Rossellini waded into the shallows, with Ingrid standing by ankle-deep in her wallpaper skirt and gray bra-blouse. He took the octopus himself and showed the cringing child how to thrust it toward the camera.

The monster, changing from yellowish, undersea green to an angry, bloody red, brought out stinging spots of pink on Rossellini's arms. The boy shrank back. Rossellini did not scold or rant. He put one arm around the shoulders of the child and whispered reassuringly to him. The boy put out his small hands and accepted the octopus, which was nearly dead, for the necessary instant.

When the octopus died a few minutes later, Rossellini said, "It is usual in Italy to suspend operations when a member of the cast passes away." The tanned, rope-soled cast crept obediently back to their houses, not quite sure whether their director was joking.

Rossellini had married in his own class in 1934. His wife, the former Marcelle de Marchis, is a quiet, discreet and intelligent woman who apparently remains strongly attached to him. His vagrant nature more than any other cause drew them apart. They have been separated for several years and are now awaiting final action on their divorce suit in the Italian courts. Mrs. Rossellini has behaved with extraordinary discretion toward Roberto's attachment for Ingrid Bergman, refusing to make any public comments as the rumors from Stromboli were spread across the newspapers.

The actual work on Stromboli took almost twice as long as had been estimated in the original shooting schedule. Howard Hughes had to pay nearly $1,000,000 instead of the $600,000 budgeted for After the Storm (which he wants to retitle Stromboli).

Films Did a Lot of Traveling

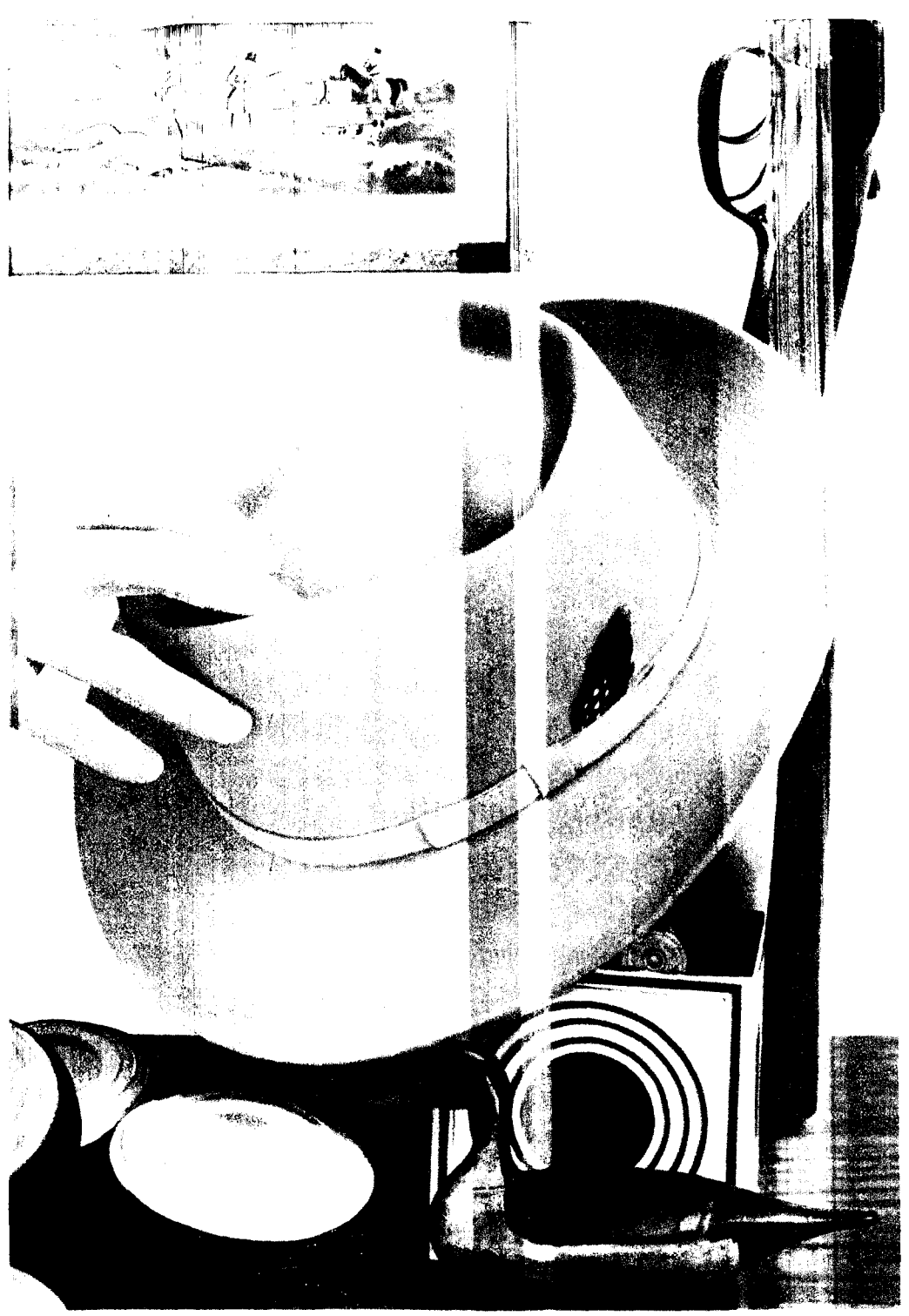
The picture was made in two versions at once: Italian and American. Rossellini sent the Italian rushes to Rome for development, then brought them back to the volcano for his own guidance. The undeveloped American version, in a wooden box about as big as a washbasin, flew daily to the Italian consulate in Los Angeles, and there was delivered to Hughes and RKO. This double system of negatives eventually broke down in Rome in a series of legal battles, in the course of which Rossellini concealed the single negative of a vital sequence until RKO agreed not to insist on his leaving Ingrid to go to Hollywood.

Rossellini's associates in Hollywood, after they had soured on him because of his holding back that vital sequence, charged him with prolonging the picture's shooting in order to be sure to win Ingrid Bergman away from her husband. It is a fact, though perhaps an unrelated one, that only a fortnight before the overdue picture was finished, Ingrid reversed her public pledge to return to her husband.

When the last boat left Stromboli the marriages of both principals were reduced to ashes. Rossellini's wife accelerated divorce proceedings she had started reluctantly several years before. Ingrid, possibly the most popular actress in the world, announced simultaneously her plan to divorce Dr. Peter Lindstrom, the Swedish surgeon, and her retirement—to what, she did not say.

This denouement pleased Italy—which had thawed a viking ice maiden—more than America, which had lost a Joan of Arc. THE END

George Weller, author of "Ingrid's Rossellini," is one of the principal European correspondents of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Service



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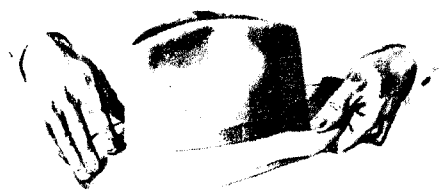

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Report on the Midwest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the federal government is, naturally, acceptable—or at least tolerable—to the people to whom it represents security benefits beyond the means or aims of local government. I gathered this from a meeting of steelworkers at Gary, Indiana.

At the time the steel strike was in the immediate offing, but the meeting was murderously dull. The 200 men in the hall were about as enthusiastic as elderly oysters, until up rose a sturdy fellow who probably did not juggle steel ingots for recreation but who looked as though he could.

He said, in substance, that he thought federal benefits to the farmers were fine, just fine (his brother and father are farmers). Then he yelled, "How about 90 per cent parity for steelworkers, for all organized labor?"

That hotfooted the torpid gathering. I stayed long enough to hear a guy with a loud voice ask what 90 per cent of parity for labor would amount to in money.

The man who had begun the forensic rhubarb roared—and I mean roared—"The hell with that! Let Truman figure it out! We elected him!"

Banker Takes the Dim View

I passed this incident along to a Chicago banker. He shrugged, and wearily commented, "I wouldn't bet one of several million idle dollars I have in the vaults that Mr. Truman won't do it, either."

Then he gave voice to yet another phrase, not too distantly related to Big Government, which the Midwest is kicking around: Welfare State. Here and there it is boiled down to the more comprehensive word, Statism.

I ran into it first in Ohio, where the 1950 campaign is already under way, particularly in the fight that Senator Robert A. Taft is making to retain his seat in Washington.

Anyone predicting today what will happen in Ohio in November, 1950, is guessing, plain and simple. Still, I found people who assured me that the issue will be Statism and not the retreaded Taft-Hartley law; and that the senator will be the beneficiary of a popular rejection of Socialism.

My Chicago banker friend was swift to say that such would indeed be the case.

"We're getting the Welfare State fast," said he. "The next stop is Statism, and that's Socialism. Anyone denying that is either a liar or a Democrat."

Before I got through Iowa and Nebraska, I became convinced of the probability that the next Presidential campaign will be fought on the Welfare State issue. Nobody I talked to—at least nobody who seemed to know what he was talking about—predicted Depression, either as a likelihood or as a likely campaign issue. Almost invariably, the people I talked with denied that there were any reliable depression portents.

The prevailing attitude was that, unless the priming of Europe's pump produces a gusher in the next 12 months, the American voter is going to tend exclusively to homework.

Midwest Republicans, admittedly hard up for a platform, are particularly eager to see the 1952 battle waged on this basis. At least it will relieve them of the curse of me-tooism, and all they need, they assured me, is a candidate who doesn't go up to the plate with two strikes against him.

Labor, on the other hand, insists that the great mass of common people find little difference between what the farmers call Big Government and the banks call the Welfare State, and that they can be persuaded to shrug off the fear of either.

While I was in Indiana, a C.I.O. orator was warning the populace that it might expect a series of important strikes this fall and winter. The labor men I talked to described such dire forecasts as "conditioning talk," designed to soften up those opposed to pensions and other security benefits.

They said it was immaterial whether such benefits came from federal grants or from management under compulsion from Washington. They pointed out that even now some of the aspects of Big Government are being accepted without demur and, in fact, being sought: the farmer wants a continuation of the current benefits he receives from Washington; state governments crave increased federal grants for schools, hospitals, highways, housing, unemployment and old-age insurance, and so on. Why not, they argued, a similar set of security-insuring guarantees for labor?

Commenting on all this, a Detroit manufacturer wryly told me, "No one seems to give a damn what *we* want. All *we* are asked to do is to produce the tax money to finance this Welfare State."

One particular phase of the Welfare State that is getting Midwestern attention is the issue of the government's proposed national health program. Both sides—those for it and those against it—are split into innumerable factions, each with its own unalterable theory as to how the program should be administered, or why it shouldn't be at all.

One woman told me that she wouldn't think of "having some politician fooling around with my tonsils." One man averred that he "wouldn't have a Socialist in the house, much less let him treat any member of my family."

Retiring to a shady spot to sort out all these snatchings and impressions, I came up with one irrefutable fact: political party lines, as they existed before the war, are vanishing, or becoming completely interwoven. It may be a phase that will pass. But there's no doubt that serious regard for Congress isn't what it used to be. I didn't take a poll about it; even if I had, I'd stick to my impression. In the Midwest, anyway, polls don't seem to have improved since last November. It has seen at least five polls on the Brannan Plan, for instance, and no two have produced even reasonably similar results.

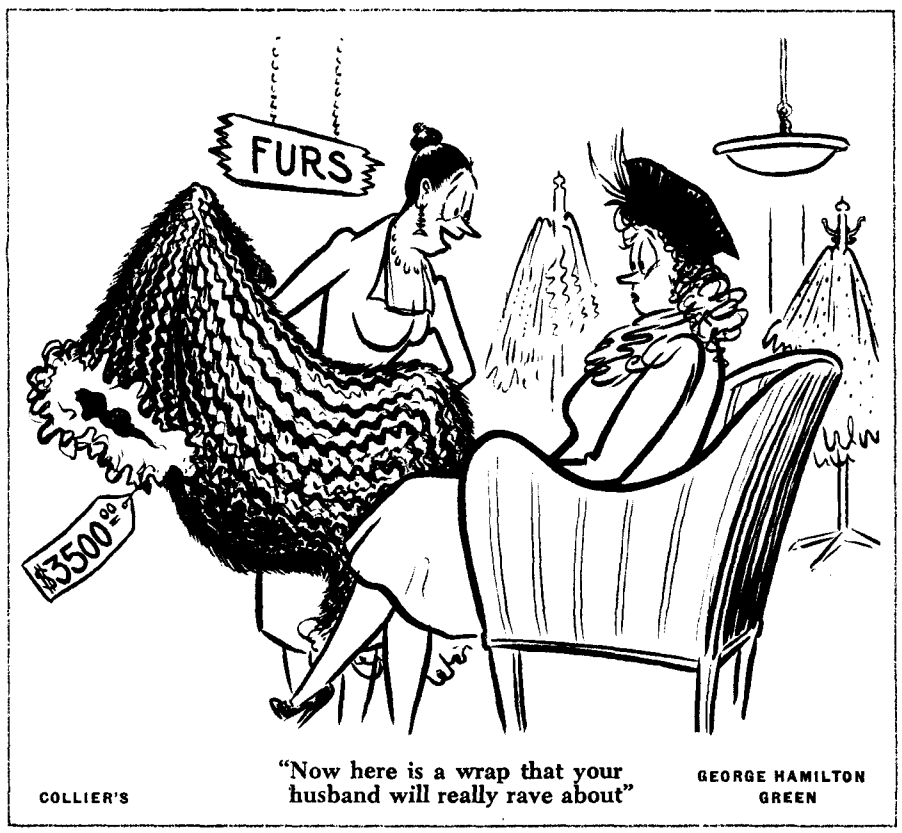
The manager of a Minneapolis hotel which houses almost as much politics and as many politicians as the state capitol assured me that politicians have fallen quite low in public esteem—almost as low, he said, as journalists.

"There is much more realistic thinking by the voters here at home," he declared, "than there is in Washington. Maybe that's because the average congressman is still a whistle-stop legislator who, although he seldom manages to get the smell of the country out of his clothes, is trying to wrestle with world affairs. He is likely to get badly confused, but his constituents aren't.

"They, at least, are sticking to things they understand. More than ever before in my experience, the ordinary man out here is doing his own thinking and not accepting the word of his Senator or Representative as inside stuff straight from the feedbox. We seem to have got around to the fine idea that we know as much about tomorrow as Washington does—and maybe a little more.

"Look—we used to write letters to our congressmen. Now they write letters to us. Get me?"

THE END



COLLIER'S — "Now here is a wrap that your husband will really rave about" — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Next Week

TERROR IN OUR CITIES • **Carolina's Snavely: NO 'T' FOR ME**

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RIGHT? *RIGHT!*

By PARKE CUMMINGS

Look how highly intelligent and well-informed I'd appear if I sat down and quizzed myself on a few personal matters

RECENTLY a group of New York University students were allowed to make up their own questions for an examination in a certain course. Well, after all! What kind of scholastic standards are those? Anybody can be smart if he asks himself questions to which he knows all the answers. To illustrate this, look how highly intelligent and well-informed *I'd* appear if I sat down and quizzed myself on a few personal matters.

Q: Your name?

A: Parke Cummings. Hold on a minute. That's the name I customarily use, but I seem to recall my parents claiming they also gave me a middle name. Trouble is they never seemed to agree, and my birth certificate has been lost. It seems to me that Mother claimed my full name was John Parke Cummings, and Father said it was Parke Edward Cummings. I just don't know what to think. Anyhow, my bills come addressed to Parke Cummings, so we'd better settle for that.

Q: Where do you live?

A: That's easy. Elmville. At least I'm *pretty* sure it's Elmville, because that's where I pay taxes. On the other hand we use the West Elmville post office and the Clarendale express office. But the situation is further complicated by the fact that we have a Newton telephone number. And, according to one report I've heard, the back four feet of our house are over the line in Milrose. Suppose that I just play it safe and say New England.

Q: What type of architecture is the house you live in?

A: Colonial. Well, the front part seems to be colonial, but later on somebody added a side porch with gingerbread railing and a cupola which seem to belong to the Victorian era. On the other hand, we recently built a sun room with glass walls—which would seem to make "modern" the best answer. That sort of contradicts the one-pipe coal heating system we have, though. I guess the safest answer is to say our house is the roof type.

Q: Your complexion?

A: Now we're getting someplace. Blond. That's what I claim, but my wife says that if I'm blond, so is George Raft. She maintains I'm brunet, and that just because my hair sometimes looks a little bit light in the summertime, it doesn't prove a thing—it just gets bleached. On the other hand, Aunt Edith says it has a distinct reddish tinge—says it comes from the Harris side of the family. I never could see this myself, although I seem to remember that they once called me "Brick" in high school. Just to snarl things up worse, Junior says if I don't admit I'm gray, I'm kidding myself. I guess the best way to settle this is by the color of my eyes. They are—they're—h'm. They seem to be red this morning.

Q: Have you a good disposition?

A: Oh, yes—decidedly. At least, I met a fellow in a tavern a few days ago, and he said I have a wonderful disposition—and he'd only known me two minutes. My family says the same thing—I'm very easy to live with because they can always predict what will make me sore. Well, let's put it this way: I never lose my temper or criticize people except in irritation, annoyance or blind rage.

Q: How do you dress?

A: Conservatively. Perhaps this point should be nailed down with some direct quotes: "Cummings certainly went all out for that wedding reception, didn't he? He was wearing socks." And again: "With the lights off, you'd never know that tie was orange." And yet again: "It's a pleasure to be seen in public with him; you feel so inconspicuous."

Q: What are your political convictions?

A: I'm a liberal. No possible doubt on that score, I guess. I'm against slavery, and I think the laborer should be paid for his toil in cash or other acceptable currency. But of course I don't go *all* the way down

ROBERT DAY

Suppose that I just play it safe and say New England

the line. For instance, I don't think anybody should be allowed to vote unless he's been through at least three years of law school. Economically I believe in abolishing banks and printing enough money so that everybody has all he needs at all times. On second thought, I guess that makes me middle-of-the-road.

Q: How's your health?

A: Swell! Never better. Well, I guess there are *some* folks worse off than I am, anyhow. Have a little trouble with asthma and hay fever now and then, and my back is apt to go out when I tie my shoelaces. On the other hand I can brush my teeth without getting winded too badly if I rest between the uppers and the lowers. I just don't know what to think. You might say I'm up to par considering my heart condition—or rather that—what I mean is—

Maybe those New York University students didn't have it so easy after all.

THE END

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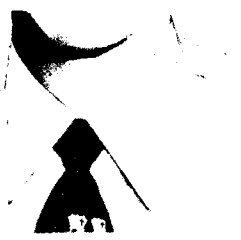

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BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

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because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Valley of the Tyrant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Marland. If I'm going to be a filthy snooper I'd better pick a name I can remember."

Heath got out of the car and came around. He picked up Marland's suit coat. "The levelmen I've known don't wear hundred-and-fifty-dollar gabardines," he said. "You'd better chuck that suit and all your identification stuff into the other bag. I'll hold them in San Francisco for you." He dropped the coat and looked into Marland's darkening eyes. "I thought we had settled this, Marland."

Marland slipped into his pants and dug out a pair of high, square-toed shoes. "If I clean up your mess," he said, "who builds your dam?"

"You do."

"And if I have to fight, how far do you back me?"

Heath rummaged in the other bag and produced a small automatic pistol. He extended it toward Marland.

"It's registered in my name," he said. "If you have to use it on somebody to protect yourself, use it. Then I'm in the same boat with you. That's how far I'm backing you."

Marland looked at the weapon but did not reach for it. "Why do you think I'll need that thing?"

"Those faked cores came from diamond drills. They cost a good many thousands of dollars. A man who'll spend that kind of money won't hesitate to hurt somebody if he has to."

Marland took the automatic into his own palm. It was .32 caliber, flat, unobtrusive, and as evil as the head of a pit viper. He turned suddenly and threw the pistol into the trees. It snicked against pine needles, thudded somewhere into a bough and fell to the ground.

He faced back to Heath, his eyes a smoldering blue black. "What have you heard about me that makes you think I'd play gunman for you?"

"Nothing," said Heath quietly. "When I put a man on a dangerous job, it's my responsibility to give him whatever he thinks he needs to protect himself. I offered you the gun. I hoped you wouldn't take it."

MARLAND returned wordlessly to changing his shoes. Heath climbed back into the car, finished the note to Brock and came back with it as Marland was stripping his wallet of identification cards.

Heath said, "There are a lot of facts I haven't filled you in on. I figured it was better to send you in there first and let you get the feel of the place. This is Wednesday. I'll meet you here at two Sunday and we can compare notes. How does that sound?"

"Suits me. Anyone besides Brock to watch for at the camp?"

"Not—" Heath smiled. "There's a couple of women close by down there. Young ones."

Marland answered the smile with a flat, unyielding stare. He closed his bag, set it on the ground and stepped into the pines. When he returned he handed Heath the pistol. "Sorry," he said.

Heath looked up from the weapon to Marland. "Forget it," he said. ". . . 'Luck."

Marland nodded, picked up his bag and turned away. He was beneath the nearest pine when he faced back. A smile lighted the deep blue of his eyes with a merry deviltry.

"A man has to live up to a reputation once he gets it," he said. "Perhaps you have a responsibility to warn the two women." . . .

Over the ridge the woodland thinned rapidly. Marland found himself in pasture land on the north slope of a valley irregular in width and deeply cleft by the Tom River. The highway was at his left, and his eye followed its undulations down to the green clump of Tomtown. To the west of the town the terrain rose abruptly in a formation like a butte. On its crown Marland made out the headframe and corrugated iron buildings of a large mine. Quartz tailings dropped in long gray streaks down the slope. The loneliness of desertion overhung it.

His watch told him that he had almost a half hour. He made his way toward the town slowly, enjoying the first real sense of leisureliness he had known in many months.

When a blue and white bus rolled down the ridge behind him he increased his pace, and turned into the narrow main street just behind it. The street lay at right angles to the highway. A century ago it must have been the bottom of a gulch, for in places the sidewalks were as high as a man's hips above it and the buildings rose steeply on both sides. The bus pulled up at a restaurant a block away. He waited until its passengers entered the restaurant, then crossed over and walked down the other side of the street.

At first glance the business district had the modern look of any California town, with its share of neon signs and slick, glass store fronts. There was the inevitable Nugget Café and a tawdry bar that called itself the Tomtown Gulch.

Further inspection showed him that an effort was being made to preserve the flavor of the brawling mining camp of long ago. Several two-storied and balconied buildings, with brick fronts hiding sides of rough schist slabs, carried historical plaques. A dry grocer's marker identified his building as the old Wells-Fargo Express office. Farther down the street a similar building, larger and also two-storied, advertised itself in a small sign of ancient lettering as Foothill House. There Marland paused when he saw shirt-sleeved merchants entering in numbers, for this was a sure sign that it was the best place to eat.

Inside, a bar ran part way down the right side. Plain dining tables spread across the rest of the room and back to the same depth as the bar. Beyond the last table on the left was a great stone fireplace. Opposite it, just beyond the end of the bar, were doors to the kitchen. This accounted for half the big room. The other half, beyond the fireplace, was given over to gambling.

Marland found a stool at the distant curve of the bar, not far from a table of draw poker. He ate with the rapidity of the man who eats alone, relishing the good food. The poker game was, he observed, the only gambling in progress.

The open gambling did not surprise Marland. It was part of the tradition of the region, preserved for somewhat the same motives as the old buildings. Some Mother Lode towns boasted that their saloons and gambling halls had never closed since the fifties. Marland saw other poker tables, a dice table, a table for blackjack and a roulette wheel, all unattended. But something was missing. Marland tried idly to place it and could not.

HE WAS finishing his lunch when he saw a large man in his middle thirties come in. The man wore white linen and a panama. He was large in every way—big of bone, big of head, big-shouldered, big in the waist. Every step of his progress through the room was met with respectful greetings. Clearly he was somebody.

Near the fireplace a thin middle-aged man intercepted him. The big man listened briefly, inclined his head toward the blackjack table and walked over to it, the other following. They started playing, the small man dealing. A thought came to Marland: if he left for the survey camp now he would arrive before the crew finished its day's work; he had no desire to kill the afternoon alone in the camp with a cook. He dropped his bag by the fireplace and moved to the table.

"House game?" he asked.

Marland looked into a strong full face that had no fat on it despite the man's size, and green eyes that were unexpectedly brilliant.

"Not exactly," said the big man absently, "but sit down." His voice was high and rather squeaky.

Marland produced two twenties. The big man gave Marland a stack of chips and waved the bills away.

"This fellow wants a job," he said, indicating the dealer. "He's selling himself. We'll play a few hands for fun."

The dealer included Marland without talk. Marland looked at the dealer's six pips up, stood on seventeen and lost. The next hand he won with a pair of face cards. He heard a grunt from the big man and saw he was watching the dealer's hands with a slight frown.

The dealer put out cards with swift,

COLLIER'S

"With one of those carts I always get much more than I can afford"

GARRETT PRICE

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fluid motion. He dropped an ace up on his own hand, looked at the down card and turned it up. A king.

"*Vingt-et-un,*" he said.

The big man grunted again. "Where did you say you dealt last?"

"Reno," said the dealer.

"They call it twenty-one at Reno."

"I've dealt everywhere. Some places in the East they call it *vingt-et-un.* It's just habit with me."

"It's blackjack in Tomtown," said the big man. "It's not *vingt-et-un* and it's not twenty-one. It's blackjack. You remember that."

"Sure," said the dealer.

From behind them a voice said, "You Mr. Lyons?"

The big man glanced back, then turned half around. Marland saw a light of anticipation come into his eyes, and turned too. Two men stood there. Marland knew at once he had seen them before. Not the same men, but men who dressed unobtrusively well, who balanced on their feet with the same sharp awareness of where they stood with relation to the rest of the room, whose faces carried an identical stamp of hard knowingness no matter how dissimilar. He had seen them in the lush resort hotels outside Las Vegas; he had seen them in Los Angeles and Chicago and down the peninsula from San Francisco.

"I'm Warner Lyons," said the big man.

"My name's Britten," said the older of the two newcomers. "Joe Britten from L.A. This is Joe Stagg. Just a coupla Joes, heh? Good Joes, you might say. We wanta gab a little with you."

Lyons took the proffered hands without rising. He said heartily, "Sure."

Britten looked at Marland and the dealer and back to Lyons, a question in his eyes.

"That's all right," said Lyons. "Couple of friends of mine. Never saw 'em before, but they're friends of mine."

The two Joes exchanged glances. The younger one, Stagg, looked at Marland and then quickly around the room. Britten lost a little of his affability.

"We're around," he said. "We'll catch you later."

The anticipation was back in Warner Lyons' face. He spoke with a slow insistence. "I said they were friends of mine."

"There's no hurry," said Britten. He had his kind's keen sense of trouble, and he sidled a step away.

LYONS' voice, suddenly hard, stopped him. "You're a pair of slot-machine peddlers, aren't you?"

That was what Marland had missed in his first survey of the room. There wasn't, he saw, a slot machine in the place.

Britten and Stagg exchanged glances again; in the exchange they decided to get out, but not to lose face doing it.

Britten said, "Listen, mister, we came here to make you a business proposition. If you feel that way about it, just forget it."

"Oh, no," said Lyons. "I'm interested. I'm always interested. You good Joes cook up so many new dodges with your machines I have to be interested. What's yours, Joe? Who keeps title to the machines, Joe? What's my percentage in the—"

Stagg interrupted, slapping his companion's arm. "Come on."

Lyons lifted his bulk out of his chair, squarely blocking Britten's path. Stagg stood behind Lyons.

"What the hell!" said Britten. He started to step around. Lyons grasped his forearms. Britten twisted his body instinctively to pull free. The big man lifted him as he would a child and set him down again, still holding him.

"I'm not going to hurt you, punk," said Lyons. "I just want to plant a little knowledge in your head. Hold still, will you!" His hands squeezed powerfully in on the muscles of the other's arms as Britten tried again to wriggle free; Britten moaned suddenly. Lyons' brilliant eyes glistened as a child's might at the renewal of a favorite game. "Listen, both of you. This is Mother Lode gambling, and we don't go for the sucker trade. D'you hear?"

"Sure," said Britten. "Let up on my arms. Sure. I hear. Let up!"

His voice rose shrilly as the vise of Lyons' hands tightened again on the long extensor muscles.

THE two Joes would never by choice or intent show fight on another man's ground. It was sheer terror, unloosed by Britten's cry of pain, that made the younger one produce the weapon that he carried.

Marland saw it come out of Stagg's coat pocket—a sap, leathern and shotted and highly efficient against the skull of a man. Stagg brought it up jerkily.

Marland had no time to rise. He did the one thing possible: he grasped Stagg's other arm in both hands and fell heavily to the floor. Stagg's body, already out of balance, responded neatly to mechanical law. He tumbled backward, half over Marland. Marland rolled over and on him, taking the sap from fingers that did not resist. He looked down into a face full of fear.

"Just lay quiet," he said. "It's all over."

Warner Lyons was above them. "Get off him," said Lyons.

Marland delayed, frowning up, then got to his feet. Lyons closed his hand around Stagg's forearm, jerked him upright and started both men toward the door. Marland became aware that everybody in the room was watching this with placid enjoyment, as though they had seen other episodes quite like it.

Somebody called, "Careful, Warne, that kind bites," and the man grinned. He stopped beside a table.

"See that they're fined the limit, Jake," he said. "The town can use some of that easy L.A. money."

A man stood up. "Sure, Warne."

Lyons walked back. The blackjack dealer still sat at the table, his weary face disinterested.

"You'd better get on your way, too," said Lyons. "You're a little too professional. Folks around here don't like that."

The dealer nodded and started toward the door. Lyons turned to Marland.

"What will you take for that sap?" he said.

"Nothing. Here."

Lyons took it and slapped it into the palm of his hand. "That would have put a bump on my noggin, eh?" His eyes lighted with an odd delight. "I want to pay you for this, fellow."

"No."

"All right. Two offers are enough." The green eyes raised to Marland's face. It came to Marland that this was the first time Lyons had actually looked at him with attention; the scrutiny was frank, too frank, and Marland stood under it impatiently.

Lyons asked, "Looking for a job?"

"Doing what?"

Lyons lifted an expansive hand. "Lumbering. Ranching. Dredging. What can you do?"

"Thanks. Maybe later. I've got a job."

"Around here?"

"Down the river."

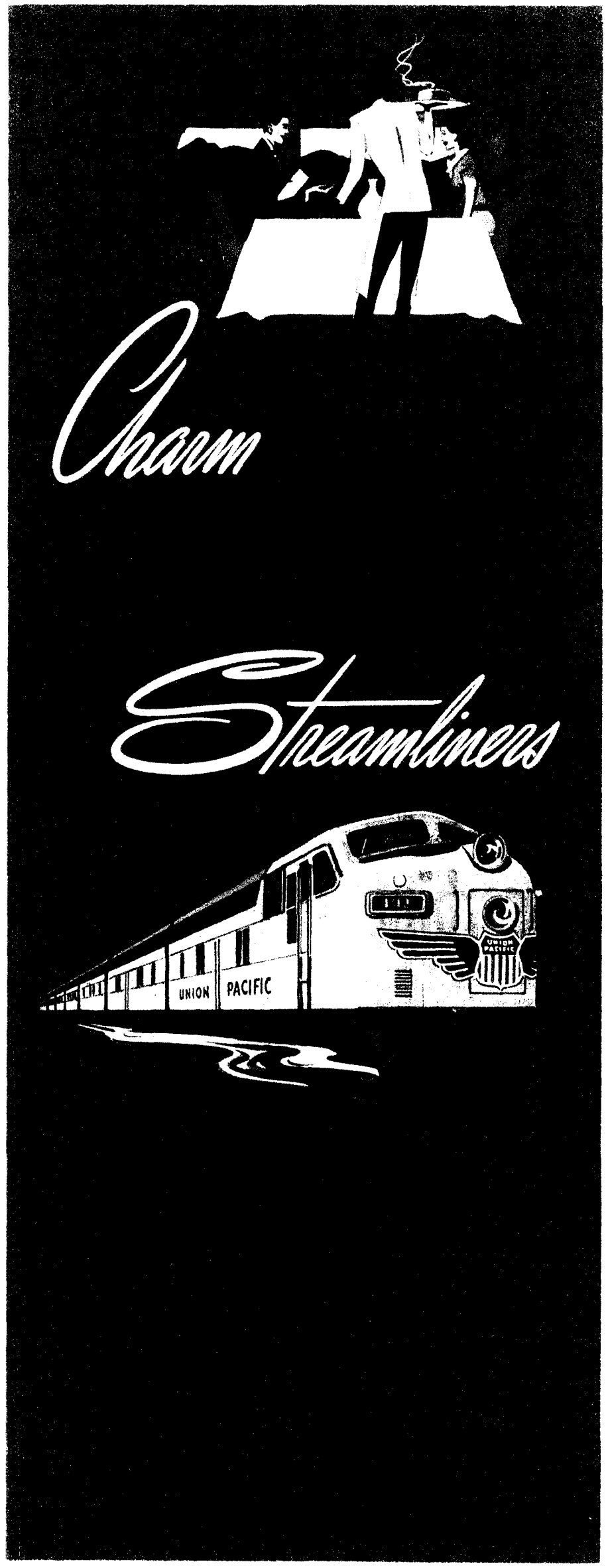
The big man's eyebrows pulled together. "The only thing down-river is Lon Brock's crew. I haven't seen you down there."

"I haven't been there. Just hiring on today."

"To do what?"

Marland gave him a level stare. "Whatever I'm told to do."

Lyons laughed. "All right. You'd better do just that if you want to get along with Lon." He stuck out his hand,



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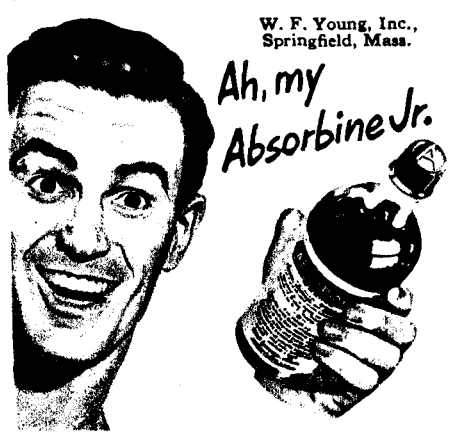


W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

making it a gesture of sincere liking. "I owe you a blackjack game, don't I? Come in some Saturday night when there's a crowd."

Marland took the hand. "I'll do it." He turned toward his bag.

Lyons called him, "What's your name, fellow?"

Marland paused but did not turn around. "Lynch," he said.

Lyons nodded.

Marland got his bag, lifted a hand casually to Lyons and moved among the tables toward the door. He was aware that the big man was looking thoughtfully after him as he went out.

BEYOND the river, a graveled road to the right appeared almost at once. To the engineer's eye it was apparent that the road had been laid down properly many years ago. It was equally apparent that maintenance had been long neglected. One mailbox, ancient and intricately fashioned of wood, stood at the intersection. It bore the name of Sherman Armsby, Sr. The mailbox told Marland this was a private, not a county road.

As he swung down it the sound of an automobile reached him from behind. It was followed immediately by a horn. He stepped off as a heavy sedan of prewar vintage passed him.

A few yards ahead it stopped. A man's head appeared out of the back seat. "Want a ride, Lynch?"

The right rear door was opened as he came abreast. He pushed his bag in ahead of him, seeing the man alone in the back and two young women in front.

"Thanks," he said.

The girl at the wheel put the car in gear. No word of introduction was offered. These three sat silent, as though they had been quarreling.

Something else was wrong too, some vague thing. Then he remembered. The man had called him Lynch. It might not mean anything; the man could have been in the crowd there at Foothill House, could have heard Marland call the name to Lyons. Nevertheless an alertness grew in Marland.

The man was three or four years younger than he, and taller; the profile turned to Marland possessed the classical kind of handsomeness. The face was flushed slightly and, Marland thought, more than a little sullen.

Marland could tell little about the girl directly in front of him except that she was blond and small, and wore slacks. She sat quite still, her eyes turned toward the roadside. In the moment that he had climbed into the car she had given him one brief glance; she seemed withdrawn from the others.

The girl at the wheel was dark-haired and had a much more striking face. Even in quarter profile the wide plane of her cheeks and the faintly irregular slant of her eyes could be seen. Marland remembered the hotness in her gray eyes during the one direct look she gave him. The family resemblance between her and the man was plain though not strong.

He sat back, appreciating her expertness with the car. They were going to be too well-bred, he decided, to resume the argument in a stranger's presence. But he was wrong.

The man said with an air of contained exasperation, "I think if that's the way you're going to act I'll just move out. I've had enough."

His words hung in the air unanswered. A minute passed, and then another. The pose of exasperation fell away and the man's voice thickened. "Stop pretending you're so damned indifferent about it. If I leave you'll stay up here and rot. All of you. You, too, Virginia."

The blond girl did not stir. The girl at the wheel answered, her tone bright and brittle, "Rot? What have we been doing for a year?"

"That's over with, I tell you! Done and past. Or will be when you climb down off that duchess complex of yours."

"Oh, Sherman, be quiet."

"What! You practically spit in the face of the one man who can help us reopen the Magyar, and expect me to be quiet?"

"I've told you twice I didn't lunch with your Warner Lyons because he didn't ask me."

"He did ask you."

"You mean he invited me through you. It's not the same. I may be turning into an old hag of the hills, but if a man wants to take me to lunch he still has to ask me, not my brother."

"That's not a reason. That's an excuse and you know it."

The storm in the girl exploded. Turning her eyes from the road she threw her anger back, "If you don't shut up, Sherman, I will spit in his face the next time I see him! Right in his beautiful green eyes!"

Sherman laughed. "It won't work any more, my darling. Your imperial days are over. I'm running this family, and you're going to climb down and help."

The color in the dark-haired girl's cheeks grew higher, whether from still mounting temper or embarrassment Marland could not know.

He spoke, addressing himself to the girl, "If I'm keeping you from giving your brother the sharper aspect of your tongue, I'd be happy to get out and walk again."

He saw the girl half turn her eyes from the road again in surprise. Beside him the brother said, "Why, you—Janet, stop the car!"

"No," said Janet. "You had that coming. Both of us did. If the Armsby family is going to fight in front of strangers, it can expect insults from strangers."

So this was the Armsby family, or at least part of it. Janet and Sherman Armsby. Who was the other girl? Armsby had called her Virginia. Even through this exchange she had not moved or spoken.

Sherman Armsby glared at Marland. "Lyons tried to bet me, Lynch, that Lon Brock would have trouble with you. I see what he means."

"You should have taken the bet," said Marland. "I'm a peaceful man." His alertness sharpened to tension. Lyons and this man must have started talking about him the minute he left Foothill House.

"I know your type, Lynch," Armsby said. "Get one thing through your head now. The Armsby place is off limits to you workmen."

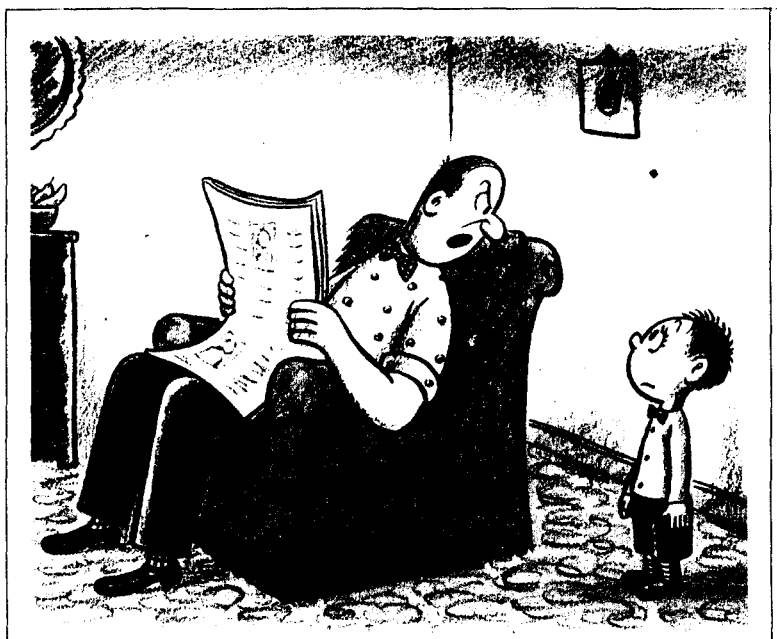
"Thanks," said Marland. "Glad to know it. But if I come calling I won't make the big man's mistake. I'll ask your sister, not you."

He thought he heard a low laugh from the girl at the wheel, and was pleased with himself briefly. But only briefly. It was the girl who cut him down.

"Thank you, Mr. Lynch," she said. "But even if you asked me, the answer would be no. Don't come around."

The talk subsided. Marland held the girl's last remark in his mind, deciding finally that she meant it.

The road was climbing. When next they were out of the trees Marland saw that this was the crest of a ridge. Soon thereafter the road forked. The left branch kept to the ridge. The other, into which the girl turned, dropped into a basin wooded heavily with slim pines. The basin was roughly the shape of an arrow flint, perhaps three miles across, with the river curving through it. At the limit of Marland's vision westward, two ridges converged to make a narrows through which the river flowed. That was the tip of the arrow flint and, he surmised, Heath's chosen damsite. The reservoir would fill this basin. He had one quick glimpse of a large house above and to the south of the damsite. Then they were among the trees.



"All right, don't go to bed! One way or the other I will have some obedience around here"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

THE road led them to the survey camp in the lower end of the basin and beside the river. He climbed out. Janet Armsby turned in her seat to look at him with a direct, aroused interest. She was amused, but she was seeing him as a man too. As he stepped back he surprised the blond girl Virginia examining him with some of the remoteness gone from her face. Her prettiness was not of the stupid kind, as he had first thought. And her eyes were hurt and infinitely sad.

"The lift was appreciated," he said, smiling at Janet Armsby. "Is it also against the rules to say you're a very fetching hag of the hills?"

"It is not," she laughed.

He grinned at Armsby's frown and turned away. As he did so he heard a strident honk and saw a work jeep racing up. A man swung out of it and walked with confident stride to the Armsby car. Marland knew that this was Lon Brock.

Marland walked on, his eyes picking out the familiar details of a field camp. The cookshack was screened; the bunkhouse had canvas sides that rolled up; the small building on wheels would be the field draftsman's domain. A lister bag sweated beneath a tree. Two sets of circuits fed in through the trees; that meant not only a telephone, but electric lights and enough power for good refrig-

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eration; he saw the water tank on stilts beside the cookshack, and spotted a shower head beneath it. Lon Brock maintained a good camp.

He found the cot of his predecessor, shoved his bag beneath it and lay down to wait. Presently he heard the Armsby car start off and then a step at the bunkhouse door, and he came to his feet.

Lon Brock was Marland's age and size, though much thicker in the neck and shoulders. His jaw was strong and full; his skin was the rough red that will not tan; his eyes were bold. He walked to the cot and examined Marland contemptuously, and Marland knew that at least one member of the Armsby family had spoken against him.

Brock said abruptly, "Who sent you?"

MARLAND fished out the note. Brock read it, started to stuff it in his pocket, then read it again thoughtfully. "How come Heath signed this personally?" he asked.

Marland shrugged. "Maybe because he's the one I asked for a job. I used to work for a friend of his."

"This kind of work?"

"Not for a dam, no. I've done country-road work. And topographical mapping."

"How did you get into it?"

"I had a couple of years of engineering in college."

"Why didn't you finish?"

"Oh, I don't know. A good job came along."

Brock seemed to accept the answer, but the suspicion was not wholly gone.

"All right, Lynch. No bottle under the pillow, y'hear? If you're one of those, Heath nor anybody else can hold you on this job."

"I do my drinking off the job."

"You do, do you? And you fancy yourself with your fists and with the women, too, don't you?"

Marland regarded him through a short silence, seeing the challenge in his eyes. It would be the part of wisdom to show submission. Marland's mind chose that course; his own combative instinct promptly pushed intellect aside and betrayed him.

"Suppose I do. So long as I do my job that's my business."

"Wrong," said Brock. The blow that he struck then was as wicked in its power as it was unexpected. Marland, still waiting for the preliminaries of angry speech that would justify violence, saw only the blur of the fist. It found the point of his jaw and he dropped where he stood.

When consciousness returned he was alone. He heard faintly the footsteps of a man walking away; it was not Brock's aggressive stride. Someone had been just outside the bunkhouse, not five feet from Marland, looking in at him. Marland pulled himself up and lay on the cot. A vast scorn filled him. Discretion would have prevented the blow. Alertness would have prevented it from landing. He had been doubly a fool. Not until the scorn had worked all through him, scouring and cleansing, did he think of Lon Brock. Then, for the first time in his life, he wanted to stomp a man until only one shallow breath remained in that man's body. . . .

The members of the survey crew gulped their Saturday-noon meal, piled into a car and headed for town. This was the week-end ritual; one or two might straggle back late in the night; it was more likely that none would be seen until Sunday night. Lon Brock finished his shower, stepped into wooden clogs and walked across the camp toward his quarters without bothering to hook his towel around his middle. His shoulders were thick-muscled; Marland, glancing out through the screen of the cookshack, knew why the stiffness remained in his jaw though it was three days since Brock had felled him.

Marland turned his gaze back to find the cook watching him. He was small and wiry and he might have been fifty or sixty-five. When he signed on as cook he wore a proliferative and untended beard. Brock had made him scissor it off for sanitation's sake, but not until after the crew had given him the name of Airedale Joe. That was all Marland knew about him except that he panned the Tom for gold every Saturday afternoon, and Marland for reasons of his own had decided to join him.

The cook lifted down a large skillet from its nail.

"Your mining pan," he said. "Go sand-scrub it first. Then I'll give it a soapin' and you can sand-scrub it again."

Marland took it. The cook turned back to his mug of coffee on the table. He sat with the mug half raised, his eyes peering through the screen to follow the figure of Brock.

Marland said, "You saw him coldcock me the day I arrived."

Airedale Joe searched Marland's face, looking for resentment and finding none. "So I did," he said.

"You stood outside and waited until I sat up. Then you walked off."

Joe grinned. "I shoulda pussyfooted but I figured you was too groggy to hear me. Anyways I didn't want you to know you'd been seen, in case you felt bad about it."

"The camp has heard."

"That's Lon Brock's tellin', not mine. The camp also knows you're gonna tackle him again."

"I don't know it."

"Sometimes a man don't. But I been watchin' you. You're studyin' him like he was a dollar watch you figured to take apart."

Marland took the skillet to the river, scoured it and started back. Brock came out of his quarters dressed in light flannels. He locked the door behind him, then strode over and tested the tool shed; his stride was that of a man impatient to taste an expected pleasure. He saw Marland and paused to stare thoughtfully across the distance. The cook was right, thought Marland, and Brock knew it, too.

BROCK went on to his car, and Marland re-entered the cookshack. Airedale Joe was rummaging among his shelves. He lifted down a fifth of bourbon, holding it below the level of the screen while he looked out to make sure Brock was leaving. Brock started his car. The cook poured bourbon into his coffee, indicating that Marland should produce another mug for himself. Marland declined.

"It's the jackass in me," said Joe. "I'll not stand for a man tellin' me I can't keep a bottle in my kitchen."

Together they watched Brock take the road down-river toward the Armsby house, driving fast.

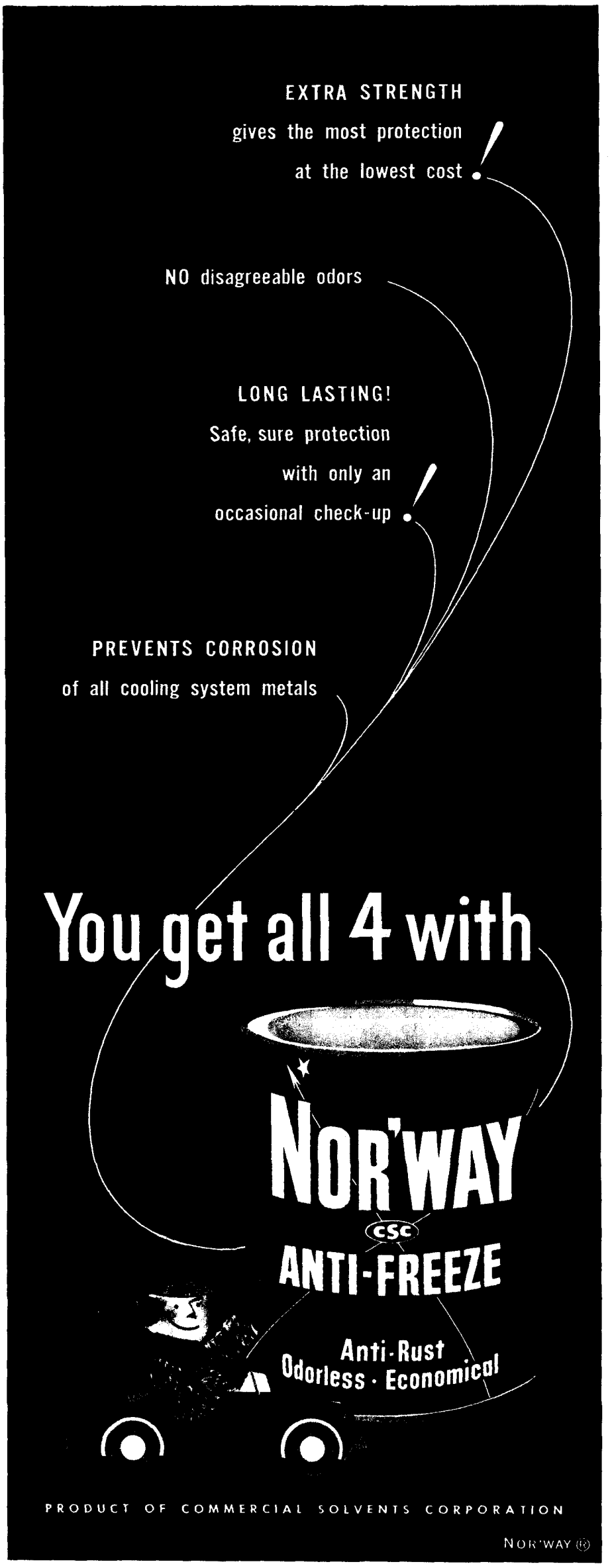
"He'll take the yellow-headed one out for another try at what he's got on his mind," Joe said. "And if he don't have any better luck than he's been havin', he'll be hard to live with tomorrow."

"The one called Virginia? Who is she?"

"Name's Virginia Kane, and there's more than one would like to know who she is. She was with 'em when they came back to live in the old house a year ago, and she's been with 'em ever since, eatin' her heart out about something."

Marland said, "What happened to put the Armsby house off limits?"

The cook snorted. "What d'you suppose? Six months ago Brock hired on a big skinny axman. I seen he was bad medicine and told Brock so. You can't trust a man that's just got one kind of talk on his mouth all the time. One night over there the blond one woke up and he was comin' through her window. She yelled and the Armsby girl ran in and hit him with a lamp. They called Brock, and Brock and young Sherman Armsby mighty nigh killed him. Now he's in San



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Quentin, and Brock is the only one that can come close to the house."

"So she hit him with a lamp," said Marland.

"If there's any good seed left in the Armsby line it's her. Though I don't know." The cook paused and looked thoughtfully at Marland. "Don't git her in your eye. She ain't for a levelman. Besides there's a thing eatin' on them Armsbys and on Lon Brock too, and when it eats deep enough . . ."

"What?"

"Hell, I don't know. I just cook here. But Sherman Armsby, the old one, that is, he's done nothin' but touch himself and everybody else with bad luck since he was born. I say it ain't comfortable to be livin' on Armsby land."

"This is Armsby land?"

"The whole basin and east to the edge of Tomtown. It's all they've got left 'cept the Magyar, and that's a dead hole in the ground."

"Is that the mine on the hill west of town?"

"Yeah. Armsby's luck. His grandfather—old Nathaniel Armsby, a real freebooter he was—and his father took upwards of twenty-five millions out of it. Then it come down to him and right away it faulted out. It took the war to kill most of the old mines by drownin' 'em. But the Magyar was dead the minute old Sherman Armsby inherited it, and it'll be dead as long as he lives." The cook drained his coffee and began soaping Marland's skillet. "You're not figurin' to find any gold yourself this afternoon, are you?"

Marland smiled. "I'm not spending it in advance."

"That shows how little you know. You'll find gold all right, but it won't be enough to pay for the ache in your back."

Airedale Joe found his own gold pan and locked up. They began at a gravelly bank immediately below the camp. Joe filled his pan almost full, held it under quiet water in an eddy of the river, and stirred the gravel gently with one hand.

"You're the first man ever asked to do this with me," he said. "The others think I'm really lookin' for a strike, and size me up as a little cracked."

"Why do you do it?"

AIREDALE JOE drained off his muddy water, satisfied himself the lumps were all broken up, and filled the pan with clear water.

"Every man finds his own kind of fun," he said. "Some go fishin' and some fly airplanes and some git drunk and beat their women. This is my fun. It gits me outdoors and away from a million fools." He turned his head up, giving Marland a quick, diffident glance. "There's more to it than that, I think sometimes. Men have been pannin' these rivers up here for a hunderd years, and maybe somebody ought to always do it. You heard yet of a fellow named Warner Lyons?"

"I've seen him."

"There's a man could tell you what I mean. Warne's about the richest and most important man in the Mother Lode now. He's got ways I don't cotton to, but he could tell you what I mean 'cause he's sweated this river for beans too. Go on, Jack Lynch, and fill your skillet. You can't learn by watching."

Marland filled the skillet and squatted below the cook. Airedale Joe was holding his pan under water and oscillating it with a vigorous, smoothly rapid motion that shook the gravel from side to side and settled the heavier particles toward the bottom. He lifted and slanted the pan, letting the lighter sand flow over the lip, and again started the circular, alternating movement.

"Warner Lyons' father was a teamster in Tomtown," he went on, "and I've knowed Warne all his life. This time I'm talkin' about was '32, when half the country wasn't eatin' enough, and I was workin' this river and not for fun either. Warne came down the river and found me at it. He was a big kid, almost as big as he is now. Seventeen, say, and raggedy in the britches and hungry. I told him to go get me a fryin' fan, and he went down yonder to the Armsby house. There was just a caretaker there then, the Armsbys was still in San Francisco or Europe or someplace. Warne begged or stole a pan and I knocked the handle off it and showed him how, and me and him went shares."

Joe tilted and poured lighter particles over the side of his pan again, then struck the sides and bottom smartly with his fist.

"We humped it with a rocker from first sun till dark and we averaged better'n a dollar a day apiece and slept on the river. We ate our fill and owed no man neither money nor favor. But we humped

"When I hit the garage it just seemed to come all unprefabricated . . ."

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

it, I tell you. We was savin' specks of flour gold that no tweezers'd pick up. Don't ever let nobody tell you them forty-niners wasn't good miners. They worked every inch of this country, and they didn't leave anything good."

Marland asked, "Anything you find, then, is just leavings so lean the forty-niners wouldn't bother with them?"

"That's the size of it. 'Course the river does some re-sorting and concentrating, and sometimes after high water you find flood gold if you know where to look. Once me and Warne found a river bar loaded with it. We must 'a' took close to fifty dollars out of there. I went on a bender but I wouldn't let Warne touch the bottle, him bein' just a boy. That was my mistake." The cook stopped suddenly, an old and painful memory lay in his eyes. "He figured even then he was a grown man, and maybe he was. He started outsmartin' grown men soon enough after that."

Joe lifted his pan away from the water. Marland came to his side and watched as he cupped a hand at the lip of the pan and carefully drained away the last of the water. It appeared at first that the pan held nothing but a little dark-colored sand which, Marland recognized, was probably magnetite. Joe poked around with his finger, spreading the sand, and pointed out three specks that gleamed dully.

"Three colors," he said wryly. "If you had three hunderd of 'em you'd have a dime's worth of gold."

He upended the pan, knocked its contents out with his fist and found a boulder to sit on.

"Do you always do that?" asked Marland.

"Throw it away? Not if I find a color big enough to pick up with my fingernails. But if I go to savin' too many of 'em it turns into work. This way I can stop and quarrel with a bluejay when I take a notion."

Marland worked his panful down to the black sands and brought it to Joe. "I make it five colors," he said.

The cook opened his pocketknife and slipped the tip of the blade under a thin flake in the pan. "For a beginner that one's too big to throw back," he said. As he placed it in Marland's palm he cocked his head up, his face wrinkled by amusement. He had been estimating Marland by his own odd measurements, and at some point Marland had passed the test. He said, "It could get you, couldn't it?"

Marland laughed. "If I weren't a hundred years late," he said, "it could."

He knew the cook wanted to talk more than to pan gold, and so he turned away, walking a dozen yards downstream to refill his pan. He had to get away without arousing suspicion; he was not quite sure how he would do it. Airedale Joe solved his problem. When Marland returned a few minutes later, his pan again speckled with flour gold, Joe was stretched at length in the shade.

"Go find your fortune on your own, Jack," he said. "I feel a nap comin' on."

MARLAND wandered farther downstream, working one more pan of gravel. When it produced but a single color he dumped it and stood to listen, hearing no sound from the cook's direction. He left the riverbank and walked rapidly downstream, keeping among the trees between the Tom and the road to the Armsby house. Away from the river the floor of this basin was quite flat and strewn with water-worn boulders. Once he dropped into a depression that might have been a water ditch of long ago; he recognized it as a miner's open cut that time had half filled, a drift that was probably only a year or so short of a century old.

These three days since arrival had provided him no opportunity until now to do what he had come to do, and he was impatient. The days had been spent at the alternate damsite upstream, where Brock was concentrating the work of the camp. The most Marland had been able to do was spend an hour alone with the map file. It showed him that the river terrain west of Tomtown made two connected basins like a rough figure eight, with the damsites at the base of each loop, or basin.

The alternate site was, as Heath had said, a fair site, though not what an engineer would call a natural. It lent itself more to a long rock-fill dam than to a concrete arch. Undoubtedly it would back up slack water in the river well east of Tomtown. It could require relocation of the highway and perhaps even relocation of the town, though Marland had no access to the data that could tell him. Maybe someone wanted Tomtown moved. It was a thing to keep in mind.

Marland's quick strides brought him to a point where the road curved southward away from the river and up the ridge toward the Armsby house. He hesitated, then struck a new course still paralleling the road, for he needed to know how close the Armsby house was to Heath's damsite.

The climb up the ridge winded him a little; it made him know that he had spent too long in Chicago. The pines thinned before him. He walked more cautiously, stopping in astonishment when the full view of decayed elegance lay before him.

The house was huge, of gray stone and three-storied, with an octagonal tower rising above the roof like a minaret on the near side. Its slate roofs were many and broken in line. The general style was English, yet the portico over the curving drive was surely patterned after that of an Italian villa. Everywhere, at window and doorway and eave, there was the gingerbread of an era in California when wealth vied with greater

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wealth to see who could create the most magnificent home. The house was a monstrosity. Oddly, however, the total effect was not displeasing.

The sense of depression came not from the house, but from the ruins of what had once been formal gardens. This was now a wilderness only half reclaimed by nature, with marble statuary rising above the ruins like peaks thrusting up through low-lying fog.

From where Marland stood, the driveway and two roads leading up to it were in plain view. He remembered from his study of the maps that they were forks of the single road to Tomtown; one, the road he had followed to reach here, dipped into the basin and passed by the camp; the other held to the ridge.

He stepped back involuntarily as a car appeared on the ridge road, coming toward the house. It stopped beneath the portico. He saw the blond girl Virginia emerge first and enter the house. She wore slacks of light green. Lon Brock got out of the driver's seat, circled the car and followed her with a long, rapid stride.

The house swallowed them; again there was desolation without life. When Marland realized he was standing there because he hoped Janet Armsby would appear, he started to turn away. He checked himself as a figure came around the far side of the house. It was an old man; at least his bared head was white, though his beard was not. He wore what appeared at this distance to be an old hunting coat, one of the pale-brown velvet kind. On the driveway the man stopped, gazing toward the river, motionless except that his head dropped by slow degrees until he was looking not toward the river but his own feet.

Marland turned around, curious, to look upriver as the old man had done. He found that he could see the V of the alternate damsite, some four miles east, and through the V the headframe of the Magyar on its butte, eight miles distant.

The motionless figure was still there as Marland backed away and followed the ridge westward toward Heath's damsite. When the narrows appeared below him he estimated he had come only a quarter of a mile from the house. At once he recognized why Roger Heath had chosen this site. The shoulders were massive, the V of the narrows deep and clean for the spanning of a concrete arch. Beyond the narrows the river collided with the continuation of this same ridge and bent sharply northwestward.

Marland's protective cover ended; Brock's crews had cleared the steep slopes for the exploration work. Marland went down the slope fast, turning when he reached the stream to search for sound or movement. There was none. At the level of his head was the rock he sought, the dark meta-andesite known as greenstone. Millions of years of stream action had not been able to cut deeply here. On the surface this was not rotten rock. But what lay below the river, and beneath the overburden on the slopes? Only drill cores could tell him.

He left the river, making a zigzag course up the same slope he had just come down. The overburden hid the rock. He sought the test pits that Brock must have dug, and the telltale piles of cylindrical cores that would tell him where the diamond drills had probed. He could find neither. But the slope was checkerboarded with spots where the overburden had a raw red color. These had been the pits and the holes. Brock had filled them, and quite recently.

Near the top, just short of the trees, he came upon a large outcropping of the same dark rock. It was weathered; it had no obvious lines of fracture or other weakness. Marland wished he had a hammer. He found a boulder as big as his head, lifted it high and dropped it. The sound of the impact echoed down the canyon, startling him into a realization that he had forgotten caution in his absorption. He swung his gaze up and down the defile and, belatedly, looked above him. There at the edge of the trees, watching him, stood Janet Armsby.

(To be continued next week)

Big as He Feels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

show of his own. There was no limit. And it would come—he wasn't worried. Meanwhile he was getting a bang out of the life a press agent led when he handled a Big Name. It gave a guy prestige.

At noon Willie closed his desk on his ads and mailing pieces; he had a lot to do that afternoon. First, over to the East Side for a quick check with the radio editors of both morning tabloids, to see if they were open for another Pat Kirkpatrick mention; also the drama editors and Broadway columnists. Then over to the fan mags (Radio Row, Radio Highlights, Ether Airings) to see how the feature stories on Kirk were coming along. Then, at three-thirty, to Radio City where he had a mass interview scheduled for Kirk and eighteen high-school editors; the dress rehearsal from four-fifteen to four-forty-five and the broadcast at six-thirty.

A typical workday in behalf of Pat Kirkpatrick—except for the days when there was no broadcast. Then there was also time to cover the afternoon papers and odd magazines, and, very often, to accompany Kirk on his visits to the music publishers, his agent, his voice teacher and his tailor.

The Kirkpatrick account paid only fifty dollars a week, but Willie got a kick out of it.

Take those visits to the newspaper offices. He liked the boys and they liked him. No matter how busy they were, they always found time to see Willie. They liked his hustle; they thought he was smart. And he was. He was always sure to notice, and comment, when an exclusive news item was picked up a day later by an opposition columnist. A cute head or a smart tag line on some filler might be missed by other press agents, but not by Willie. Partly, it was plain buttering-up, but mostly it was Willie proving to himself, and them, that he was hep, in the know. He knew who said what to whom where, and that was very useful to somebody with a daily column to fill; a fresh bit of gossip could sometimes be run as a news beat.

He was just as welcome at the fan mags. He could always be counted on to come up with ideas for yarns that the average reader—like Kewp and her sister and brother-in-law, Julia and Harry—would be interested in. And he made every gal writer feel she was wittier than Dorothy Parker and prettier than Olivia de Haviland.

He was accepted as one of them, and in truth, he was. Performing their particular jobs, they were all the same size, operating on the same level. They never commented on his tough-guy talk and hard manners—they were just as busy being tough and hard themselves—but they kidded him about Kirk. Everybody on the street knew that the big tenor was said to be catnip for the ladies, so the women writers would snicker and ask Willie if he couldn't sneak them into Kirk's dressing room some dark night.

The men also snickered and asked if Willie couldn't steer some of the surplus stock their way, making it broad enough to show they were kidding but leaving

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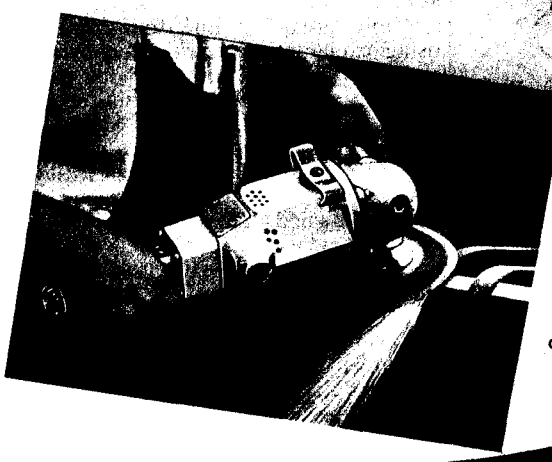

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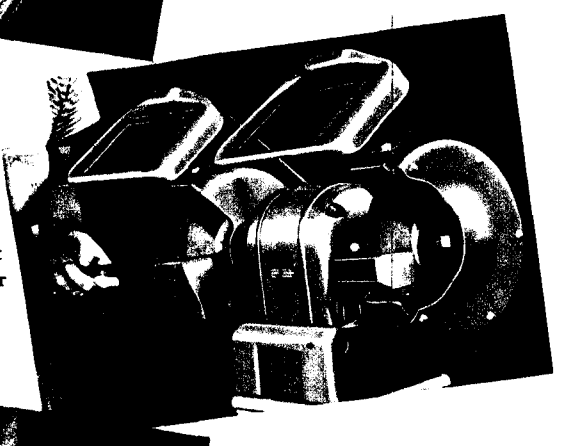

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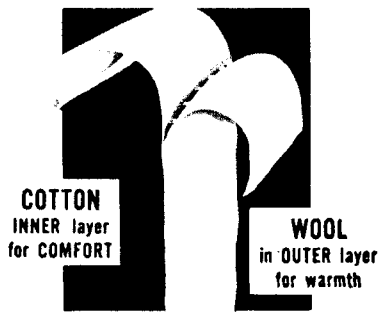

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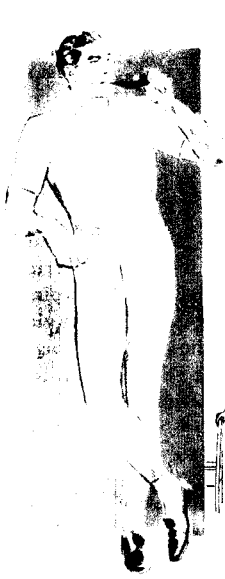

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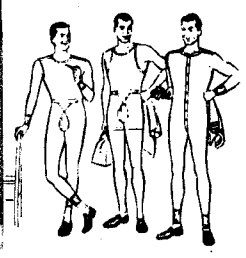

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the door open, in case of a serious take. Sometimes Willie answered gag with gag, but mostly he countered with his Look. It implied, to the men, that he personally took care of the overflow; it hinted, to the girls, that a much better time could be had with Willie himself. It was the kind of give-and-take they all understood and enjoyed. As a result, Willie did better than all right for Pat Kirkpatrick in the columns and fan mags.

WILLIE reached Radio City with five minutes to spare. He bundled the high-school editors into an empty studio and then found Kirk.

"How'd we do today, fella?" Kirk asked.

"Only great!" Willie found himself using exclamation marks whenever he spoke to Kirk. "Kenny is giving us the lead paragraph! Wilson is printing a gag I said you heard in Toots Shor's last night, and Sullivan is doing a round-up yarn on big-time warblers and it includes you!"

Kirk frowned and said, "No Winchell?"

Tears unaccountably welled up in Willie's eyes. He blinked them away. "Look, kid! You were in there yesterday!"

"Yeah, that's right," Kirk said, remembering. He smiled to show he was pleased. "Nice going, fella."

The high-school editors waiting for their interview fell silent when Kirk entered, and Willie knew just how they felt. Kirk was something to see. Six two, two hundred and ten pounds, beautiful, and a tenor through and through, strictly from Shubert's. Smiling came easy to him and he did a lot of it for company.

"It was real nice of you to come," he said. "Anything you want to know—anything at all." He was at their service. The questions didn't come and Kirk smiled to show he understood their hesitancy. "Suppose I just ad-lib some thoughts?"

He recited the names of the leading ladies he had most enjoyed appearing with on the stage, named his favorite stars of the screen, all of whom he looked forward to appearing with in films soon, and—cutting into Willie's interpolation of vital statistics on Hooper and Crossley ratings—Kirk revealed which songs were, in his humble opinion, the greatest love songs ever written, singing a snatch here and there to illustrate. Willie jealously noted the big-eyed absorption of the girl editors and thought: *The big ham!* But Kirk had switched his attention to the four boy editors. He was too show-wise to ignore them completely, so he made a jocular remark about his old alma mater and what a bum football season they were having.

"You ever play for them?" one of the boys asked, speculating on the breadth of Kirk's shoulders under the padding.

"I might have, if I hadn't dislocated a shoulder." Kirk smiled bravely. "It also kept me from getting overseas."

Willie was surprised to find he felt like blurting out that Kirk had wangled himself into Special Service with letters from every big shot he could reach. Instead he looked at the studio clock and growled. "That winds it." He shooed the kids out and followed Kirk into the other studio, escorting him right up to the microphone. Then he stepped into the control room and briskly fitted earphones over his head. He was ready for the rehearsal.

The announcer delivered his opening spiel, and it was on. Kirk stepped to the microphone and sang, keeping a watchful eye on the control room for the engineer's responses. Halfway through, Willie was on his feet, signaling his okay with circled forefinger and thumb, almost blocking from view the engineer who was informing Kirk, via signs, that he was crowding the mike. Rehearsal over, Willie rushed back into the studio.

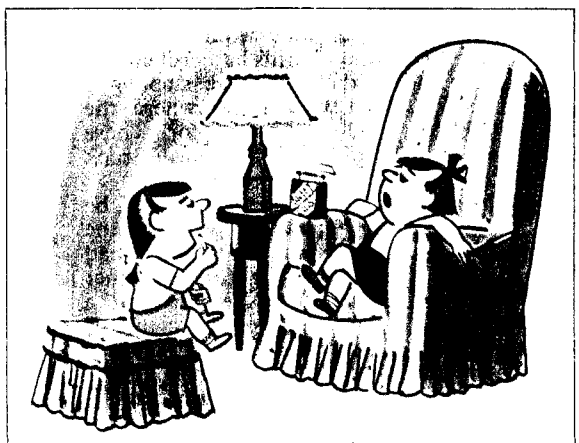
"Merely sensational!" he pronounced, punctuating it with a fingered "okay."

Kirk smiled his gracious smile. "Thanks, fella."

"But those fugitives from a baton! Their off-key trumpets nearly drowned you out on the last number! And that very unfunny comic! He belongs back in Minsky's, with a putty nose and a bladder! Don't be a schmoe! Tell him where he gets off! Let him know who the star of the show is!"

Then came the part Willie liked best of all, when the producer and principals of the show huddled in a room for a final timing and script polish job. Willie didn't do any talking, but he scowled and growled, and he let the comic have it, giving him the Look full blast.

Ten minutes before broadcast time, Willie was back in the control room, earphones adjusted, ready. The engineer watched him for a minute.



"I got the holder on doctor's orders. Keeps me from eating them"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"You know, Willie," he drawled, "I shudder to think what might happen to the broadcast if sometime you couldn't get into the control room, God forbid."

"Kirk depends on me," Willie said.

The engineer clucked sympathetically. "I know, I know. I can't imagine how he's going to handle *that* all by himself," he said. Kirk was leading a woman across the stage to the sponsor's booth.

She was nobody Willie had ever seen before, so he made a quick tally. About thirty-five, honey blond, sleek and chic, clothes obviously from the other side—the east side—of Fifth Avenue. A beauty shop may have lent a hand on her face, but her figure needed help from nobody. Kirk even handled her differently, seeing to it she was seated comfortably. Willie tried to catch his eye as he passed the control room, but Kirk was watching the studio clock.

AFTER the broadcast, Willie lingered near the backstage exit, wondering if the presence of this dame was going to louse up his evening. Broadcast nights usually meant he and Kirk ate together and had laughs until it was time for the West Coast repeat show at eleven-thirty. Then it was generally coffee at Lindy's or Reuben's. He couldn't be sure, now. Two musicians from the studio band went by.

"Whatcha say, Willie?" one of them called. "Want to grab some ribs with us?"

"Catch me another time," Willie said. "Kirk'll be sore if I duck out on him."

"We'll live," the second musician said cheerfully.

A few minutes later, Kirk passed with the new woman on his arm. He waved. "See you tomorrow, fella." Then he changed his mind. At the elevator, he called back, "Where you eating?"

Willie got as far as I-sorta-promised-some-guys-from-the-press-department when Kirk interrupted. "We'll be at the Florentine Kitchen. Going home first to change my shirt."

Willie was at the Florentine Kitchen in seven minutes. He informed Angelo he wanted a table for three, that Kirk would be eating with him, then he stood at the bar and swapped gags with the Broadway gang that hung out there. It was an hour and a half before Kirk showed up. He was wearing the same shirt. He said, "Mrs. Randolph, my press agent," sat down, and started ordering. They ate, they drank wine, and Willie repeated all the gags and gossip he'd picked up that day. Mrs. Randolph didn't seem to hear him. Kirk listened, yawned and looked at his watch every few minutes. It was a little after ten when he said, "I better get you home fast, Sugar, if I'm going to get back to the studio on time."

MRS. RANDOLPH looked surprised. "Home? I thought we were spending the evening. Or am I getting what you boys call 'the brush'?"

Kirk reached for her hand. "You ought to know better than that, Sugar. I only thought you'd be tired of hearing me talk."

"I could stuff cotton in my ears," she said coldly.

Kirk recaptured the hand she had withdrawn. "If you can take it, Sugar," he said, squeezing her hand meaningfully, "it's double okay with me."

Willie started to say something, but first, to show he was completely indifferent about it, he shrugged his shoulders a few times. "If you want, Mrs. Randolph, I could keep you company while Kirk's singing."

"How's that for service, huh, Sugar?" Kirk grinned. "Escort and everything." . . .

The engineer had to worry along without Willie in the control room, for the repeat show. Willie was busy in the sponsor's booth, figuring out the angles while he pulled Mrs. Randolph's chair into position. Mrs. Randolph—a divorcée, Willie decided, and on the make for Kirk; that was obvious. So how would she react to him moving in on Kirk? Great, Willie told himself, she was just the type that would go for his kind of personality, just for the thrill of it. Willie was convinced of that. Only he wasn't sure if he ought to start right in calling her "Sugar." She was watching Kirk through the glass window of the booth.

"Kirk's a nice kid," Willie said generously. Mrs. Randolph looked up for a quick glance at him, then she turned back to the stage.

"You're probably wondering why I fuss over him," Willie mused. "I'll tell you why. Because Broadway is a tough street. The boys play rough, unless you've been around a long time the way I have. But I like Kirk, and when I like someone, I shoot the works." He looked Mrs. Randolph over, appraisingly. "Wanna know something? I like you."

She said, "Thanks," without turning.

"No, I'm on the level. I like you, and when I like someone, I—"

"Shhh," she said.

"This is soundproof," Willie assured her. "They can't hear us."

"But I want to hear them."

Willie smiled. He got it. She was afraid Kirk would ask her about the show, to make sure she had paid attention, and she was using that to make it look like she was hard to get. "Okay, if that's the way you want to play it," Willie said, letting her know he got it.

This time Mrs. Randolph faced him squarely. "You don't seem to understand. I have no desire to play *any*thing *any* way," she snapped, and then

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"OH DAD, and just the right kind, too!"

Naturally, Janie's happy! Like most teen-age girls, she has pretty definite preferences in stockings. She knows that to get the kind she prefers, she has to look at the label and see the brand name. (That's the name the manufacturer gives the clothing he makes so that folks can tell it from others.)

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she deliberately turned her back on him.

For the rest of the program, Willie examined the back of her head, scornfully, with his Look. . . .

Kirk was waiting for them, yawning and stretching. "I'm beat," he announced. He yawned again. "Ready to call it a night, Sugar?"

"I am not!" she told him.

Kirk frowned and looked at his watch, shedding his fatigue. "Tell you what, Sugar. We can just make the show at the Flamingo, okay?" He grabbed Willie's arm without waiting for her answer. "And, fella, you come along."

It was an order.

The floor show was already on when they arrived, and the room was jammed. But the headwaiter promptly led them to a small ringside table.

"How nice, deciding to come suddenly and find a good table, vacant and waiting," Mrs. Randolph said dryly, with a suspicious, sidelong glance at Kirk. "Couldn't be that you were *planning* to come, could it? Alone, perhaps? Or with somebody else? But of course it's absurd, thinking that. You were so—beat, if I remember correctly."

"Shuh-gar," Kirk said, protesting and hurt.

Willie missed the byplay. He was too busy getting an eyeful of the scantily clad girls on the floor, shaking their feathers in time to the music. One of the girls, a gorgeous redhead fully six feet tall in her high heels, was frankly staring, looking their party over.

Willie nudged Kirk. "Know her?"

"Yeah. It's Boots Moriarty."

Willie's eyebrows went up, his mouth down. "I could use some of that," he said lazily, with all the nonchalance of the true Man about Town. Kirk pantomimed an invitation to the redhead.

The minute the floor show was over, Mrs. Randolph started collecting her things. "We've got to wait for Booty," Kirk reminded her.

"Booty? Oh, that girl. I'm sure she'll forgive us."

Kirk smiled. "Don't be like that. I promised the fella here an introduction."

SO THEY sat there, not talking, until the redhead joined them. Kirk did the honors. "Miss Moriarty, Mrs. Randolph—my press agent."

The redhead towered over Willie when he stood up. Mrs. Randolph also got to her feet.

"It was so nice meeting you, Miss—" She took Kirk's arm. "Coming, dear?"

"Sure, Sugar." He slapped Willie on the back. "Take good care of Booty, fella."

Willie watched them go, then he sat down. "Good kid, that Kirk," he said fondly. "Knows how to blow when a guy wants to be alone."

Boots inspected Willie without curiosity. "Get him," she said to no one in particular. The words were spaced evenly, with a slight stress on the "him," but the flat sound of her voice belied the wonder—the amazement, even—inherent in the remark. Boots Moriarty was past being amazed.

"Whatcha drinking—Booty?" Willie asked, waving the waiter over. He knew how to handle *this* kind of twist, he told himself. This was home base. "Champagne cocktail?"

Boots said, "Get him," and ordered rye and ginger ale.

"I think I'll have me some old-fashioneds," Willie held the waiter's eyes. "I don't like to be between drinks when I'm thirsty, so better bring me a gang of them all together. About four."

Boots said, "Gee. Just like in the movies."

Willie took it as a compliment. "Funny I never ran into you on this beat, Sugar. Me and Kirk generally make the run together."

Boots took a good long look at him. "You're a kick," she said finally.

"I'll show you kicks you didn't know existed," Willie promised. He was feeling great. The drinks came and he bit into one. "I can do you a lotta good. All I gotta do is buzz Winchell and you're in there. Like that." He emptied the glass. "'Course, I'm a married man, so there can't be anything like you and me being seen around a lot in public. I like to get those things straight." Willie reached for the second glass. "But that doesn't mean— Know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean."

Man, this was going all right! Willie downed his second drink.

"Ever think about the movies?" he said mysteriously.

"Oh, sure. I go every week."

"No, I mean about being *in* them."

"You going to buzz Zanuck?"

"Listen, baby, I could give you a build-up that would make them scream for you, Zanuck and all the rest."

"So okay. Build me up."

Willie became aware of the music. "Wanna dance?"

Boots stood up. "Yeah. Let's dance."

ON THE dance floor, Willie managed it so that they skirted the floor, close to the ringside tables. When the table sitters looked up, Willie looked right back at them. Indifferently. Boots didn't seem to notice them or anything else.

"Why don't you and me take a powder and find us a nice cozy little spot where a guy and a gal can talk," Willie purred. No response. "You don't have to be afraid of me," he told her, leering. Boots didn't answer that either. Her eyes were circling the room, over Willie's head. What she needed was more working on, he decided. He steered for the tangle of dancers in the center of the floor, announcing: "I'm hell in the clinches."

"You're a kick," she said. They danced for a few minutes, without moving, then Willie felt Boots stiffen.

"Am I playing too rough?" he asked happily.

"H'm? What?" Boots looked down at him. "Yeah, you're a kick." She broke from him and started off the floor.

"We leaving?" Willie asked huskily, following. He'd had trouble forming the words.

"Yeah. Kirk's back."

Willie looked, dazed, and saw that it was true; Kirk was back. He was settling with the waiter. He winked at Willie and smiled a greeting to Boots when they reached the table. "Ready, Sugar?" he asked.

"I ought to tell you off, you phony!" Boots fished a lipstick out of her bag and used it angrily. "What's the idea bringing another girl here when you got a date with me?"

Kirk pocketed his change. "Couldn't help it, Sugar. My sponsor's sister." He thumped Willie's arm. "Thanks, fella. You were terrific."

Boots put her lipstick away and smiled at Willie. "Yeah. You were a kick." . . .

Willie took a long time fitting his key into the lock. When the door of his apartment swung open, he could see the light from his bedroom, reflected in the hall. He heard Martha call, "Bill—?" It was seconds before he answered.

"Yah."

He walked slowly into the bedroom and dropped his morning papers on the night table. He thought: Me, I wind up with the News and the Mirror. "That Kirk!" he exploded.

Martha laid her magazine aside. "Please, Bill. You have him on your mind all day; that's enough."

"He'd lose his shoes if I didn't lace them up for him!"

Martha looked at the clock. "It's late, Bill. Come to bed." She stretched drowsily. The thin blanket slipped from her shoulders. "You know I can't fall asleep unless you're here with me."

Willie took a deep breath. "Sure, Kewp," he said. "Sure." THE END

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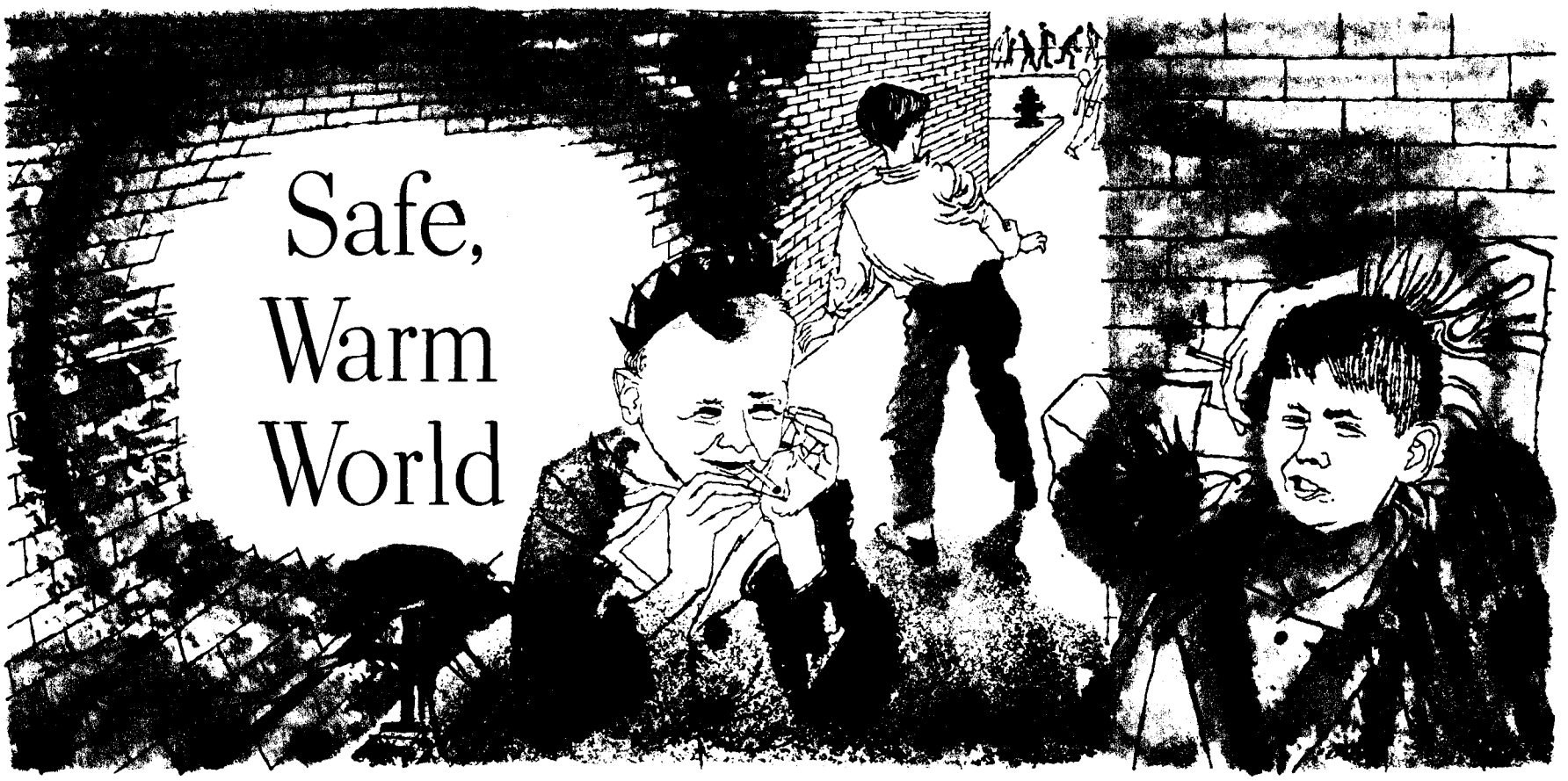

Safe, Warm World

By ROSS KEARNEY

THEY parked their three bikes in the rack and wandered purposefully into the drugstore. Joe followed Corky to the magazine stand while Pete circled around by the candy and cigar counter to see what they would swipe.

Joe hoped they wouldn't take more candy. His mouth was still gluey from gobbled chocolate that he couldn't seem to swallow. He would have said something, except that this was the first time he'd gone into stores to take things, and Pete was the leader.

Joe picked out a comic book and tried to pretend to read it. He was aware of the lady clerk behind him at the lipstick counter and he kept looking over his shoulder at her.

Corky muttered and shook his head in warning. Joe scowled at him impatiently. Maybe he didn't have experience, but he wasn't that dopey. He could figure things out in his head. A magazine was too hard to hide, and the clerk was behind them, so you couldn't watch for just the right moment.

Pete came up, and they edged together.

"Same as usual," Pete whispered. "You still got pennies?" he asked Corky.

Corky rattled them. It was real neat, the way they worked it. Corky would buy something and throw a handful of pennies on the counter so that some of them would roll off. While the clerk was bent over picking up pennies, they would all grab something.

At the first place, the malt shop, Corky and Pete got peppermints and gum, and Joe got a chocolate bar. In the stationery store, they all swiped automatic pencils.

It worked swell. And in case the clerk looked up too quick, they all had money in their left hands. Anybody could see they were kids from honest families, not real crooks.

"Okay, ready for briefing," Pete said, low and clipped. "There's cigarettes right on the counter. I'll get 'em. Corky, buy bubble gum with the pennies. Joe, you cover as lookout."

"Roger!" Corky said.

Joe nodded, fidgeting. Pete was almost thirteen, and he smoked cigarettes out of his sister's purse plenty of times. Corky did too; smoking was bad for kids, and Joe decided that he wouldn't do it even though they got the cigarettes.

They waited for Pete to choose the moment. A woman customer came in and asked the lady clerk to show nail polishes. The druggist went behind his partition, and they could hear him clinking bottles. Pete signaled. They put down their magazines and headed for the candy and cigar counter.

Fear shivered deliciously along Joe's sides. The first two times had been so simple it wasn't even fun, but this was real risky. Grabbing cigarettes, they couldn't pretend they were meaning to buy something. They wouldn't have any alibi if they were caught.

And sooner or later they would get caught, he knew. You always finally got caught. When you chucked rocks at the school windows, you knew the monitors would spot you sometime. Then you showed everybody how brave you were when they marched you through the school to the principal's office. Or, at Bible class, when you made the girls giggle by mumbling mysteriously inside your throat, you knew you'd get told on and be lectured by the minister.

You felt important to be talked to alone by the minister and the principal. They were pretty good guys, too. They understood that kids did things they weren't supposed to because it was fun to be brave and take risks, and you couldn't be a frontiersman or cowboy or pilot.

His father had explained all this to his mother. Whenever Joe did wrong, he and his father would sit together and talk about obeying The Rules. Joe understood about The Rules. Grownups made rules and followed them to make the world safe for children, so that children couldn't be killed or put into slavery like in history before there were any rules.

It was good to know that grownups were looking after you while you were small, and Joe would lean back inside his father's big, firm arm and feel warm and safe and comfortable. He intended to follow The Rules when he grew up. Everybody did when they grew up. . . .

Corky and Pete had reached the counter. At one end was candy; at the other end, on top of the cigar case, a carton of cigarettes was open for display. The clerk, an old man with glasses, smiled at them. Corky asked for bubble gum, and when the clerk moved over, Pete slid up to the cigar case.

They were ready. Joe was lookout, the excitement shaking his knees and pounding up thick in his throat. The lady clerk was busy across the store, the druggist behind the partition. Everything was quiet.

Joe shivered. It was the quiet before the sudden Comanche attack. They were going to get caught. He knew it. He held himself steady as an Indian scout, knowing that their capture would be dangerous and painful, like an arrow in the shoulder to be pulled out with bare hands.

Corky threw down the pennies. The old clerk clucked his tongue and stooped down. As Pete's hand snaked for the cigarettes, a man came in the back door and walked straight to them.

Joe's arms stiffened at his sides. They were caught!

The man was right between Pete and Joe, where he could grab Pete by the scruff of the neck and pin Joe with the other hand and yell before Corky could get to the door. Joe sucked in his breath. They were caught, and it was over, and they'd be punished and wouldn't steal again.

The man saw Pete stuff the cigarettes into his pocket, glanced at Corky, looked down at Joe. The man lived somewhere in the neighborhood; once Joe had seen him painting a child's wagon. His eyes were dull as they looked into Joe's.

Pete was hissing at him. Corky was walking away. The man leaned against the counter, watching them; he didn't say anything, he didn't do anything. Joe ran after Pete and Corky.

ALL three piled on their bikes and ducked around the corner into an alley. Pete braked to a stop; then, straddling the bike, he began to tear open the cigarettes. He and Corky were giggling.

"He saw us!" Joe blurted, jumping off his bike. "That man saw us!"

"So what?" Pete said. "He don't know us, does he?"

"He was only a customer," Corky said.

"But he didn't do anything!" Joe cried out, trying to make them understand. "He saw us and he didn't do anything!"

"Why should he?" Corky demanded. "It wasn't his business."

"It was no skin off his nose," Pete said. "What's he care about us?"

"I don't know," Joe said in confusion. He leaned his bike against the wall and scuffed his feet uncertainly, waiting for their eyes to let go of him.

"You're goofy," Corky said. "It wasn't a cop, or our fathers, or a preacher."

"Have a smoke," Pete said.

"I don't want any." Joe walked slowly toward the end of the alley. An awful sense of aloneness filled him. The man was a grownup, and he hadn't cared about them. Joe stumbled a little on the rough ground. Would his father have done anything with strange kids? Would he?

He sobbed with dread, with not understanding. He huddled inside his windbreaker, not wanting to leave the protective cave-mouth of the alley. The small world that had been safe and kind opened before him vast and dark and merciless. THE END

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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Those Explosive Nobel Prizes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

in the fields of literature, peace, physics, chemistry and medicine to carve up approximately $150,000 among them.

The jack pot would have been worth $215,000 had not Sweden devalued her currency in September, following Britain's lead.

There have been countless criticisms of the awards, but rarely have these had to do with money, except for the insistence in some quarters that the prizes could be larger if the Nobel people didn't spend so much of the income (22 per cent) on operating expenses. (The remaining 10 per cent must be added each year to the capital fund.) The major complaint, touched off every autumn by the Nobel announcements, is that the prizes do not always go to the most deserving.

The Nobel juries—all Swedish except the peace prize selectors, who are Norwegian—are made up of mere mortals. Some of these men are world-renowned authorities on their subjects, able to exercise complete objectivity. Others, however, are occasionally prey to prejudice, partiality and ignorance.

Handicapped by these human foibles, the Nobel people have also been none too helpfully guided by the terms laid down in Nobel's will. Almost at once they got into trouble because of his wish that the awards go for contributions to mankind made "during the year immediately preceding."

In 1905, four years after the awards started, they presented the medicine prize to Dr. Robert Koch, of Germany, for "his work on tuberculosis." (Actually, the citation should have referred to his work on tuberculin.) Six months later tragedy struck. The cure began to kill. Hundreds of men and women suffering from tuberculosis died after treatments. Dr. Koch's premature tuberculin was imperfect. The unreasoning anger of the world fell on his innocent hand, and the Nobel people were made to look like fools.

After that the Nobel committeemen grew cautious. They let the passage of several years test every new discovery. In 1922, considering Albert Einstein for the physics award, they knew the tremendous significance of his seven-year-old theory of relativity. But they were unnerved when Einstein's enemies in Germany began screaming that the theory was not a discovery, was not even proved, was "of no benefit to mankind." The Nobel jury, side-stepping the theory of relativity, awarded Einstein the prize for his work on the lesser quantum the-

This Fascinating World

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
HOLLYWOOD	An actress insured her size-36 bust for $50,000 with Lloyd's of London.
VIENNA	A man arrested for marrying three times without getting a divorce pleaded that he had a poor memory.
CHICAGO	A night club put on an afternoon floor show for men who couldn't get out at night.
LOS ANGELES	A woman sued for divorce because her physician-husband objected to kissing as being insanitary.
NEW YORK	A man arrested for forgery and grand larceny bore the tattooed motto: Death before dishonor.
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK	A landlady removed the fire escapes from her apartment building and then tried to evict the tenants because the absence of the escapes violated the building code.
GRAND RAPIDS	A man paid a $20 debt by sending a check in the middle of a 100-pound block of ice.
TACOMA	A bandit who found only $100 in a store till threw it on the ground and stalked out empty-handed.
STURGEON BAY, WISCONSIN	A butcher advertised his 12-year-old automobile for sale at 11 cents a pound.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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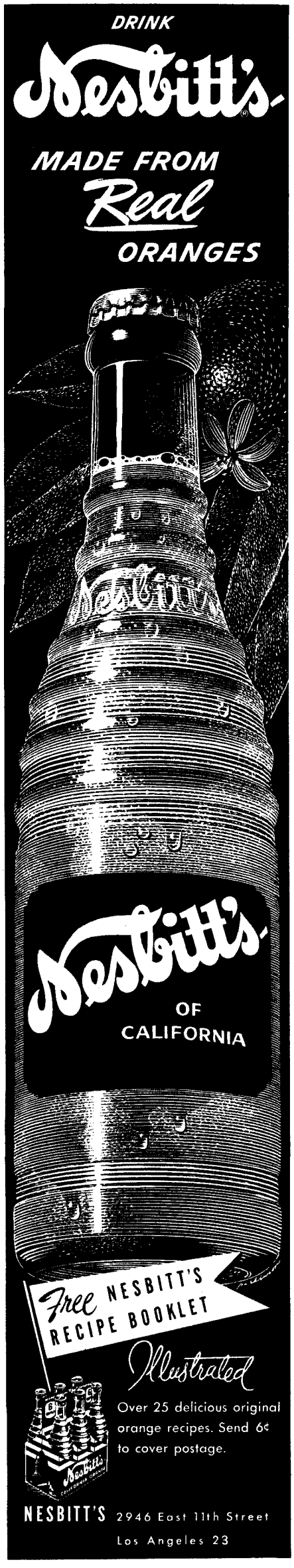

ory. Einstein's enemies then screamed that the quantum theory was too piddling to deserve an award.

What happened to Einstein was not unusual. Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, won the literary award 20 years after he penned the work that brought him fame. Three years ago the literature prize went to Hermann Hesse, a naturalized Swiss. Hesse's best novel had been published 19 years before, but his selection by the Nobel committee was based on the fact that he was "one of those who first eluded German suppression of free opinion." It was not explained that the suppression Hesse eluded was that of the Kaiser in 1912.

Another major point of dispute arising from Nobel's will involves consideration of the ages of the prize winners. Did Nobel want to pay off talents long successful? Or did he want to underwrite youthful, struggling, potential genius?

The very first peace prize, in 1901, was shared by the founder of the Red Cross, Henri Dunant, who was seventy-three, and by the founder of the first French peace society, Frédéric Passy, who was seventy-nine. The first seven prizemen in literature had an age average of seventy. The eighth winner, Rudyard Kipling, broke into the charmed circle of elders at forty-two, and has since remained the youngest winner of the literature prize.

"We do not like to honor young men," one Nobel juryman admitted, "because if they are too young, they may retrogress."

A typically mellowed choice was Anatole France, who got a Nobel prize when he was seventy-seven.

George Bernard Shaw, a prize winner at sixty-nine, summed up all the criticism of this too careful prize giving: "The money is a life belt thrown to a swimmer who has already reached the shore in safety!"

Another problem in interpreting the provisions of Nobel's will concerns the peace prize. Precisely what did Nobel have in mind? Did he mean people who work for disarmament, which he himself did not believe in? Did he mean those who relieve the suffering of war? Or did he intend to reward pacifists?

Two Who Shared the Prize

This issue came to a boil at the very first award, when the prize was divided between the professional pacifist, Frédéric Passy, and Henri Dunant, the Red Cross founder, a man who tried to alleviate the sufferings of war. The first criticism was that Nobel had not meant the prize to be shared. (It has occasionally been shared since.) The second criticism was that no part of the check should go to Dunant who, jokesters insisted, deserved not the peace but the medicine prize.

Nobel's will was positive on one point: that in granting the awards, no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidates. But it was assumed from the beginning that Nobel didn't really mean this. Nobel's family and friends reminded the committeemen of his personal tastes and distastes in world affairs and literature, and argued that both should be respected. Thus, in death, Nobel dominated the awards.

Émile Zola and Henrik Ibsen, both literary giants, were totally ignored because Nobel had openly disapproved of them and of all authors who belonged to the school of realism. On the other hand, Nobel admired the works of Björnstjerne Björnson, a relatively unknown Norwegian. Björnson got the nod in 1903. When they ran out of Nobel's post-mortem nominations, Nordic nationalism encouraged the prize givers in Sweden and Norway to honor themselves and their compatriots in Denmark and Finland to a disproportionate degree.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel hated prizes. He never took seriously the honors he himself received.

"I owe my Swedish Order of the North Star to my cook, whose skill won the approval of an eminent stomach," he once said. "And my French Order was conferred upon me as the result of a close personal acquaintance with a minister."

One of the world's richest men, Nobel owned 15 factories and 53 oil tankers, and wielded the same shadowy power as munitions merchants Krupp and Zaharoff. He devoted his days to building new plants, fighting American competition, and to instigating lawsuits to protect his inventions. He took out, in addition to the one on dynamite, 355 other patents including those on smokeless powder, synthetic rubber, blasting gelatin, and a rocket projectile. He dwelt alone in Paris, a shy, unhappy man who never married.

Nobel died the night of December 10, 1896, in a villa in Italy. On his desk were plans for new instruments of war and some jottings about how best to attain peace. He had a phobia about being buried alive and had asked that his veins be opened and his body cremated. This was done. All that remained of Nobel was the will.

There were gaping defects in it. Nobel had written it himself, because years of lawsuits made him distrustful of all attorneys. The executors named were Swedish, because Nobel had "found the greatest number of honorable men in Sweden." The greatest loophole loomed after the executors had converted Nobel's holdings into cash and invested the cash in securities. Who then was to dole it out in prizes? The will named no one. At last the Swedish government stepped in and lent a hand.

There followed two years of legal hocus-pocus. There was a Russian branch of the Nobel family, and it agreed to accept the will. The Swedish branch objected to its validity and was bought off. On the fifth anniversary of Nobel's death, with the Nobel Foundation firmly established, the first awards were announced to the world.

Most Nobel prize winners pick up their awards in person. The trip, for the majority, is a memorable one. Since four of the five awards are made in Sweden, it is the Stockholm ceremony that is better known and remembered than the one held annually in the general assembly hall of the Nobel Institute in Oslo.

In Stockholm the awards are handed out at five o'clock on the afternoon of December 10th, the anniversary of Nobel's death. The entire ceremony has the dignified, mellow quality of its central figure, ninety-one-year-old King Gustav V, in recent years so nearsighted that he once presented a Nobel prize to his own secretary by mistake. The aging monarch has been ill of late and Sweden's crown prince may hand out the awards this year for the first time. Winners have come and gone before Gustav, and all have been impressed.

Pearl Buck's Experiences

This year's winners will probably experience sensations and thrills similar to those of Pearl Buck, the last American to win the Nobel prize in literature. Arriving in the Stockholm depot on December 9, 1938, she was greeted by a silk-hatted reception committee including the American Minister to Sweden, members of the Swedish Foreign Office and Nobel committeemen. Mrs. Buck was immediately escorted to the Grand Hotel where she was given the royal suite.

The next morning she received two attachés from the Foreign Office. One of them politely explained, "We would deeply appreciate it if, after receiving your award from the hands of the king, you would retire backward to your seat on the stage."

He went on to explain that one year two winners had turned their backs on the king, causing much agitation among the Swedish spectators. The other attaché demonstrated exactly how deeply Mrs. Buck was to curtsy before the king.

Mrs. Buck studied the official memorandum they handed her, which reminded her to start for the concert hall 40 minutes early and then ended on a crass financial note: "On Monday, December 12th, between 10:00 and 12:00 A.M., the receivers of the Nobel prizes will please visit the bureau of the Nobel Foundation, Sturegatan 14, in order to exchange the assignation received by them against a bank cheque."

That afternoon, in the flower-bedecked hall jammed with 2,000 persons, Mrs. Buck waited nervously backstage. Promptly at five, a Swedish sailor and soldier in simple uniforms rose and blew on trumpets. The king and his entourage entered and sat down. Then members of the Nobel committees took their places on stage. As they came in, the king stood up—the only time he ever rises for a subject.

On the platform Mrs. Buck sat beside dapper Dr. Enrico Fermi, winner of the

COLLIER'S

"You can't really tell how it's going to look until it dries!"

ERNEST MARQUEZ

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physics prize for his nuclear researches and the Italian scientist who would one day help design America's first atom bomb. Speeches were made in Swedish, a tongue which Mrs. Buck does not understand. Presently she was introduced and asked to rise and go down the steps to the floor of the hall.

In a moment she was curtsying to King Gustav. The monarch shook her hand, then gave her a gold medal in a leather box, a portfolio containing the Nobel citation, and an envelope with the document which was to be exchanged for the prize money.

Then came the ordeal of walking backward. Handicapped both by high-heeled shoes that almost gave way on the deep Oriental rug and by the long train on her gold lamé dress, Mrs. Buck retreated slowly amid almost unendurable suspense. Sensing her difficulty, the audience applauded her every step on the successful journey back up the stairs and into her seat. The next morning a Stockholm paper ran an eight-column banner headline proclaiming "Pearl Buck Goes Gracefully Backwards!"

Later Mrs. Buck confided to a friend, "I was so afraid that I would land in Professor Fermi's lap that, while the speeches were being made, I memorized the pattern of the rug. Then I followed it right straight back into my chair!"

Inevitable

What *heroes* they
Who always say,
"Let come what may—"
As if it wouldn't
Anyway!

—S. H. DEWHURST

At seven o'clock that evening there was a banquet in the city hall, at which Mrs. Buck sat next to the crown prince. And the following evening the king invited her and the other winners to dinner in the royal palace.

At this affair the entree was reindeer steak, and Gustav discussed with Mrs. Buck the burdens of being a king.

Legend of the Golden Eggcup

Other prize-winning visitors to Sweden remember other things. Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson recall the golden eggcup placed on the table beside the king at his banquet for the winners. A guest explained its presence:

"A thousand years ago a Swedish king didn't care for his dinner. He demanded a plain boiled egg. It took a long time to find an egg in the royal kitchen and the king was irritated. Since then a boiled egg has *always* stood beside the king's plate."

Dr. Robert Millikan points out that the Swedes gave him two medals. "One was solid gold, to put in the vault for safekeeping. The other was a brass replica, just to keep around the house to show people."

But neither medals, ceremonies nor acclaim dim the sparkle of Nobel's cold cash. In almost five decades of prize giving, nearly $7,000,000 has been handed out. Because a Nobel prize is so rich in both prestige and kronor, no man has ever declined it of his own free will. Three electees were forced, against their wishes, to refuse the prizes.

The trio who turned down the awards was forced to do so by Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer had banned the Nobel awards and replaced them with his own National State Prizes. In 1947 one of them, Dr. Gerhard Domagk, who had won the 1939 medicine award for discoveries that led to the making of sulfanilamide, applied for his prize. He received only the medal and diploma; the cash, according to the rules, could not be held more than a year and had long since reverted to the main Nobel fund.

When George Bernard Shaw was informed by the Swedish Minister in London that he had won, he roared: "What do I need the money for?"

The minister asked Shaw to think it over and reply officially. A week later Shaw relented, accepted the prize and immediately turned the money over for the formation of an Anglo-Swedish alliance to encourage literary and artistic intercourse between the two countries.

Money Put to Various Uses

Prize money gave Pierre Curie a chance to quit teaching and devote full time to research; and it made possible a new bathroom, long hoped for by his partner-wife and co-winner, Marie. It permitted Selma Lagerlöf to buy back and remodel the 300-year-old ancestral manse which had been sold when her father died. It saved Knut Hamsun from near poverty and afforded him a historic two-week toot which began the very night of the award ceremony.

Tying one on, Hamsun pulled the whiskers of an elderly Nobel committeeman and then weaved over to Selma Lagerlöf, who was also on the Nobel jury. Snapping his fingers against her new corset, Hamsun cried, "Y'know? Sounds like a bell buoy!"

Announcement of the winners and the sums they are to receive usually inspires a flood of begging mail. Thomas Mann recalled: "It is an unnerving experience to have come publicly into the possession of a sum of money, as much as many an industrialist puts away every year and no notice is taken of it, and suddenly to be stared in the face by all the wretchedness of the world."

Many winners have tried to relieve some of that wretchedness. Romain Rolland passed his check along to pacifist organizations. Fridtjof Nansen, the arctic explorer and relief worker, used part of his peace prize to build two agricultural schools in Soviet Russia. The American Friends Service Committee, co-winner of the last peace award, decided to use its prize money in "an effort to improve Russian-American relations."

An earlier peace prize winner, Teddy Roosevelt, turned his $36,734 over to "a committee to promote industrial peace in America." When the committee did nothing about it, Roosevelt 10 years later got his money back (interest had swelled it to $47,482) and donated it all to help comfort American troops fighting in World War I.

On the other hand, when friends asked Luigi Pirandello what he would do with his Nobel money, he blandly replied, "Keep it, of course!" Sinclair Lewis, who had suffered business losses and was still paying alimony to his first wife, took his $46,350 and said, "I will use this for a deserving young writer,"—meaning Sinclair Lewis. Dr. F. G. Banting and Dr. J. J. Macleod, discoverers of insulin, felt that their two assistants had been omitted unfairly from the Nobel prize, and each split his check with his co-worker.

Probably the best comment on the practical aspects of the world's most celebrated awards came from Dr. Clinton Davisson, the New York physicist, who won for his work with electrons. Dr. Davisson was horrified to learn that winners were expected to pay their own round-trip fares to Sweden. With four children in school and so living on a necessarily tight budget, he was forced to borrow from his bank in order to afford the trip to pick up his Nobel check.

A decade later Dr. Davisson, asked how the money had affected him, replied, "Outwardly, we live as before. But below the decks there is a serenity which previously was lacking and which wealth alone can bring." THE END

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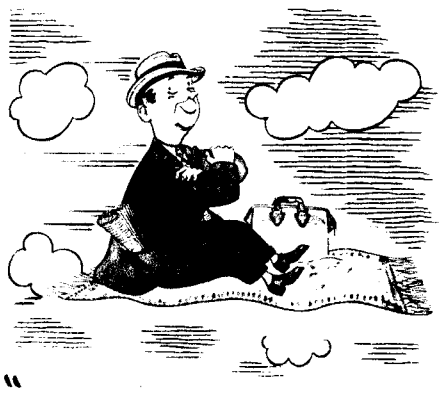

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12th Man in the Huddle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

If you don't produce, he finds somebody who will."

Collier produced, but not because he knew the T-formation from experience. Throughout his career at Paris high school, he had been a single-winger. And his only subsequent contact with the T had been as a spectator—first during his boot training at the naval station in Bainbridge, Maryland, where Coach Joe Maniaci used it; and later, on Sunday leaves in Philadelphia, watching Greasy Neale's professional Eagles pour it on.

It is a tribute to Collier's genius for observing detail that this limited experience was enough to prepare him. Under Brown's perfectionist eye he coached the Great Lakes quarterbacks so well that when the lieutenant left the Navy shortly after V-J Day to organize Cleveland's team of pros for the newly formed All America Conference, he could think of no one more astute than ex-yeoman Collier to assist him as backfield coach.

In each of the three years since, the Cleveland Browns have won the conference championship; and Collier personally has become established as one of the most daring and original, yet thoroughly sound mentors in the game.

Important colleges have sought him, and rival professional teams have given him to understand that a good job is awaiting when and if he chooses to leave the Browns. But Collier is staying.

"I'd rather work under Paul Brown than coach a national champion," he says. "Besides, if I ever left here I'd look for a high-school job. I couldn't take the headaches that alumni and trustees and faculty and students give a college coach."

The Cleveland staff has become a favorite hunting preserve for colleges on the prowl for new coaches. Bob Voigts regretfully resigned as one of Brown's assistants in order to go to Northwestern, where he produced last winter's Rose Bowl champ. Bill Edwards, Voigts's successor as tackle coach, went to Vanderbilt this year. Johnny Brickels signed with Miami University at Oxford, Ohio. All of them departed with Brown's blessing and his assurances of continued friendship.

"But nobody's going to take Blanton Collier away from me," he once said grimly. "I'll simply make it so attractive for him financially that he can't afford to leave us."

This would seem to confirm an opinion that has become virtually unanimous among close followers of the Cleveland champions—that Collier is the one indispensable man in the organization, excepting only Paul Brown himself.

Browns Tops at Pass Defense

Collier's special function is in the field of pass defense—a vital assignment in a league that has embraced such Deadeye Dicks as Glenn Dobbs, Frankie Albert, Angelo Bertelli, George Ratterman, Charlie O'Rourke and Yelberton Abraham Tittle. The Browns' pass defense record is annually the best in the league. There is no close rival.

Collier's peculiar genius as a strategist and teacher is well illustrated by the case of Tom Colella. Colella was a member of the Cleveland (now Los Angeles) Rams when they won the National League championship in 1945. An excellent ball carrier, pass receiver and punter, he was invariably benched by Coach Adam Walsh when the opposing team got possession of the ball. His weakness on pass defense had become an urgent invitation to disaster.

When the All America Conference began operations in 1946, signalizing the opening of the enormously costly war between it and the National Football League, Colella jumped to the Browns. Under Collier's tutelage he actually became, within a year, the foremost pass defender in the conference. During the 1946 season he intercepted 10 passes. He tied a league record, by grabbing off three enemy tosses in one game.

"There was never anything wrong with Tommy except that he didn't understand his responsibility," Collier explains. "We use a combination area and man-for-man defense. As the defensive left halfback, Colella was responsible for all eligible receivers within a specific area. But under certain conditions he was required to stay with a particular opponent even if it did take him into another area.

"His trouble was that he worried too much about all the other defensive zones, too. He tried to play the whole pass defense himself. As soon as he learned to stick to his own job and let others take care of theirs, his natural speed and alertness made him an outstanding pass defender."

Football Theories Coincide

The word "philosophy" is often heard by visitors in the Browns' neighborhood. Coach Brown himself testifies that he was first attracted to Collier by the discovery that they subscribed to identical philosophies of football.

Collier, in turn, thus defines the Cleveland club's philosophy of pass defense: "We try to intercept the long ones and tackle the short ones. You can't keep a good football team—with a passer like, say, Frankie Albert—from completing passes. What you have to do is prevent them from completing the passes that hurt you. You concede them the less damaging ones in order to cut off the big ones."

Another tenet of the Brown-Collier philosophy: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Here's how they do it:

Occasionally Collier encounters a pass pattern that baffles him; in which case the Browns simply incorporate the maneuver into their own offense as soon as possible. This serves a double purpose. It gives them an effective weapon on the attack; and in time, by working against the plays in daily practice, they contrive a reasonably satisfactory defense against the enemy's use of the same play.

Beaten by Their Own Tactics

More than one opponent has thus been harassed and defeated by one of their own pet tactics; and they have also suffered the ultimate embarrassment of discovering that the pattern now being used successfully against them would no longer work so effectively against the Collier-devised defense.

But fellow coaches warn against the error of assuming that Collier's usefulness begins and ends with his uncanny ability to set up defenses.

"Blanton," one of them has said, "is one of the brilliant offensive tacticians in football."

Certainly Brown leans heavily on the judgment of the ex-gob. They room together when the team is traveling, and out of their postmidnight conversations come many of the stratagems that have made the Cleveland team an unparalleled phenomenon of the sports world.

Collier is one of two men whom Paul Brown credits with making Cleveland "the greatest third-period team in football."

Repeatedly during the four seasons of their existence the Browns have seemed to be thoroughly beaten at half time, only to come storming right back with a two- or three-touchdown third period that gave them the ball game.

"Blanton and Dick Gallagher sit up in the observers' coop," the head coach explains, "and what they see in the way of our own mistakes and opponents' weak-

SISTER

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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nesses has turned the tide of many a contest."

From this lofty perch Collier watches every move, every trend in a game. Is the enemy line-backer "shooting the gap" to hurry Otto Graham's passes? "They're ripe for Trap 32," Collier will report to Brown by telephone.

Trap 32 is the play that has made Marion Motley, a 235-pound fullback, the most-feared ball carrier in the All America Conference and an all-league selection for three years, all-pro for two. Teams that send their middle linemen or line-backers smashing through in an attempt to thwart Graham's passes more often than not spend most of the afternoon trying to comb Motley out of their hair.

In the most important game of the Browns' 1947 season the New York Yankees piled up a 28-to-0 lead in the first half. Chiefly because they seemed to have perfected a defense against Graham's passing, the Yankees had possession of the ball for more than 20 of the first 30 minutes. In professional football, possession means scoring. Late in the second period Collier telephoned the solution to the bench.

"They're holding Lavelli and Speedie (the pass-snatching ends) at the line of scrimmage," he reported. "Send the halfbacks wide and let Otto hit 'em."

Within three minutes the Browns had a touchdown. With Graham still hitting the halfbacks with his passes, they scored two more during that third period. In the fourth, as the Yankees relaxed their vigilance against Dante Lavelli and Mac Speedie, the two great ends got into the act. The game ended in a 28-28 tie.

Ray Flaherty, then coach of the Yankees, embittered by repeated frustrations in his dueling with Cleveland, described the Browns as a "high-school team with a high-school coach." The second half of that contemptuous characterization was more accurate than the first.

In picking his assistants, Brown has displayed a weakness for high-school coaches, reflecting the respect for his opponents gained in 11 seasons of exposing prep- and high-school boys to his philosophy of football. A high-school coach himself for all but three of his pre-Navy seasons, he has engaged no "name" assistants, none who ever achieved fame in college either as player or teacher, none who ever played pro football.

Pressure on Ohio State

Fritz Heisler, his guard coach, was an assistant under Brown at Washington High School in Massillon, Ohio, and accompanied his chief to Ohio State in 1941 after pressure by the Ohio High School Coaches Association had got Brown the head coaching portfolio at Columbus. (His high-school colleagues issued a veiled warning to the university that unless Brown were given a shot at the job they would exert their influence to detour their best football players elsewhere.) The fact that Heisler weighs only 150 pounds and looks more like a haberdashery clerk than a football coach hasn't lessened the deep respect in which he is held by the 220-pound huskies who take lessons from him.

Dick Gallagher, who tutors the Cleveland ends, does much of the scouting and who shares the observers' coop with Collier, was a high-school coach for nine years before going to William & Mary College as an assistant shortly before the war. He doubled as baseball coach there and had Vic Raschi, New York Yankee pitching ace, as a pupil.

Wilbur (Weeb) Ewbank, the tackle coach, was a member of Paul Brown's staff at Great Lakes. Before that his experience had been mainly with high-school boys, though he was also a coaching assistant at Miami U. (Ohio) and Brown U.

During and since his Navy years, Blanton Collier has carried on a correspondence with Bob Nulf, coach of North Side High in Fort Wayne, Indiana. After Collier joined the Browns, Nulf asked him to outline the difference in the techniques of coaching high-school boys and college graduates, including numerous All-Americans.

"There is no difference," Collier replied. "We teach the same lessons in the same ways. The pros master them more quickly because they are more experienced and more mature, but the coaching is exactly the same."

The Intangibles That Count

It has been suggested that part of the secret of the Cleveland club's success is the insistence by their coaches on mastery of the basic lessons that all football players must learn somewhere along the line. But there are less tangible standards a player must meet if he's going to make a Brown-coached squad.

In the summer of 1946, the year the All America Conference was launched, a highly recommended lineman, one of the "name" players of the previous collegiate season, presented himself at the team's Bowling Green training camp.

"You Paul Brown?" he asked when the coach responded to a knock at his door. "I'm C——."

Brown looked him over, noted the soiled sport shirt, the wrinkled slacks, the generous wad of tobacco in an unshaved cheek.

"There's been a mistake," Brown said. "We'll give you transportation back home."

Another ex-collegiate star, who appeared to have everything requisite to success in the professional ranks, was shocked into speechlessness last August when Brown called him to his room in the Bowling Green University sorority house that shelters the Cleveland team during its training season. The coach handed him a railroad ticket and his release.

Later, pressed for an explanation, Brown said, "I saw him walking across the campus last night, swinging hands with a Bowling Green coed. He's a married man. I don't want that kind." Then, after a pause, he added, "Besides, he should have been boning up for today's quiz."

The quiz to which Brown referred in dismissing the romantic rookie was one of a series of formal written examinations on football that occupy a large share of the team's time during each training season. Another chunk is consumed by classes in which the lecturers are Brown, Collier, Heisler, Gallagher and Ewbank.

Players are seldom seen on the Bowling Green campus without their large loose-leaf notebooks containing distillates of those gridiron lectures. Most of the hours not spent on the practice field, in the dining hall or in the sack are devoted to study. Many a player, who slipped through college by virtue of the tolerance displayed by some faculties for the academic weaknesses of muscular heroes, has found himself wishing fervently that he had learned more about study techniques in his undergraduate days.

Not only is every player required to be letter-perfect in his own duties on every play in the team's extensive repertory, but a right guard must be as familiar with the assignments of a left halfback as he is with his own.

The curriculum of this strange seminary is based in large part on a remarkable analytical study made by Blanton Collier. At the end of the 1946 season, Brown instructed his backfield coach to go back to Kentucky (where Collier's wife, Mary Forman Varden, waits out the grid seasons with their three daughters) and undertake a survey of the team's performance that could be used as a basis for the following year's coaching.

"What kind of survey?" Collier asked.

"That's your job," said Brown.

Armed with the official movies of all the games and with a "viewer" that permitted him to run the films at slow speeds, Collier took over the family living room and plunged into an undertaking that consumed six months of working days that sometimes approached the 24-hour maximum.

There was an evening when Mrs. Collier, despairing of inducing her absorbed spouse to call it a day and go to bed, retired alone. When she arose in the morning Blanton was at his desk. She would have been willing, she said, to give him the benefit of the doubt and conclude that he had risen early to resume his labors if he hadn't greeted her with a vague, "Oh, hello, I thought you were going to bed."

Collier's study broke down every one of the 1,000-odd offensive plays run by the Browns during the preceding season. The end product was a book that showed exactly what each play had gained and why it didn't gain more. It showed how many times each play broke down at the point of attack and why, how many times away from the point of attack and why, how many times in the secondary defense and why. It showed what individuals were at fault, and in precisely what way, each time a play failed to result in a touchdown.

Every player was subjected to a merciless scrutiny. If a guard had shirked a block once in the season, Collier discovered and recorded the fact. He graded every man on every detail of offensive and defensive play.

There were no secrets from the coaching staff when the job was done. The study has been kept up to date since.

A Weak Spot at Guard

During the 1948 season, in which the Browns won 15 straight games to clinch their third successive league championship, it was noted that Lin Houston, a veteran guard, was unaccountably failing in his duty to protect Otto Graham on pass plays. Opposing linemen were smashing through Houston to smother Graham before he could get a pass away.

And Collier's study revealed why. It showed that Houston had fallen into the habit of blocking with his feet close together, giving him poor balance. It was that simple, but it had escaped the notice of the coaches. In preseason training this year, attention was focused on this minor flaw in the guard's technique. Opponents no longer barrel through him to toss Graham for losses.

"Blanton's survey is the most profound study of a football team's performance ever made," says Brown. "I'd have settled for something half as comprehensive when I told him to do the job. But Collier doesn't do things by halves."

Like all coaches, Collier dreams of the perfect football team, composed of perfect players. He defines the perfect back as one who has size, strength, speed, intelligence and a fierce competitive temperament.

"There's one other thing, too," he says. "He'd have to be a winner, which is a little different from being a good competitor. There are players who don't have the natural gifts that others are blessed with, but they're winners. They always seem to be on the winning side.

"We've got one like that—Edgar Jones. He isn't as fast as a big-time back ought to be, but when we need four yards on third down to maintain possession, he's the boy who can get 'em. A winner. He never makes the all-star teams, but give me 30 like him and I'll beat anything in the world." THE END

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THE GROVE LABORATORIES, INC., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Out of This Nettle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Toby looked at her, startled. "What about, for Pete's sake?"

"Oh—everything. His health, the business, another war—"

They had halted beside a long, low-slung convertible, and Toby let out the expected whistle. "Boy, you really got yourself a heap!" He grinned at Allan. "Bet you had to mortgage your future away for *that* job, Junior."

"Worth it," said Allan with satisfaction. "Want to drive?"

"Let me at it." He slid under the wheel and Louise squeezed in beside him, with Allan outside.

Toby started the car, rounded the familiar corner and picked up speed for the long, straight stretch that led home.

Louise said, "I hope you haven't eaten? We waited dinner for you. Everything you like, too. Or used to like."

"If it's chicken and dumplings," Toby said, "I still do."

"It's chicken and dumplings," Louise said. "Mrs. Kriebs would have seen to that. She always liked you best."

"Good old Keeby," said Toby. He felt a warm glow as he guided the car up the curve of gravel drive and stopped within the lighted arc of the porch lamps. Everything was familiar and right: the two junipers beside the steps, the porch swing.

Then his father was coming through the bright doorway, with his arms outstretched. He looked a little older than Toby had thought of him, the hair thinner on top and grayer at the temples, but his heartiness was young. "Lord, it's great to see you, boy! By Jove, you can pat *me* on the head, now."

And, behind him, Mrs. Kriebs, with her broad face pink from the stove, crying out as if in indignation: "Will you look at him? If he ain't a sight for sore eyes! Why, bless your heart—"

LOUISE, he saw, had laid the table with the lace cloth that was saved for occasions. At its center, between the lighted candles, were small butter-colored chrysanthemums in a copper bowl. Toby looked at his father, thin and distinguished, and at Allan, smooth and spare as if he'd been whittled with a precision tool, and at Louise, with her black hair softly shining, and all of her lovely except for the tiny lines between her brows, the slight tightening of the mouth: good Joes, all three of them. Sally would see them like that, too. He felt warm and confident. Breaking the news was going to be easy. He would just wait for the right opening.

They were asking about school. "If I can keep on dragging down straight A's," he told them, "I ought to land a scholarship for my senior year. I'm figuring on getting into the U.S. Engineers after graduation."

Mr. Harris laughed, shaking his head. "Doesn't sound much like college in *my* day. The fraternity life, parties. Living off campus the way you do, you miss out on all that. And it was a big part of college, when I was a youngster."

"That's it," he said. "You know, Dad, I don't feel like a youngster. I don't think any of the G.I. guys do. Somehow, the rah-rah stuff looks pretty juvenile. Besides," he went on, feeling his father's baffled eyes upon him, "you couldn't put on much of a Joe College act, on $75 a month, even if you wanted to."

His father looked down at his plate. "Certainly wish I could help you."

Toby said, "Skip it, Dad. I'm getting along fine. I went out there to learn engineering and that's what I'm doing."

"By the way," Allan said, "how's the woman situation out there?"

Toby grinned. "Plenty *of* 'em, if that's what you mean. Pretty nice, too." He shifted in his chair and cleared his throat. "Matter of fact," he said, "I wanted to bring that up. This girl I've been going around with: Sally Ward." He was aware of their eyes on him, suddenly alert, a trifle amused.

Louise repeated the name tentatively, as if she were tasting it. "Sally. Ward."

"Well, let's have it," Allan prodded him gaily. "Glad you've got yourself a heart interest at last. I was beginning to wonder. Blond or brunet?"

"Blond, but not so very. She's only nineteen," he said with a rush, "but she's got more sense than *most* women."

"Sounds bad," Allan said. "Take a tip, son, and pick 'em for curves, not I.Q.s. For all practical purposes, it works out better."

"Oh, she's good-looking," Toby said defensively. "But she's got sense too."

"A rare bird," said his father with great good humor. "You're to be congratulated, my boy."

Toby felt the first stirring of annoyance under his habitual easygoing temper. He sat up stiffly and squared his shoulders. "I—guess you don't understand," he said, speaking carefully. "You all seem to think it's some kind of a gag. Maybe you're forgetting: I've been a voter for more than a year."

Louise's voice broke in on a note of alarm. "You—mean you're *serious* about this girl, Toby?"

"Of course I'm serious." He faced her squarely. "Aren't you serious about Howard Savage?"

"Oh, but that's different!" Her face was flaming. "Howard and I have been engaged for nearly five years. We are going to be *married.*"

"Well, so are we. I hope." Toby let them have it. "Sally's all for it. She wants to quit school and take a job till I get my degree. Then *I'll* take over."

The gaiety that had hung over the table seemed abruptly to have blown away, like smoke. Toby looked from one to another of them, astonished. All three faces were strangely alike now: tight-lipped, hard-eyed, disbelieving. And Louise's face most outraged of them all! Only Mrs. Kriebs, moving about the table with the dessert plates, met him with the eyes of kindness. It was his father, at last, who shaped their indignation into speech.

FLINGING down his napkin, he cried out, "By Heaven, that's fantastic! Take a child bride and let her support you for two years! Are you mad?"

"She wouldn't be supporting me," Toby pointed out, feeling relatively sane in the midst of their frenzy.

"Well, you certainly wouldn't be supporting *her,*" Louise put in bitterly.

"Eventually I would. As soon as I've graduated."

"Then why not wait till you graduate?" Her voice was climbing toward panic. Toby found himself staring at her in amazement. What ailed her? She never used to be like this. "Can't you *wait?*" she cried. "Other people do."

Allan's incisive voice cut the tension. "Look, bud, you've been hitting the *books too hard. Trouble with you,* you've never fallen for a dame before, and it's knocked you groggy. Just watch your diet and get plenty of rest—you'll pull out of it all right."

"Very funny," Toby looked down at the lace tablecloth. "Anybody would think I was planning a murder, the way you folks are taking it. After all, people get married every day."

"I was sixteen when *I* done it," said Mrs. Kriebs, plunking down a plate of apple pie in front of Mr. Harris. "And never regretted it, neither."

"Mrs. Kriebs," said Louise in a frozen voice, *"Please!"*

As Mrs. Kriebs tramped out, huffily, Toby felt as if his one poor ally had been driven from the field. The other three seemed, by a common impulse, to pull themselves together. They were by custom a well-behaved family, and now

VIEWPOINT

"Colonel Warren Bradley Shearer! My great uncle. He commanded the Ohio Volunteers at Cemetery Ridge. Several pages of history discuss his military genius"

"Some old codger in my wife's family. I think he started the pickle factory at Parkersburg —the old family home"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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they looked a little shamefaced, as if they had been caught in some unthinkable breach of manners. Toby picked up his fork and tried to choke down his dessert, because Mrs. Kriebs would be hurt if he didn't. It was like eating cotton.

"Let's look at this thing calmly," Mr. Harris said, sounding very calm. "Son, I may not have learned much, but there's one thing I do know. And that is, that security is the most valuable thing in the world. It's a must, if you want any peace of mind."

"Security." Toby picked up the word and examined it without enthusiasm. It was a gray word, dusty and middle-aged.

"Daddy is so right," Louise said suddenly, with animation. "Why, think of Howard, dear. He's always said a man has no right getting married without $10,000 in the bank—and we're not going to marry till we've put aside that much. It's the only safe, the only wise course. Don't you see that, Toby?"

The kindness of his father and sister seemed to reach out and wrap itself around Toby, like some soft, smothering substance. He had the illusion of having slipped back in time to a period long past, when their love had been a bulwark against an unknown, menacing world. Yes, it had been good to feel safe. Under this spell, he was lulled to a pleasant, almost drowsy state, and scarcely heard what they were saying.

They sat under the guttering candles with their eyes on Toby, relentless for his good. For the moment, he was part of them again, not separate at all. He was once more the nine-year-old who had tried to run away and join the carnival troupe. How kind and understanding they had been, when they brought him back! And how bright and warm the lights of home had appeared to him!

He pulled himself back to present time with an odd reluctance. "Well, I'll give it a good think," he said. Inside him was a confusion that he could not fathom. "Maybe I'd better go up and unpack my things," he said, and pushed back his chair.

HIS old room had been kept just as he'd left it: the narrow bed still nonchalant with its Navajo blanket, the shelves crammed with old textbooks, with the well-thumbed Sherlock Holmes and Treasure Island. On the walls still hung the pictures: the high-school graduating class, the band, the basketball team, all arms and legs, with the silver cup that had been so important in the remote antiquity of 1943. Kid stuff! You could smile over it now. The room itself belonged to someone dead.

It was funny, come to think of it, how Allan and Louise were able to stay on, in the same groove, the pattern continuous since childhood. Didn't they ever get the feeling of having outgrown all this?

When they had all gone up to bed, and the house was silent around him, he lay tossing under the heavy blanket, tired but wakeful. At last he got out of bed, switched on the student lamp, and sat down at the scarred walnut desk where, bored, he had once trailed Caesar through Gaul. He pulled out an old bundle of letters and glanced idly at the envelopes. Why had he kept that old junk? It seemed as dead as Rome. Sally was the only real thing, now.

He reached for a pencil on the rack and abstractedly wrote *Sally* on the back of an envelope. Then he wrote *Sally Harris,* then *Mr. and Mrs. Toby James Harris.* Then he began jotting down columns of figures—desperate figures with desperate, abbreviated words clinging to them like jagged barnacles:

Assured Inc. (mar'd man)	$105.00 mo.
Sally (poss. salary)	$100.00 mo. (?)
Total	$205.00 mo. (?)

Below that, he wrote:

Rent	$60.00 (1.rm. kitch'te) ?
Food	50.00 (?)
Clo.	25.00

What else did you need? He scrawled rapidly the words *Med. Care, Ins., Laun.* and, finally, that treacherous, all-inclusive phrase, *Inc. Exp.,* and stared hopelessly at the result. How could anyone reckon with the future? Why, next year, next month even, might thunder down on them with implacable demands, with terms they could not meet. The pitiful $205 (?) mo. could be swept away like a pile of dry leaves before the wind of disaster. He found a clean sheet of paper, picked up his pen, and wrote: *"Shrimp darling—I've been thinking it all over, and talked to the folks about it, and I'm afraid we ought to wait till—"*

He shoved the pen aside and crumpled the letter. When Sally read those words something terrible would happen to her. It was a betrayal. His head dropped down on his arms. All at once he was very tired. He turned off the light, threw himself down outside the Navajo blanket, and went instantly to sleep.

TOBY put in the next two days drifting about town, looking up old teachers and schoolmates. When he walked down Main Street and stopped at Mason's drugstore he got a mild glow out of being recognized by everyone. It would have been fun to point out all the familiar spots to Sally, to introduce her to these people he'd known all his life.

At home there was his father, crouched before the radio for late newscasts, as if these voices of alarm provided him a twisted kind of satisfaction.

"You hear that?" he would say triumphantly, turning to the others in the room. "We're practically at war right now. Mark my words, they aren't going to pull any punches *this* time. It'll be atom bombs and bacteria from the air, right from the word go . . ." He would switch off the radio as the broadcast ended, and bolt down two of the tablets which calmed his nervous stomach. In his face Toby saw a strange contentment, as if the approaching doom, over which he had no control, would in some way justify him for having, all his life, held security so dear.

Allan, too. Toby found himself looking at Allan, baffled, recalling how Allan had been more sensitive than he himself, more thoughtful and believing. At what point had he begun to surround himself with the armor of cynicism?

On Saturday morning, while he was helping wash the car, he made a shy attempt to get under the smooth surface of Allan. "Hey, Al," he said, offhand, squeezing the huge sponge and watching the rivulets of water course down the graveled drive. "Don't you ever figure you'd like to tie up with some girl—have a place of your own?"

Allan laughed and patted the car's sleek fender. "Not me. I'd rather have *this* baby, any day, than a woman tied around my neck. And I couldn't afford both of 'em, that's for sure."

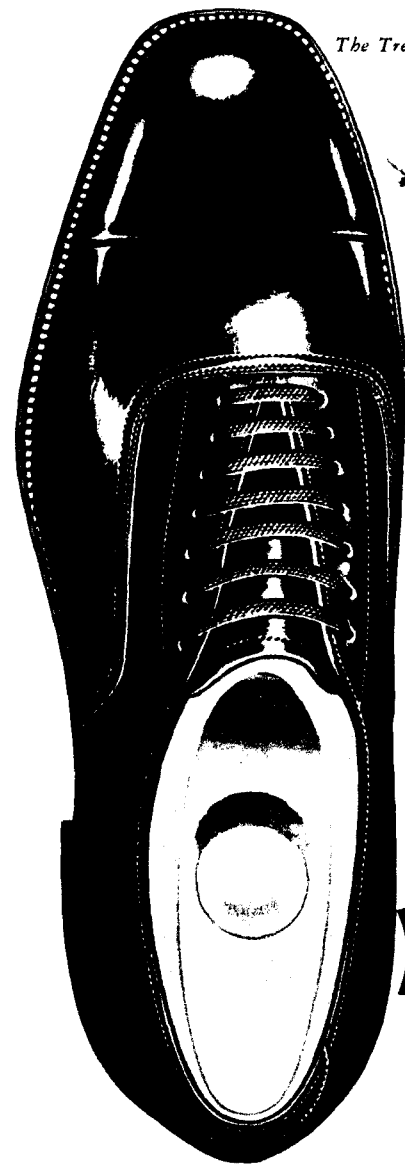
Toby said dubiously, "Well, it's a nice car. Still—"

"Still—" Allan mimicked him, polishing a window till it gleamed like ice. "Look. Times like these, you never know where you are. We may both be back in the Army by next year. Why take on any more grief? *I'm* not getting serious with any of these gals. That way, you don't get yourself involved."

Toby wiped his hands on his coveralls. "That doesn't sound like you, Al."

"Sure it sounds like me," Allan's voice held defiance, as if he needed to defend his convictions against himself as well as against Toby. "You've got to grow up *sometime,* haven't you? You can't go around dewy-eyed *all* your life."

Toby sighed. Plainly, Allan felt that he had won through to a mature viewpoint. (Painfully, perhaps.) Yet, for all his *sang-froid,* his well-paying job



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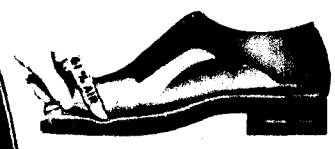

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and the somewhat feverish social life he led (drinking a little too much, Toby thought) there was an undercurrent of something like fright beneath his poise. His voice was too glib, too quick, his face too well-guarded. Toby wondered if you could really say he was happy.

It was Louise, however, who disturbed him most. The change he'd noticed in her face, that first evening, had been borne out during his three days at home. She was cross with poor Mrs. Kriebs, flying from room to room like a vigilant angel, to spy out a table top unpolished or a dusty picture. Toby became aware, too, of an incessant warfare being waged between Louise and Allan—good-natured enough, in general, but now and then bristling with real hostility. He sensed, uncomfortably, that they'd been getting on each other's nerves for some time. Louise would say irritably:

"I hear you took that Bonny Jarvis to the Silver Slipper the other night. Really, Allan, you might draw the line *somewhere*."

"Oh, Bonny's all right. Ask anybody—outside the Women's Club."

"She's notorious, Allan, and you know it," Louise said acidly.

"Temper, temper." Allan wagged a finger at her. "Watch that, my girl. Beginning to show in your face."

She isn't quite as pretty as she used to be, Toby thought sadly. "When are you and Howard going to take the plunge?" he asked, on an impulse.

Louise turned on him with a resentment that nearly bowled him over. "When we're *able*," she said, her mouth stiff. "When it's safe. *We* aren't rushing into things."

SEEING her that evening, with Howard, he got another jolt. He had known Howard Savage most of his life, and shared the town's opinion of him: a steady, hard-working, dependable fellow, now close to thirty. His face was neat, well-cut and conservative, like his clothes. He was a person to be relied on.

But somehow, when Toby saw him sitting beside Louise on the lounge, looking through a picture magazine together, he felt a little sick. How many issues of that same magazine, week by week, year following year, had they gone through in that same way? Their heads close together, brooding over the shiny pages, their hands brushing, their bodies pressed one against the other—and this proximity bringing them not the slightest tremor! All as still and frozen as a pond in winter.

"Like to go to the movies?" Howard asked in his well-pitched voice. (He'd probably said *that* before, too.)

"No," said Louise. "The picture isn't very good. Besides, it's Toby's last night home."

Toby wandered along the bookshelves. He wished they had decided to go to the movies. Not only because it depressed him to see them sitting here in the living room, lumpish and paralyzed, but because he thought that perhaps, in the theater, they might recapture the magic, through the secret clasp of hands under cover of darkness—might find their way back to whatever it was he shared with Sally, and which they had lost.

Standing under the bracket light, he opened a book at random. He flipped pages, picked up a speech here and there. Then, as if one line had been in luminous ink, he was pulled up short. A familiar line, one that he'd seen quoted, but had forgotten. Perhaps it was because, till now, it would have had no special meaning for him. But now, seeing it there on the page, it was like a blow between the eyes: *"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."*

He opened his mouth to cry, "Hey! Listen to this!" Then he didn't say it. Something about them, sitting there so quenched and quiet inside their several shells—they wouldn't get it. Not the way he did. He was terribly sorry for them. He remembered the letter to Sally, still unfinished, still tucked away in the desk drawer upstairs. Two days more and they would be together. She would meet him at the bus terminal, and he'd tell her. She would get it all right.

When he went up to bed, he tore the letter into small bits and dropped them into the wastebasket. For the first time since he'd been home, he slept like a baby.

ON SUNDAY they had dinner at one o'clock, because Toby's bus left at five and, as Louise said, "You'd better have *one* meal that isn't hamburgers and coffee, before you go." So it was roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, and chocolate cake and ice cream. Then he went to pack the beat-up suitcase, and Louise trailed him into his room and began fussily examining his socks as he tossed them onto the bed.

"These two pairs need darning," she said accusingly. "It'll only take a minute. Come on in and talk to me."

He followed obediently to her big, sunny room where the neat sewing cabinet stood under the south window. Sally'll keep my socks darned from here on out, he was thinking happily. He looked at Louise, in the low chintz-covered armchair with the basket in her lap and saw Sally, and it was hard to think of Louise at all, or even to feel sorry for her. It was selfish, but he couldn't help himself.

With an effort, he made his glance travel about the room, absorbing its familiar details as if they were new to him. Above the head of the old rosewood bed hung a pair of small portraits done in water color, now faint with time, with wide ornate frames. They had hung there ever since he could remember, but he had never before really focused his attention on them. "Who were they anyway?" he asked carelessly. "I forget. Great-grandparents?"

"Two greats," Louise said. "Grandpa James's grandparents." She looked up in mild surprise. "You never seemed interested in the family tree before. I remember how you and Allan made fun of me for trying to write up the genealogy once."

Toby had crossed the room to peer at the pictures. "Guess it just occurred to me that I might be an ancestor myself, someday. It's something to think about."

The woman wore a white cap with a cascading ruffle that framed her face and concealed her hair. Even in the faded likeness, the face had character and beauty. "Why, she looks like you!" Toby turned on Louise with the light of discovery in his eyes. "An *awful* lot."

Louise smiled. "Not as much as *you* look like *him*," she said. "I always thought so. Just think, he was born in 1790."

"H'm." Toby was studying the other portrait. "Not a bad-looking guy," he remarked, "if you take off those chin whiskers. Fairly young, too. Looks as if he might have been a big fellow—broad shoulders—"

"He was." Louise held up a sock for inspection. "Six feet three, Grandpa James said. He remembered him."

Toby whistled. "Family's shrinking. I'm only six and one. What'd this Joe do? Know anything about him?"

"Quite a lot," Louise said. "He was born in Virginia. They weren't planters, though. Not rich ones, anyway. Just farmers, I guess. I never could find out much about them, except that his father was in the Continental Army. I imagine he was a younger son in a big family, because he took off for the West when he was only twenty. He might have known Daniel Boone—might have gone in the same wagon train."

Toby had taken down the man's picture and was examining it minutely. "That makes history kind of personal, doesn't it?" he said. "Almost feel as if you could reach out and touch these characters, way back when. How far West did he get?"

"Why, they went through Kentucky, and the story is, he put up on the way with some people named Bates, and promptly fell for Sarah Bates, who was seventeen, and married her and took her along with him. A whirlwind courtship."

"Holy smokes, they weren't so slow in those days, at that. So this is Sarah?"

"That's Sarah. They say she was quite a beauty. She had a hard life, though. They went clear out to Missouri—Heaven knows how long it took them! And got a land grant and had a baby, and then, after two years, a band of hostile Indians burned everything to the ground. I guess that soured them on Missouri, because they pulled up stakes and went back to Indiana, and started all over. They both lived to be very old, and they raised a large family and had a fine farm, before they died. But it must have been tough going, at first."

"Boy, it sounds rugged. This Sarah—" Toby gazed at the steady blue eyes that looked out from under the white ruffle, "—she must've been quite a gal. She must have had guts."

"I suppose they both did." Louise put down her sewing. She threw him a guarded smile. "I think I see what you're driving at," she said.

"Look, Lou," Toby said. All at once, he felt older than Louise, older and wiser than any of them. "I know it's hard for you and Allan and Dad to forget that I'm the kid brother, but I've been giving everything a good think since I've been home, and I believe I've come up with something. It's this: What the hell are we all scared of, Lou?"

"Scared?" Louise caught up the word and mirrored it unknowingly in her face. "Who's scared?"

"All of us." He forged ahead, doggedly. "You and Howard: scared to get married without a big wad in the bank. Poor old Dad: scared of bombs and stomach ulcers and insecurity—almost everything. Allan—why, even Al's scared. He's afraid to be serious, afraid to fall in love, to commit himself. You almost scared me so *I* was afraid to make a move, too. Why, when has *anybody* been safe, I'd like to know? Nobody's safe till they're dead, are they? And who wants to be dead?"

Louise was staring at him, holding a sock foolishly in one hand. "Why, Toby," she said.

TOBY wondered uncomfortably if he'd put it to her a little strong. He plumped himself down in the chair beside her and touched her arm. "Lou," he said, "for the first time in our lives, I'd like to offer you a word of advice. Take Howard off in a corner and tell him you want to get married now, right away, no matter *how* much is in the bank. *Now*, Lou, before the whole idea's got sort of moldy, just lying around."

Louise drew herself up, as if she were about to go into a big-sister act, then her face softened and he was afraid she might cry. She didn't, though. Patting his hand, she said, "You can't order my life, Toby. I—I *might* do it. I'll—see. But"—she managed a real smile this time—"you run along back to your Sally, darling. *You'll* get along all right."

"We will," Toby said, gathering up his socks. "It'll be a bit rugged, I guess, but nothing to what Sarah and her old man were up against. And someday we'll have a place of our own, too. Watch us. With a fireplace big enough for oak logs, and over it, there's going to be an inscription: Out of this nettle, danger—"

Louise's eyes were suddenly bright, and he didn't realize, at first, that the brightness was tears. "—we pluck this flower, safety," she finished. THE END

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My 4-Year War With the Reds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"All right," he said, "you may leave your posters up."

On the way out, my interpreter turned to me wonderingly.

"Wow!" he said. "When that Barinov talks to a soldier, he's really rough!"

"What was he saying?" I asked.

"I'd be embarrassed to tell you," he said.

For all the excitement it occasioned, the poster incident quickly paled into comparative insignificance. The next few days in Berlin completely overshadowed anything that had gone before.

It was still the first week in July when General Clay, Ambassador Robert Murphy and others flew into Berlin for a high-level meeting with the Russians, the first meeting of the Allied military governors who made up the Allied Control Authority. The French, who had been awarded the boroughs of Reinickendorf and Wedding for their share of the city, were nevertheless excluded for fear of offending the Russians, who had not indicated one way or another whether they wished the French to attend.

Planners Saw Trouble Ahead

If the fate of Berlin had not already been sealed, it was sealed at the meeting on July 7th. General Parks and I had drawn up a general plan outlining the conditions under which we felt Berlin should be governed by the four powers. It is now needless to dwell on the ill-fated plan except to say that it correctly anticipated what finally happened in Berlin. We had based our calculations on the supposition there were going to be questions on which we would never be able to agree with the Russians. That was obvious.

We therefore proposed that in the event of irreconcilable differences, each individual commandant should handle the problem in his own way in his sector. We were definitely opposed to letting the Russians hamstring us with the veto.

General Clay and Ambassador Murphy flew into Gatow Airfield, in the British sector, and went immediately to British headquarters to join the British delegation before going on to the meeting with the Russians.

No one had much to talk about, but there were a few things to be discussed in a general way over a snack and a drink before the main meeting in the Russian sector.

As a colonel, I was wandering aimlessly around the British headquarters, waiting for the generals to break up their meeting, when I was summoned into the conference room. General Clay was just letting General Parks know in rather blunt terms that he was not pleased with our plan, mostly because the plan assumed that Berlin would be a divided city. General Clay had no intention of making such an assumption. All questions arising in Berlin, he said, were going to be settled unanimously by *all* the powers.

I immediately put my head into the lion's mouth by protesting.

"But there are going to be questions that can't be solved on a unanimous basis," I said. "I don't know what they will be, but we will have them. After all, we don't know the Russians. We have only had diplomatic relations with them since 1933."

Clay glared at me, making me feel all the more like an upstart colonel in the company of generals.

"I have just come from Washington," he said, coldly, "and it is certainly the intention of our government to administer Berlin on a unanimous basis."

I realized that I had suddenly become Clay's whipping boy. At the same time I also realized that Clay, a great soldier, was only obeying orders from Washington, and I shut up. But as the meeting wore on, the sinking feeling in my stomach got worse and worse as it began to dawn on me that Clay and the others, while they opposed Parks's and my plan, had no plan of their own. They were going to meet the Russians socially.

The meeting consumed more time than expected, and we had to hurry across the city to get to the Russian

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3
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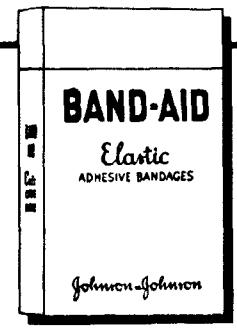

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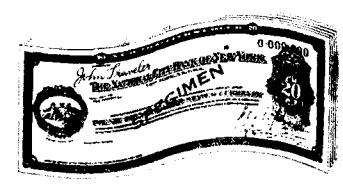
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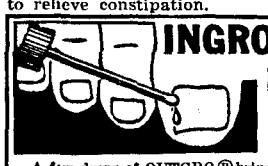

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headquarters on time. When we arrived, a few minutes late, Zhukov, Sokolovsky and the others were waiting, Zhukov at the head of the conference table with Sokolovsky standing behind and to the left of him.

Sure enough, the Russian version of tea had been set out, but for a social occasion there seemed to be a lot of papers being shuffled by various Russians milling around in the background.

I noticed somewhat absently that the SHAEF flag behind Zhukov was hanging upside down. Had I known it, it was symbolic.

The Americans sat on the right, the British sat on the left, and Zhukov said almost immediately:

"Well, gentlemen, shall we take up our business?"

The American and British delegations seemed a little stunned. They were all the more stunned when Zhukov whipped out a one-page statement on how Berlin would be run. Naturally it provided for the veto in the Kommandatura: "The resolutions . . . are to be passed unanimously."

We had no concrete proposals to offer, although one or two generalizations were hopefully put forward, and finally Clay turned to Parks and asked, "Do these translations check?"

Parks turned to me. "Frank," he said, "take the interpreters out and check this, will you?"

I stood up and started out with the interpreters when the Russians suddenly noticed I was a full colonel. They immediately pulled back their officer, who was also a colonel, and replaced him with a one-star general. It was a typical Russian move. In almost any negotiation they like to have the Russian representative the highest ranking officer, if possible, on the theory that it gives them the upper hand.

Once, in Italy, a Russian colonel attended an international conference and found himself badly outranked. He returned the next day a major general.

Double Talk Is Puzzling

There was trouble immediately in the anteroom. We had three excellent interpreter-translators, and all three of them in combination could not understand some of the Russian. One sentence, particularly, baffled us: "The Chief Military Commandant will exercise the administration of all Berlin zones, utilizing for this purpose conferences of the Allied Military Commandants to solve questions of principle and problems common to all zones."

We quickly discovered that in Russian there seemed to be no difference between the words, "principal" and "principle." Thus, was it "principal questions" or "questions of principle"? We finally agreed that in the English translation it should read "questions of principle."

We returned to the conference room and I handed my copy to General Clay, who half turned and asked:

"Is it okay?"

"Well," I told him, "as a legal document it stinks, but as a rough note on what you've been talking about it's all right."

Clay took his pen out and scribbled his name across the bottom, thereby indicating that he had no intention of quibbling over commas, periods or anything else. We were going to get along with the Russians, and apparently we were quite willing to start off on their terms.

At the end of the meeting, we retired to the inevitable mountain of caviar and river of vodka in the next room. Walking out, General Clay stepped up to Zhukov and handed him a small, engraved pistol as a gift. Zhukov glanced briefly at it, passed it back over his shoulder to an aide, and, wordless, strode into the next room.

On July 11th we signed another document: "The Inter-Allied Kommandatura has today assumed control over the city of Berlin. Until special notice, all existing regulations and ordinances issued by the Commander of the Soviet Army Garrison and Military Commandant of the City of Berlin . . . shall remain in force."

We had done it again. Every time we protested a highhanded Russian act after signing that paper, the Russians countered by saying blandly that they were acting according to a regulation which was in effect before our arrival in Berlin. They would not, however, let us see a copy of the regulation. We had to take their word for it. Even today they still refuse to give us a copy of their Berlin telephone book, or a copy of their pre-occupation "regulations."

First Kommandatura Meeting

The meeting on July 11th, without our realizing it, was the first meeting of the Kommandatura, the four-power council of commandants governing Berlin. The council was called "Kommandatura" almost automatically, from the start, simply because it means "headquarters" in both Russian and German.

The Kommandatura meeting itself was concerned mostly with bickering over the food and coal that each nation would supply to the city. We had just discovered we were expected to provide part of the food for Berlin and I sadly recalled the plan I had drawn up months previously for supplying food to the city. SHAEF had reprimanded me for being presumptuous and had reminded me that the Russians were going to supply all the food for Berlin.

Sokolovsky was sitting in with Gorbatov, the Russian commandant, and now I was listening to him ask where our food was.

General Clay was backed into a corner.

"There are difficulties of transportation and in not having organized anything," he was forced to say.

Sokolovsky was not impressed.

"You have had time since the Crimea Conference," he said.

"We didn't realize the situation until the last few days," General Clay said helplessly.

"It is unfortunate that these things were not decided previously," Sokolovsky said.

Eventually the question was referred back to Washington and we agreed to provide our share of food for Berlin. The British, since they occupied the Ruhr, would bring in our share of coal. But they were having trouble, too, in getting started.

When the British suggested that it was difficult, in view of transportation problems and the condition of the Ruhr, to get moving at top speed right away, Sokolovsky interrupted them impatiently.

"There is a saying in Russian," he said, "that coal which has fallen off the wagon is lost forever."

By July 12th, when we finally took over our sector officially, the military government detachments were already set up, certain German clerical help had been hired, headquarters was a going concern, and the summary courts were in operation. The Kommandatura was set up on three levels: the commandants (Parks), the deputy commandants (my level in the beginning), and the committees, which were made up of experts in the various phases of city government. It was something like an army division with four generals, all of whom had to agree on the most minute move.

In trying to decide on a headquarters building in the battered city, the Russians said they could offer only one place, far out of Berlin. The British had only two badly damaged buildings and a hotel in their sector. I suggested a building in the American sector of Wannsee Lake.

"It's a wonderful place for a holiday," Barinov said, "but we would never get any work done."

Finally I found another building in our sector, in Zehlendorf, and the Russians agreed to it on condition that the United States put it in shape.

Having decided *where* we would meet, we now had to decide *what time* we would meet. The Americans wanted to meet early in the morning, say nine o'clock. The British thought eleven o'clock would be better. The Russians favored noon. The Americans said they got up early, ate lunch at noon, and avoided nightwork as much as possible. The Russians said they didn't get to the office much before eleven and liked to work late at night. The British said they started their day earlier than the Russians but later than the Americans, and added that they did not eat at noon but preferred one o'clock. The Americans said they had dinner at six. The British said that was all right but that they had tea at four and waited until eight for dinner. The Russians said they always ate lunch late in the afternoon and dinner about ten.

We finally agreed, in desperation, to set the time for each meeting at the end of the previous meeting. I wasn't too familiar with Russian dietary habits, but I was suspicious of their aversion to having lunch at noon or one o'clock. As it turned out, my suspicions were confirmed.

Having had a late breakfast, the Russians frequently suggested our lunchtime to start a meeting, which meant that we had only an early breakfast to sustain us in our hours of trial.

By four o'clock we would be so hungry we would agree to anything just to get something to eat.

Berlin in late July was still a shambles from the effects of Allied bombing and Russian street fighting, but the Russians had already put large squads of women to work clearing the rubble in various parts of the city. As the women wearily passed the fallen bricks from hand to hand, they presumably were spurred on to heroic efforts by great posters the Russians had erected to assure the Germans they had not been conquered but had been "liberated" by the Russians from their Fascist oppressors.

"X" Treatment for SS Men

Emaciated German soldiers, bearing the Berlin trade-mark of a loose collar, had also been rounded up into work gangs and were slowly being worked to death on a ration of some 1,000 calories a day. They were not SS men. The Russians had instituted an effective system for eliminating that celebrated element: when they found an SS man, they simply put him face down on the sidewalk and described an "X" on his back with a tommy gun.

Systematic Russian looting had reduced the American sector almost to a skeleton sector by the time we were finally able to take over. Blithely ignoring our protests, the Russians drove out over 7,000 milk cows from the western sectors, dismantled butcher shops for the refrigeration equipment, stripped the American-owned Singer Sewing Machine property, and removed the generators from the Berlin West power plant, the most modern power plant in the city.

While we sat there, protesting feebly, Russian combat troops were literally wrenching machines out of factory floors with crowbars (all they actually had to do was unbolt them), and months later many of the valuable precision tools they had taken out were still sitting in open rail cars on sidings in the Russian sector, ruined forever by rain and the weather.

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Subsequent conversations with the Russians availed us nothing. We never did recover what they took out of the western sectors.

On one occasion, they even refused to return certain equipment so that a firm in west Berlin could resume manufacturing electric light bulbs. No request was too small for the Russians to refuse to grant.

My troubles with them took every conceivable form. One morning I received a letter from Marlene Dietrich, the actress, asking if I could locate her aged aunt and uncle somewhere in the ruins of Berlin.

In view of Miss Dietrich's devotion to American troops during the war, I felt disposed to help her, and I wrote the Russian commander for information about the couple. He hasn't answered my letter yet.

However, we were successful in finding the couple and eventually they were sent out of Berlin to the U.S. zone of Germany. Miss Dietrich sent a blank check which I filled out for $100. It was enough to buy them sufficient German marks to pay for their transportation with some left over.

MP Stops Russian Colonel

On another busy day I got a telephone call that a Russian colonel was trying to empty a bank in Steglitz, in the American sector. He had arrived with a key to the front door and was going inside when an MP stopped him. The Russian was furious.

"I am coming back at two o'clock," he warned the MP, "and if necessary I will shoot my way in."

I had no idea what the joker was up to, but to be on the safe side I asked for a Sherman tank from the Second Armored Division. When the Russian colonel reappeared, he took one look at the big gun pointing at the bank door and beat a hasty retreat. Later he returned again and went to the local American commander.

"I only want to get my valuables out of a safe-deposit box in there," he said sheepishly.

The commander checked with officials of the bank, who acknowledged that the colonel had left some jewelry. As he was leaving with it, the American officer asked him why he hadn't told him why he was trying to get into the bank in the first place. The inscrutable Russian simply shrugged and walked away, and that was the end of that.

There were frequent parties with the Russians in Berlin in the early days, and there were frequent fights. Sometimes it was difficult to tell which was which, particularly since the Russians seemed to enjoy wrestling in the parlor. During the first few weeks, the parties came so thick and fast that it seemed likely Berlin would be pickled in vodka.

There was a difference, however, in the parties. Ours were just parties, Russian parties were sounding boards.

For all the ostensible gaiety of the Russian parties, it was obvious they were using their vodka as a sort of truth serum to extract information from us. Zhukov himself apparently fancied this method of spying on his allies, and on one occasion my interpreter was standing directly behind Zhukov when he turned away from a woozy French diplomat and said, disgustedly, "Come on. We've got everything from this fellow we're going to get."

Undoubtedly the Russians did loosen some tongues enough to get information, but it is questionable whether they got very much information or very useful information. On the other hand, they assumed rather ingenuously that we had no idea what they were doing when they fed us their vodka.

At one party in Berlin I recall the denouement of a Russian political adviser who had just proposed a bottoms-up toast. We raised our glasses and touched them. Both of us put the glasses to our lips. The Russian took only a sip, then stopped abruptly. I noticed it and also stopped short. Peering at me over the rim of his glass, he grinned broadly.

"Oh," he said, "a diplomat, eh?"

During the months that followed, it became increasingly evident that the Russians, not the Germans, were our enemies in Berlin. How and when the shooting started is described by General Howley—in next week's Collier's

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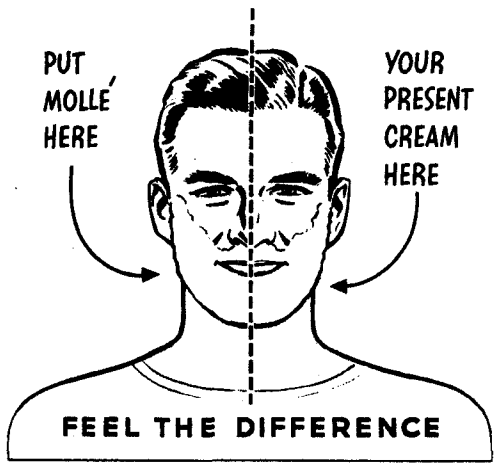

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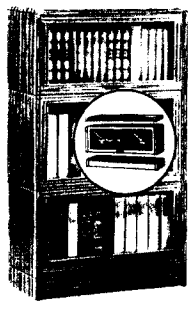

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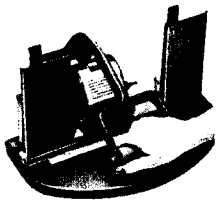

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MAC SHEPARD

FOR MEN ONLY?

EIGHT TIMES EACH WEEK the first woman President of the United States, Lucille T. Wellington, delivers her inaugural address from the stage of the Broadway Theater in New York. At the end of it she thanks the voters for their confidence by telling them, "It was sweet of you." Later she excuses herself from affairs of state to listen to Ma Perkins on the radio. Altogether she behaves like a sweet, housewifely, rather simple-minded character.

President Wellington, portrayed by Irene Rich, is a character in a musical comedy called *As the Girls Go*. Her re-election to a second theatrical season is probably due to the fact that her husband is played by Bobby Clark, who is undoubtedly one of the world's funniest men. But that is beside the point. She is mentioned here simply to bolster our suspicion that, to a lot of men and some women, the idea of a woman President is strictly a gag that belongs in musical comedy.

For that reason we doubt that a recent statement by Senator Margaret Chase Smith got much serious attention. But Mrs. Smith wasn't fooling when she urged the Republicans to nominate "a qualified woman" for President or Vice-President in 1952.

Her suggestion wasn't new. But it sounded more realistic coming from as able and successful a politician as the junior senator from Maine. And, come to think of it, we're darned if we can see anything ridiculous or illogical about it.

Women have served in both houses of Congress for years. Women have been governors and mayors and judges. They run big businesses successfully. They do well as lawyers, doctors and scientists. They excel in other professions and in all the arts. So why shouldn't a woman run for President?

The answer is precedent and prejudice. It's never been done before. And besides, there is a prevalent masculine feeling that women are unstable, impractical and certainly unfit by temperament to fill the nation's highest office. But we can see no reason to be awed by precedent or impressed by prejudice.

Suppose it hasn't been done before? Since when were Americans afraid to do a little political pioneering? And it wouldn't really be pioneering, for other countries have had female heads of government who did right well.

The objection to women's temperamental unfitness doesn't impress us, either. It has been our observation that women in general are smart, stupid, efficient, vague, unselfish, self-centered, aggressive, indolent, domineering, submissive, kind and cruel. Generally speaking, we believe men can be described in about the same way. So the discrimination seems mainly a matter of gender.

Since roughly half of the qualified voters are women, it doesn't seem right to deny one of them a clear shot at our highest office. But even if the two major parties should accept the theoretical justice of an equal chance, they might balk at the practical hazard in Senator Smith's suggestion. For a feminine entry might split party ranks wide open.

There's always the chance that a sizable slice of the electorate would vote for or against this feminine entry simply because she wasn't a man. This could complicate things dreadfully. It might even destroy the solidity of the Solid South. Faced with this added uncertainty in an already uncertain world of politics, we're afraid that both sides will think twice before transferring the battle of the sexes to the hitherto all-male precincts of a Presidential election.

Squawk

LUXURY TAXES, like The Man Who Came to Dinner, moved in at a time of emergency and proceeded to defy all efforts to dislodge them. Their wartime purpose was legitimate. They brought in some needed revenue. They may have stimulated War Bond buying to some extent by discouraging nonessential spending. But the country isn't running a $200,000,000-a-day war now, nor is it threatened with inflation.

We can't quarrel with the argument that anybody who can afford a chinchilla wrap or even a crock of imported perfume can afford to pay a 20 per cent tax on them. But the same tax on a ticket to the neighborhood movie or a muskrat coat or a can of baby powder seems to us like quite a different proposition.

By Spartan standards, we suppose, movies are a luxury. But they are a modest and sometimes beneficial kind of self-indulgence which hardly seems to merit a tax which is one fifth of the box-office price.

Maybe some of Uncle Sam's hired hands think that a $300 fur coat is a piece of vain frippery. We don't. The winters in many parts of the country can make furs pretty much of a necessity. And since a fur coat, properly cared for, is likely to outlast a cloth coat by several seasons, it might even be classed as a sensible investment.

As for the tax on baby oil and powder, it's downright silly—especially since you can buy a dollar cake of fancy perfumed soap tax-free.

Some of these excises won't scare away most customers. But when a working girl who has scrimped for a $250 coat finds that the government has tacked an extra $50 on the price tag she's likely to think twice and maybe give the whole idea up. For that $50 would buy a lot of other things she needs. This is one big reason, the fur people think, why their business is off and why their employment is down some 40 per cent from last year.

We can't feel that money gained from taxes which depress business, cause unemployment and increase relief payments is much of an asset. Nor do we think that a 20 per cent levy on baby oil and movie tickets is necessary to keep the country solvent. After four years of peace it's time that emergency war taxes were lifted.

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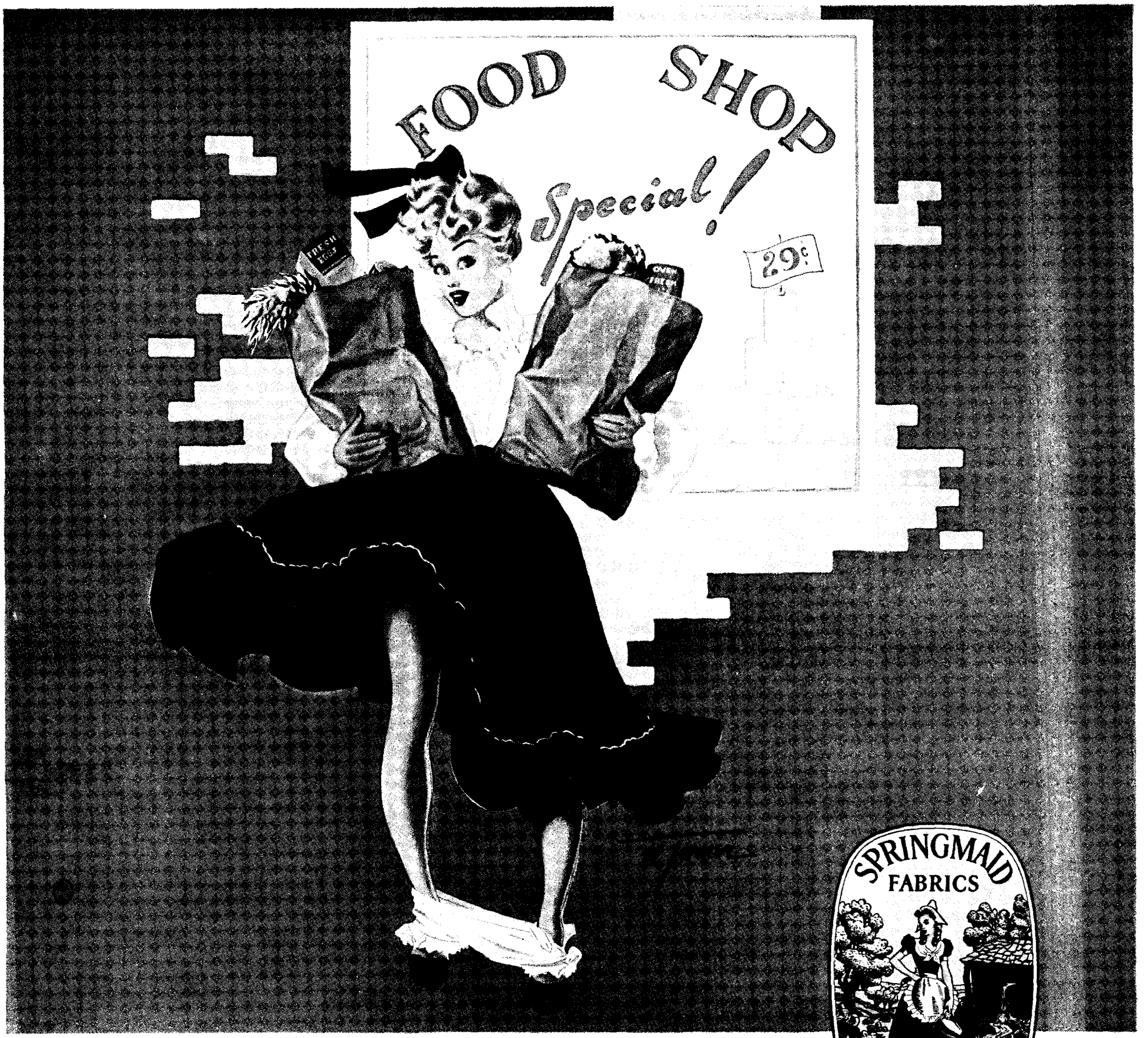

WATCH THE BUTTER FLY

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to weave a special cotton fabric which was bleached, coated with emulsified rubber, cut into strips, put on rolls, and shipped to hospitals all over the world for use as adhesive tape. In all, 600,000,000 yards of tape were delivered between Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima, and the looms are still running. This cloth, known to the trade as *STICKER*, is now available to the false bottom and filibust business, and is woven 40½" wide, 74 x 86 count, and weighs 2.80 yards per pound before coating. It comes in tearose, nude and white.

Don't depend on buttons and bows, but switch to *STICKER* and let the SPRINGMAID label protect you from the consequences of embarrassing accidents such as pictured above.

We stick behind our fabric and feel its tenacity so strongly that we call it an insurance policy to provide full coverage. Our only competition comes from a tattoo artist.

SPRINGS MILLS

200 Church Street • New York 13, New York

Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles St. Louis San Francisco

For a 1950 calendar showing 14 of the SPRINGMAID ads, send 50 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. C-15, at the above address.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man," which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.*

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Children's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for $1.25. Or, if you want to make your own, send $2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.*

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Barbara Stanwyck

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